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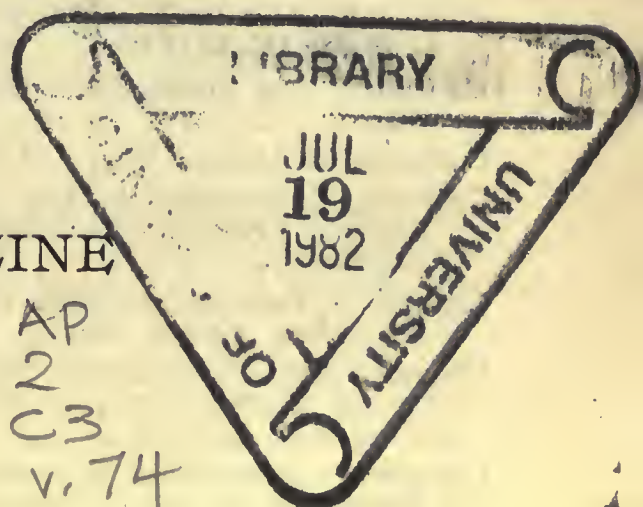
THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF



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MEMBERS OF THE FIRST CONFERENCE OF MISSIONARIES TO NON-CATHOLICS
AT WINCHESTER, TENN. (*See the article on the subject.*)

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THE UNDOING OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY, PRESIDENT.



OUR Chief Magistrate has been cruelly murdered by the hand of an assassin. The circumstances of the dastardly deed could not have been more tragic and at the same time more pathetic.

President McKinley had risen above all partisan strife and animosities and had become the Chief Magistrate of all the people. He counted no one as his enemy, but on the contrary the probity of his public life commanded the respect and esteem of even those who had been his antagonists in political warfare, while the affection and attention that were bestowed in the inner sanctuary of his domestic life claimed the love of all the people. He was the first citizen of the United States, seeking his country's good in every act of his administration. He was the supreme representative of American institutions, and stood for all that was high and noble in our national life. He had served his country well from earliest manhood; and he had given the most precious time of his maturer years to her advancement. He had piloted the ship of state through many dangerous shoals out into the open sea of commercial and civic prosperity. We are just entering into a larger sphere of world influence, and becoming an active factor in international politics, and under the guiding hand of William McKinley the power of the United States was likely to become a determining factor in the destinies of nations. Yet withal he lost none of the genuine American spirit of manliness and simplicity. In the performance of his duty as a plain, simple man, protesting his determination to meet his fellow-citizens and extend to them the hand-grasp

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
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of a fellow, he was stricken down by the insidious bullet of the assassin.

When the bullet was sent crashing into his vitals the world was stunned. The nations stood aghast at the viciousness of the crime as well as at the dastardly way in which it was conceived and carried to execution, and perchance in the memory of man there has not been such an outpouring of sympathy nor such expressions of respect for the dead President as have come from all classes of the people. The Holy Father "broke down in uncontrollable emotion" when he heard of the crime. The crowned heads of Europe seemed to infuse into their messages of condolence a personal note of affection and esteem that, far more than anything else, demonstrated the fact that President McKinley occupied a place very close to their hearts. The business interests of the world have stopped for the moment to pay their tribute of respect to the beloved dead, and there seems to be no language strong enough to express the horror that fills the hearts of all the people.

The Twentieth Century is but born, and in all the stretch of years unto hoary old age it is hardly possible to conceive that a crime could be committed more foul in its planning, more wanton in its plotting, more heinous in its execution, than was that of the undoing of William McKinley.

It is not regicide, for we have no king. It is as yet a nameless crime, a degree baser than regicide, for our Chief Magistrate is of the people, and ruled, not by divine right but by the will of the people; a shade darker than parricide on account of the eminent place held by the victim. It is treason doubly dyed, and it is more.

But the point is this: Who is there that will interpret its meaning to the people? When Israel of old deflected from the straight ways of righteousness, and went out after strange gods and incurred the wrath of an angry Judge so that calamities were visited on the people, there was found a prophet who interpreted to the nation the ways of God, pointed out to the people their delinquencies, and brought them back in sackcloth and ashes to humble penitence.

It is not our place to assume the *rôle* of the prophet of God. But we cannot but ask ourselves, Why has this national calamity been permitted? Are there not some things in the crime itself, or in the tendencies that have led up to it, on account of

which we may gather between the porch and the altar, and beat our breasts and cry out, "Spare, O Lord, spare Thy people, and give not Thine inheritance to reproach, that the heathen shall rule over them"? Is Czolgosz a half-crazed fanatic, irresponsible, representing nothing but his own wild vagaries, or is he the natural product of a system of teaching, the legitimate outcome of certain degenerate tendencies which have been allowed to persist? He professes that he was impelled to the crime by the vicious teaching of Emma Goldman. There was a purpose in his act, a shrewdness in its execution, a method in his madness that never originated with himself. He is the product of a movement, the outcome of visionary ideas, the logical result of certain established tendencies. In this view of the case he is more than a puny individual, more than a hollow-chested, flabby-muscled degenerate. He is a Frankenstein that we have raised up among us. Nor can we attribute the paternity of this monster to the effete despotisms of the old land. This is the misery of it all. He was born on our own soil, he grew up amidst the liberty-loving children of America. He was fashioned by the tendencies that surrounded him from early manhood. These are all facts that we cannot blink, distasteful as they are to our national pride.

An effort has been made to lay the blame at the door of newer methods of sensational journalism, and there is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in it. Irresponsible and conscienceless journalism, without any standards but that of money-getting, is the most vicious thing in the world. It wields a power that, unrestrained, can undermine the surest foundations of our most sacred institutions. It can poison the fountains of all that is pure and sweet in the body politic. It can degrade life from its holy ideals and make it a base and blatant vulgarity. It can do this as effectually as the noxious gases escaping into the school-room will take the bloom from the cheek of the innocent child, and make his head reel and his heart faint. But while we lay all manner of accusations at the door of Yellow Journalism, we must remember that there is something else that has made the conscienceless journal a possibility. It could not exist if there was not a demand for it. It panders to an existing taste, increasing it, to be sure, by gratifying it, but it finds in the first instance a conscienceless public to appeal to.

In the good old days of our fathers, when religion was hon-

ored and a sense of eternal responsibility pervaded the hearts of the people, and the honor and worship of God filled the souls of the nation, the conscienceless journal could have found no *clientèle* on which to thrive. But bit by bit we have lost our hold on religious ideals. There has been a decline of faith. The Bible, which contains much that was helpful to preserve the sweet seriousness of life, has been torn to shreds in the home of its friends. Only a short time ago a non-Catholic wrote a public letter to the Holy Father in Rome, in which he said, and there was found none to gainsay him, that "the Protestant church is fast drifting into infidelity. In many of the great theological seminaries of that church open disbelief in some parts of the Bible is taught. Thousands of the ministers of the Protestant denominations are men who believe that certain parts and books of the Bible need not be accepted. Their position and work have hastened the growth of disbelief in all religion." This is a terrible accusation to make, and if there were not a good deal of truth in it no man would dare make it, much less one who calls himself a non-Catholic. In shame and confusion we must acknowledge that it is so. While we can only apologize for the intrusion of anything that savors of a lack of charity while the nation's heart is wrung with grief, still frankness and candor are the truest wisdom. Nor is the blame entirely on one side of the house. We can beat our own breasts and say that we have not done the Lord's work as well as we might have. We, too, have frequently forgotten the divine ideals and have chased after the lesser things of earth. We have believed that religion is the cement that holds the stones of our national fabric together, and when we attempt to build our civic structure without a belief in God, and a faith in Christ, and a respect for his law, we are erecting a structure that some day will topple down about our heads and destroy us. We have been convinced of this fact, but we have not bestirred ourselves sufficiently to vitalize the spirit of faith, nor have we fostered the religious sentiment as we should have. We have believed in religious education on the theory that "no river can rise higher than its source," and where there is no infusion of the religious element among the children of the nation there will be none among its manhood, and we have made many sacrifices to make it a reality. But with it all we have fallen short of our ideals.

A recent poem was published in the Boston *Pilot* by one of

our most gifted poets, and it puts in a most startling way these truths that this editorial has tried to make plain. It has not received the recognition it has deserved, and we cannot do better than to quote it in its entirety. It reads like the inspired message of a prophet:

“SOUND THE ALARM!”

BROTHERS, the blow has fallen, smiting not one, but all;—
Over the world of nations Liberty's blood-drops fall.
Rally, then, all ye peoples,—one in the common cause,—
Order against sedition,—Order, the first of laws!

“While loyal hearts within us glow,
And flags in hands wave proudly,
No anarchy can Freedom know!”*—

He vaunted over-loudly,
Whose banner'd hand turned not the dart
Of anarchy from his own heart!

Do crime and culprit represent
Blood-guilt we limit to them?
Not so! Effect is Cause's vent!—
A primal wrong works thro' them.—
Trace back the guilt from final course,
To evil at sedition's source!

This is the evil, this:—
That “*Thou shalt not kill!*” of the Father's law,
By decline of faith, has been robb'd of awe.
That the “*Love!*” of Christ has been slain in strife
For the greed of gold, and the pride of life:—
This is the evil!

That “Progression” sets in its vanguard naught
Of Divine to chasten the human thought;—
That we feign the spirit the proud brain's foe,—
Though their true affinity sages know,—
This is the evil!

That the Age of Reason has starved man's soul,
And the Reign of Science deposed its goal
From the heavens lighted by Truth's pure star,
To the plane where only earth's rush-lights are,—
This is the evil.

* “With patriotism in our hearts, and the flag of our country in our hands, there is no danger of anarchy.”—*McKinley's address in Cleveland, 1891.*

That denuding life of Divine Ideal,
 We exalt, instead, the clay-footed Real;
 And adore and serve, till the truth we face,
 That the false god fails in the true God's place!—
 This is the evil.

That the seed we sow in our godless pride,
 Is the seed of plunder and homicide,
 Since relinquish'd Heaven leaves naught of worth,
 Save monopoly of the goods of earth:—
 This is the evil.

That humanity, knowing sense and self
 To be slaves of passion, and pride, and pelf,
 Yet denies its children diviner good
 Than the social creed, *Human Brotherhood*:—
 THIS IS THE EVIL!

Brothers, the truth is spoken, smiting the ill at root,—
 Cursing the seed of evil, judged by its harvest-fruit!
 God is the lack of nations, Christ is the lack of men:—
 Anarchy's crime convicts it Faith's godless alien.

Liberty is not license. Christ on the cruel Tree
 Symbols supremest freedom! Hither humanity,
 First or last, must turn humbly, searching Diviner ways;
 Else are its straying footsteps lost in the social maze.

Face the great truth, my brothers! Murder and hate and greed,
 Envy of lofty places, egoist-scales and creed,—
 These are the fallen human: only in God abides
 Charity,—social keynote singing where Peace presides!

Anarchy's irreligion failing God, fails mankind.
 Christ's are the only ethics potent to draw and bind
 Men unto men as brothers, striving for human good,—
 Sons free and equal under God's common Fatherhood!

This generation passes, slayer and slain alike:—
 Late, all too late, to lower hands we have taught to strike!
 As we have sown, we garner: but we redeem our blight,
 Schooling our sons in lore of God,—Life's omniscient Light.

Choose, O ye kings and rulers! Choose, O ye courts and schools!
 Anarchy reigns red-handed over mere human rules.
 Peace and the civic safety bide where the soul-laws are,—
 Back to Faith's social gospel,—God,—and the Christ-Child's
 Star!

MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

It is this same message that the Holy Father in Rome gave to all the world at the opening of the Twentieth Century:

"The greatest misfortune is never to have known Jesus Christ. Christ is the fountain-head of all good. Mankind can no more be saved without his power than it can be redeemed without his mercy.

"When Jesus Christ is absent human reason fails, being bereft of its chief protection and light; and the very end is lost sight of for which, under God's providence, human society has been built up.

"To reject Dogma is simply to deny Christianity. It is evident that they whose intellects reject the yoke of Christ are obstinately striving against God. Having shaken off God's authority, they are by no means freer, for they will fall beneath some human sway.

"God alone is life. All other beings partake of life, but are not life. Christ, from all eternity and by his very nature, is 'the Life,' just as he is 'the Truth,' because he is God of God. If any one abide not in Me, he shall be cast forth as a branch, and shall wither, and they shall gather him up and cast him into the fire, and he burneth (John xv. 6).

"Once remove all impediments and allow the spirit of Christ to revive and grow in a nation, and that nation shall be healed.

"The world has heard enough of the so-called 'rights of man.' Let it hear something of the rights of God.

"The common welfare urgently demands a return to Him from whom we should never have gone astray; to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life,—and this on the part not only of individuals but of society as a whole."

While we lay the tribute of respect at the newly-made grave of our martyred President, let us with reverent pen gently amend his statement made in Cleveland in 1894, when he said: "*With patriotism in our hearts, and the flag of our country in our hands, there is no danger of anarchy*";—let us insert "and with religion in our souls," and he who is now before the great white throne and has a wider range of vision over the affairs of men will not fail to accept the amendment.

A. P. DOYLE.

CHARLES DE KAY.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE has invited Mr. Charles de Kay to write the opening article of the series on Art subjects for the reason that Mr. de Kay has the reputation of being the foremost critic in Art at the present time. His wide and varied experience as well as his literary and artistic ability have imparted to his judgments something of an authoritative nature both within and without art circles.

For many years he was connected with the New York *Times* as literary and art editor, and his editorials and articles on art and other topics were read with equal interest by laymen as well as by artists.



Later on he accepted the position as Consul General at Berlin, which position afforded him opportunities of wider study and more varied research. He was brought in touch with all that was best in the artistic world on the Continent, and he learned to appreciate the fact that most of the art inspiration in Europe has come from Catholic ideals. His greatest interest has always been to trace results back to their primitive causes, and form a series of comparisons to make a sure prognosis of things to come. His exhaustive studies of Celtic words and of the folk-lore of Europe serve to illustrate this side of his character.

On his return from Germany he continued to write editorials and signed articles on literary and artistic topics in the daily press. His contributions to the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, *American Art*

Review, and other periodicals show his attainments as an art critic as well as an ethnologist, linguist, and lover of science.

The attention now paid to architecture, the fine arts, and the arts and crafts in the United States is due in no small part to Mr. de Kay's efforts in organizing the various artists and craftsmen, as well as to his various editorials and essays. The first result of his organizing ability is the now famous Authors' Club. Later his encouragement and initiative led to the formation of the National Sculpture Society, to which society are due the beauties of the Dewey Arch and all of the sculpture work at the Pan-American. Finally, in order to prepare America for the struggle in fine manufactures with the nations of Europe, he suggested and, with the aid of eminent artists and art-lovers, he founded the National Arts Club, of which he is at the present time the managing director. This latter position brings him in touch with the best art movements, and his administrative ability has arranged a series of art exhibits during each season, in which the highest specimens of workmanship in gold, silver, stained glass, mural paintings, mosaics are presented to the public.

It will be seen that his opinions as stated here concerning the state of architecture, and the fine arts generally, with respect to American church edifices, are worthy of consideration accept them as we may.

It is pleasing to observe that he finds no reason for discouragement at the outlook, provided the churches will treat ecclesiology with greater seriousness.

EDITOR C. W.

CHRISTIAN ART: ITS STATUS AND PROSPECTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.



ENTER almost any church in the United States, no matter of what denomination, or whatsoever may be the standards of art in the locality, and you are met by an architecture, a sculpture, a decoration in color that fall below the quality we have a right to expect in the present age. Even if we look at the matter from a pessimist's point of view and for the sake of argument accept what is not really true, namely, that this is a hopelessly eclectic age and nothing better can be expected than an art selected from some period of the past—even regarded from this point, the Christian church, the house of God, the building which stands for the highest and best in a community of Christians, is not what it might be. St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, which set out to be Gothic, as Cologne Cathedral is Gothic, was not kept to its exemplars, but when already begun was diverted from its natural course and thus missed that look of daring and distinction we find in Nôtre Dame de Paris, in Chartres Cathedral, in St. Ouen and St. Maclou, Rouen, in the cathedral of that town, and in other emanations from the genius of Old France to which the worshippers of the classic gave the name of Gothic in scorn.

At the same time, St. Patrick's could not have the benefit of that grave and massive style of architecture which was engendered of, or rather sought to supplant, the Romanesque as we find it embodied at Caen in L'Abbaie aux Femmes, and with more sumptuous attributes in the south of France and Spain. Nor might a building in the style of St. Patrick's offer the advantages of a much older Romanesque, the style of Roum, the Eastern Roman Empire, such as Sancta Sophia presented when Justinian rebuilt it after the earthquake for an example in architecture, not alone to Christian churches about the Mediterranean, but to the mosques of the later-coming Moslem as well. Byzantine church architecture has the merit of vast wall spaces and of domes that rise like the swell of music from an organ; these wall spaces and domes allow the color-master to

have his way and seek to rival the impressions of awe that befall us when we see the northern lights or majestic sunsets.

The Romanesque of later centuries and of Western Europe also offers wall spaces for tapestries or paintings. But the Gothic is an architecture made by marvellous engineers, calculators of strain, fantastic in imagination but scientific also, even as the highest music is based on mathematical calculations. In lieu of the wall spaces left for color which dwindled away through excess of structural details, Gothic architecture presents the windows like so many brilliant translucent paintings or tapestries, which allow the daylight, transformed into a dozen colors, to filter through the high nave downward from clere-story and transept or past pillar and pier from the outer walls. This is what St. Patrick's set out to be, a generation ago. But St. Patrick's Cathedral, owing to haste and economies, ended architecturally as "crippled Gothic," whilst of its imported leaded windows—in this the home of the most beautiful glass that has been made since the fifteenth century—the less said the better.

So with "Holy Name" Church on Amsterdam Avenue at Ninety-sixth Street: the style chosen was Gothic, but what a dry and heavy Gothic it is! Instead of selecting the finest examples of a given style and carrying it out consistently, the architect—eclectic verily, but feeble even in his eclecticism—only borrows the architectural raiments of the past to distort them and to prove that for modern ideas those garments are a misfit. The Romanesque of the Church of the Paulist Fathers on Ninth Avenue at Sixtieth Street, so far as its exterior is complete, tells much the same story of vacillation in original design, though the faults are reparable. It is only when one reaches the interior that signs are apparent of an intention to make this church at least typical of our present condition in the arts.

Protestant Episcopal churches in New York have not such large sins in art to confess, merely because they have not been so ambitious as the Catholic, but they make up in the number of their peccadilloes for the lack of serious artistic crimes. Other Protestant denominations seem to vie with each other in the futility and cheapness of their architecture and decorations. Yet it is to the Protestants rather than to the Catholics, because they are less bound by the traditions of the Mother Church, that we ought to look when we complain of the shocking lack of art in the houses dedicated to God.

These sins are more in commission than omission. The old

Congregational or Presbyterian church with its severe interior was a much more venerable building than most of the churches erected during the past half century. And naturally so. The problems are few in a barnlike interior; they multiply a hundred-fold when all the various forms of art proper to a beautiful church must be called upon. The difficulty increases in geometrical ratio. Every new form of art that is added reacts on what is already in place. A change in architecture affects the interior; the shape and color of the roof within make the problem of chancel, pews, galleries, floor, more difficult. A great painting in the apse causes another shifting of the color scheme. Introduce one really magnificent window, however small, and all the other windows look so weak and despicable that there is no living with them.

As examples of this, we may take Protestant Trinity in Boston and Catholic Paulist church in New York. In the former is English leaded glass of excellent quality, but so inferior in depth and color-sense to the American that it jars on that feeling of harmony which is indispensable to a great piece of architecture. At the Paulists' the clere-story windows and two windows in the apse are marvels of deep rich tone suited to the trying color of the wall spaces which give the key to the entire church, while in the apse the three largest windows, one English and two German, are out of key, although in themselves by no means poor work. Had the central British window been the keynote it would have done, although in that case the church must have been one built on British ecclesiastical Gothic pitched on a high, light key, which the Paulists' church never could have been. It represents the stained glass of modern England, calculated to let all the light it can into an interior often dark because of cloudy skies and the smoke-fog of great cities, not the stained glass of the United States, calculated for an atmosphere brilliant in the extreme, clear skies, and more light than comports with the solemnity of a church interior. What is the cure? Evidently to transfer the foreign glass, in cases like these, where the quality is good, to schools, halls or other ecclesiastical buildings where it may fulfil its function of allowing light in quantity to enter.

Stand in the porch of one of the famous basilicas of Europe, say of San Marco in Venice, and watch the people that enter. They are not of one nation or race, nor even of one denomination or creed. They comprise Jews, heretics and infidels, the Arab

and the Turk, the Hindoo and the Chinese. Socialists and anti-clericals who through politics have come to hate their church find no barrier there. But what brings them all? Not the gorgeous ritual of the church, for they come when no striking function is on; it is art that brings them and art that lays a thrilling finger on their heads, just as a Christian cannot avoid a thrill when he enters a beautiful mosque or Japanese temple.

Christianity is not a special or local religion, but one world-wide in its scope and in its desire to present the salvation that has come through Christ to all people. Through this expansion it lost as well as gained. It lost when it became involved in politics and statecraft and wars, so that more harm came to its reputation through cruelties and infamies committed in its name than from any other one thing. It gained because it was forced to come out in the open and destroy, so far as it could, the old idea that there were as many gods as nations, or peoples, or towns, and that each god fought for the people or town to which his worshippers belonged. When religious wars arose among Christians there was a reversion to this barbaric status. So the slaughters and burnings at the stake among Christians were relapses like what is going on among the uncivilized whites of the Southern States at present, with negroes as the victims of the primeval lust for cruelty of a spectacular kind.

Through its past, without regard to denomination, Christianity should be a unit. Were it not for memories of such rever-sions cloaked by the name of Christ there would be a solidarity among all Christians—Greek, Roman and Protestant. And it must be said that during the past century there has been an approach on all sides to such a desirable union. Who shall say that art has not already done much to bring this about, and may do far more? Certainly the Catholic Church is stronger for the objects of art in her churches and for the splendid examples of architecture which she can boast. Does it not stand to reason that, other things being equal, the religious organization which attracts men and women of all races and nations and religions through the senses that respond to the appeals of beauty will win worshippers among those who need some external attraction to bring them within the sphere where they can be persuaded of higher things?

The wretched art one sees in American churches (and also in many modern sanctuaries in Europe) springs from the fact that artists of the first rank are seldom consulted. Even when

a church starts well in this regard, there is a tendency to drop the best artists for men of little artistic value. This was more excusable half a century ago, when the United States had comparatively few good architects, sculptors and painters; when the modern world, not to speak of America, had practically no masters in mosaic and stained glass, and the general education in art matters was particularly low in the United States. At present we are more likely to secure the best artists for public buildings, clubs, great city edifices and magnificent residences than for churches, partly because capital is more liberal in secular edifices, partly because all clergymen are not up to the age on the art side of their education. We know of exceptions to this rule in all denominations, but when they are all reckoned, the number is small and only serves to accentuate the rule.

Is the clergy, taken by and large, jealous of art? Do they fear that the cult of externals will divert souls from inner verities? That may have been the opinion of the Puritans and of certain ascetics among Catholics and Buddhists, but it hardly exists to-day, except as a tradition in a comparatively small section of Protestants. The arts train the eye and mind and tend toward general refinement, though like everything else their pursuit can be carried to excess, as when people lose sight of the higher purposes intended by them and employ them merely as a form of luxury in which nothing but the crude senses have a part. Early ecclesiastical art was largely employed as a means to instruct the unlettered through pictures. Legends and parables and the higher mysteries were spread upon wall spaces and told in colored glass and embroidered on altar-cloth and vestment. Since education became general and books cheap the immediate necessity for such schooling has disappeared. The language of form and color, however, speaks to the people now as before; only it is not necessary to have the speech so naïve as before. It can address a higher class of minds, to whom music and painting and sculpture and architecture will say things of weight with a solemnity and freedom from interference through personality and narrowness which do not belong to the spoken word.

Observe how the arts have asserted their sovereignty once more over religious forms. The arts were driven from the church by the poverty engendered by politics and war, but they approach again as the Mother Church falls on better days and frees herself from the civil encumbrances of the middle ages.

Music was the first to break down the barriers, then came painting with an architecture that suits the house of religion, and finally color in windows, and sculpture in minor forms. The training that is in art, the cultivation of the finer senses, the attractions that art presents to persons of liberal education, make it imperative that the church shall give it a cordial welcome.

No, the clergy is not jealous of art, but the clergy does not take art seriously.

However the case may be in other countries, in the United States the Protestant denominations show more signs of appreciating art than does the Catholic Church. Something must be allowed for the atmosphere of acceptance of established forms in which the Catholic clergy is reared, something for the narrower circles in which they have moved as young men, and even more to the fact that a proportion of the Catholic clergy in the United States is still composed of natives of Europe who can scarcely be expected to be closely in touch with the late development of American art. But neither do the clergy of Protestant denominations take art with sufficient seriousness. Their colleges and seminaries have not begun to give it the attention it deserves, and while in many ways the pastor of a Protestant flock is a leader in thought for his parish, and could not hold his pulpit otherwise, yet with regard to the arts he is often so far behind members of his congregation who have given time and money to cultivating themselves that there is no common ground between them. They go to church because it is their church, but it hardly occurs to them to criticise the music and the coloring of the interior and the windows, feeling hopeless of bettering things so long as the parson and chief vestrymen, saving their presence, are Philistines.

But when the phoenix is found; viz.: the Catholic priest or the Protestant pastor who has a love for and knowledge of art, it is not easy for him to have his way. In the case of the Protestant pastor choice of the architect, to begin with, only in the rarest instances is given to him. The architect is apt to be the nominee of that parishioner who contributes the largest sum to the building fund, and the latter is apt to be a man who has made his million or so by a careful abstention from the study of art, by applying himself early and late to the national art of getting pelf. In the fitting up of the church there is more chance for the art-loving priest or pastor. But when it comes to a reredos or a conspicuous monument,

or to the memorial windows, the donor has the say. And as churches, like private houses, always cost from a third to a half more than the original estimates, the finishing of the church is generally skimped. Either the steeple is not built, or the roof is made of wood or iron instead of stone, or the apse is omitted, leaving the chancel dwarfed, or some equally crippling alteration is made from the original plan. Now, these alterations, being of parts to be built last, are necessarily those most patent to the eye. The foundations, which no one can see, are well-dug and powerful enough for the heaviest superstructure. The walls are all that is right. It is the final touches which make or mar architecture, as they do a picture, and these are wrong. But that is not the fault of the clergy; it is their misfortune.

Or suppose the interior is to be decorated and a good artist has been chosen by the pastor, who happens to be a cultivated, rounded intelligence abreast of the times. The financial question enters again. There is no steady income from a fund large enough to employ the artist for a term of years. He does part of the work, and through stress of economy a cheap man is brought in to follow on his footsteps. Then the trouble begins. If the original artist is a master, no one who has not been his disciple, his personal pupil and assistant, can carry on the work acceptably to sensitive minds. His successor's eye or hand will betray him. The vulgarity of his soul, for instance, will escape in form and color, or at the best the inherent difference between his own individuality and that of his predecessor in the work will set up a variance between his product and the other's that will make harmony in the decoration of the church impossible. If the first windows are put in by a master of stained glass, the next, given by some other member of the congregation, is sure to be by another artist. Whim or economy, the donor of the new window will insist on selecting his own artist—and how few are the churches whose pastor and vestry are firm enough, even if they have the wit, to decline dictation in this matter! And so the interior of the church becomes a discordant thing where color and scale are out of joint, where the pale window looks like a spot on the wall beside the rich, and architectural detail and figures in one window have no relation in size to the design and figures in another, where the wall painting on one side of a transept has one note and that on the opposite another.

The churches should study art more and enter into closer,

more intimate relations with artists who, as a class, are by no means easy persons to deal with. How otherwise can priests hold an opinion regarding the church in their care? While laying down limits of scale, subject and color scheme, they should give the artist scope for his individuality, but not expect men of differing natures and training to harmonize their work. They should beware of cheap Bavarian, French and Italian work designed and executed for conditions that do not obtain in the United States, work that is not tolerated by the lovers of art in Europe who count for anything. Different as we are from the men of the middle ages, we might well imitate them in the study and reverence of art shown by their clergy when the great products of Byzantine, Romanesque and Gothic art were being created, periods marked by a close relationship between cleric and artist. The gulf that lies between the artists and priesthood of France is a bad thing for French art, and a bad thing for French churches. Over here, fortunately, there are no political rancors to keep clergy and artists apart.

Art should be made an important thing in the early years of those who intend to become priest or pastor. Seminaries should make the fine arts a feature of their lecture courses, and their pupils should be encouraged to add this refining and broadening influence to their lives. It is scarcely realized how many are the adults, not to speak of children, who find the story on the walls or in the windows which they will never learn from a book or sermon. Priest and pastor should not feel themselves above joining the artists in their societies and clubs, but should aid them in their efforts to make the world more beautiful and worth inhabiting. Their responsibilities are increasing as wealth increases and congregations make ready to build new churches. When the plan is conceived the clergyman should have the education to realize that a satisfactory result can only be obtained if the architect and sculptor and decorator are of one mind, and shall have each his say from the start, and shall have each his budget of expense laid down. Only in this way can the harmony of the building within and without be secured. Only by the intelligent co-operation of clergy, artists and capital can we revive in our day the triumphs of Christian art, not copies of what the world has seen before, but art as living as that of any epoch, as living as the music, letters and thought of our age.



THE APPROACH TO THE VATICAN PALACE.

LEO XIII.'S BUSY HOLIDAY.

BY A. DIARISTA (ROME).



THOSE who give heed to such things will remember that two years ago, when Pope Leo XIII. made the last of his extensive summer outings in the Vatican gardens, the newspapers fathered a pathetic little episode in which the Pontiff was made to forecast in epigrammatic terms that never more would he leave the solid walls of the Vatican Palace. The inference was that ere another summer should have come the dissolution of the venerable ecclesiastic would have taken place. Yet two months ago Leo XIII. started out again for his summer holiday at the Leonine Villa, brimful of spirits and, according to the accounts of those who saw him, more buoyant and youthful in appearance than two years previously.

As a matter of fact the pathetic little story alluded to was probably the outcome of the imaginative journalist's brain, for Leo XIII., though in certain serious discourses he has not infrequently alluded to the necessity of his paying, at no lengthy date, the great debt of nature, is in the ordinary course of his life extremely optimistic, and when he prophesies at all, counts on distant dates which even the most hopeful of his admirers

could hardly encourage themselves to believe he will live to see. It may be remarked, by the way, that all that is published in the secular press as emanating from Rome and characterized as Vatican news is very far from being trustworthy. In fact, Rome of all cities at present seems the most plentifully supplied with the class of journalists whose chief characteristic is nowadays described as of the yellow or jaundiced hue. Some years ago "fake" news in Europe was frequently referred to as "Brussels news"; but Rome news has now put the Belgian capital's brand of intelligence in the shade.

The Vatican is extremely conservative in the matter of giving out items of news. It has no need to curry favor with the press of any country by being generous in indiscretions. The journalist in Rome who is in search of interesting items, and who is somewhat lacking in experience, may at intervals apply to some of the administrative departments for items of information. If he sees a subordinate in any of the various offices in the Vatican or in the Sacred Congregations, he is invariably given to understand that the divulcation of all news must proceed from the cardinal who is at the head of the office. At the office of the Pontifical Secretary of State, for instance, he is told that Cardinal Rampolla alone is competent to give information on a given subject. Possibly he will endeavor to see the Cardinal Secretary.

He proceeds to the Vatican Palace at 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening, the time at which his Eminence gives audiences and holds receptions. If after passing the St. Damasus court-yard he is privileged to go as far as the Cardinal's private suite of apartments, and if he gets beyond the liveried servants in the outer ante-chambers, he is brought to a halt by the Cardinal's secretary, Don Filippo, who must learn all about his business and his credentials. In nine cases out of ten Don Filippo, with honeyed words, will send him away; but if for some special reason it is deemed advisable to allow him into the presence of the Cardinal himself, then, when his turn comes, he is advanced from the outer room, where the Cardinal's red biretta lies on a table in front of a crucifix, into an inner chamber where the Cardinal himself, after a brief colloquy with Don Filippo, receives the visitor. And the journalist who will draw information and items of news directly from Cardinal Rampolla will be a phenomenon indeed.

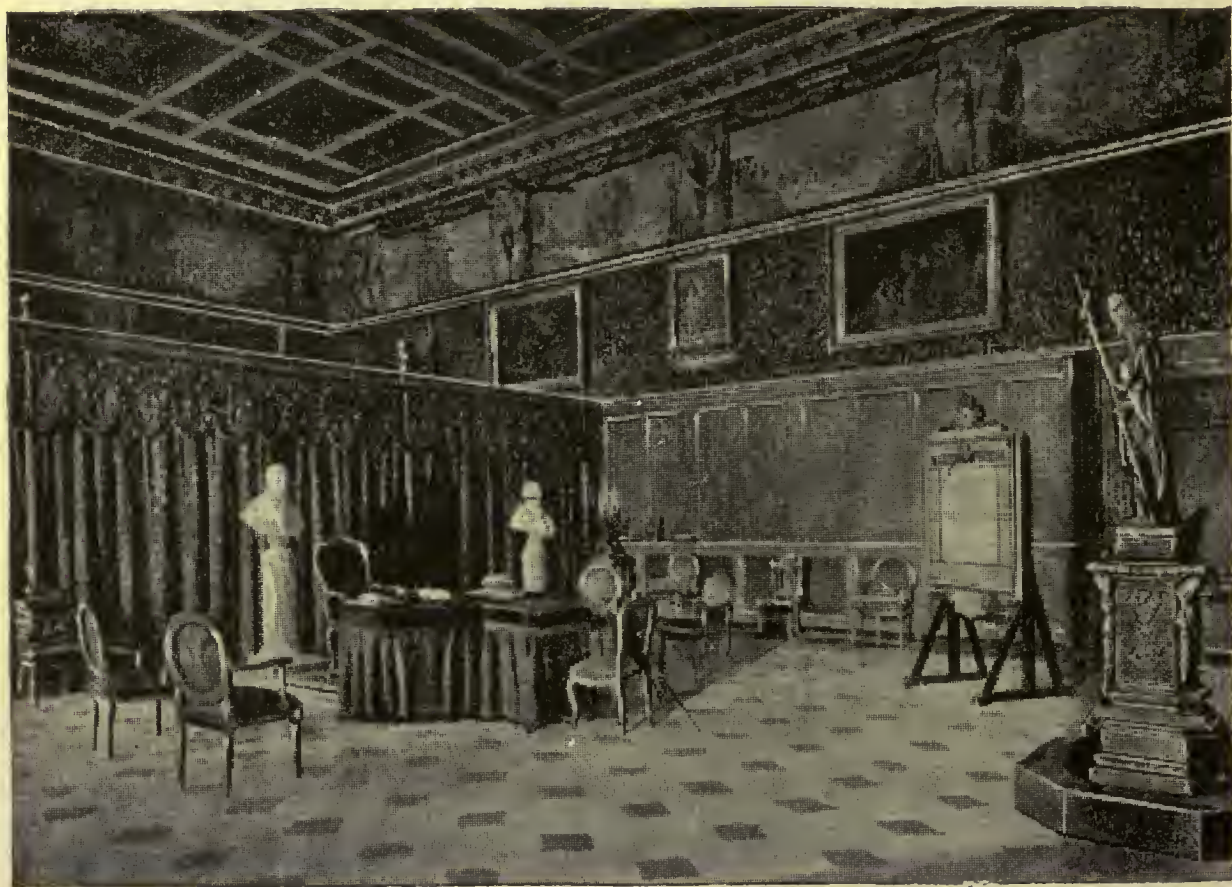


CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

The Cardinal's very appearance is enough to abash the boldest interviewer. This tall, ascetic man, of superb build, with features youthful in appearance and of tremendous strength and impressiveness, is exceedingly affable and simple in manner, even, it would seem, straining to put the visitor at his ease, and allow him to forget the princely dignity and overpowering magnetism of the sphinx-like countenance and entire bearing of the great priest. Cardinal Rampolla will possibly interview his visitor and show a certain interest in whatever information he is equipped with, but he will give away none himself. The jour-

nalist retires empty-handed, and if he is fashioned after the majority of those of his calling who have residence in Rome, he will proceed to the Journalists' Hall which is attached to the General Post-Office at the Piazza San Silvestro, in the heart of the city, and there, in conference with some of his *confrères*, he will think out a solution of one or more of the problems that are known to be interesting the Vatican and of which editors abroad will be eager to be informed. And so the foreign reader, taking up his morning paper and perusing detailed and interesting information regarding what the Pope and what Cardinal Rampolla think, say, and are about to do concerning any fact or topic of public concern, is often impressed by the news, little doubting that it is a pure fabrication of the imagination, and not suspecting that the Vatican authorities, differently from other potentates and influences on this earth, are very rarely concerned to contradict the false and erroneous news that is published regarding them.

And so it is, despite the fact that the world has been warned by the journalists that Pope Leo XIII. never more intended to



THE PAPAL STUDY IN THE VATICAN.

leave his Vatican prison, not even to the extent of going forth into the gardens adjacent thereto, that on a Thursday morning about two months ago he was carried out in his sedan chair by four of his chamberlains. And accompanied by his nephew,

Count Camillo Pecci, a member of the Noble Guard, by two soldiers of the Swiss Guard and Monsignor Bisteli, one of his secretaries, he proceeded along the Vatican Library and was deposited outside the gate which gives entrance to the Vatican



THE PRIVATE AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

Museum. Here a carriage awaited him; but the Pontiff preferred to remain afoot, and, walking up the beautiful avenue that divides the gardens, stopped at intervals to admire the flowers, to examine the vines along the hedge-row, and to put pertinent questions to the gardeners whom he met concerning the freedom of his model little vineyard from phylloxera and other grave diseases which have, for several years past, ravaged the choicest vines of Southern Europe.

In a grove of trees on a hill stands the famous little villa constructed several centuries ago by Pope Leo IV. This exceedingly interesting miniature palace, which Leo XIII. has rendered celebrated as his holiday residence, has walls of extreme thickness, a circumstance which causes it to retain a cool and equable temperature even during periods of the greatest heat, and its tiny windows temper the glare of the Italian sun and allow only a dim religious light to penetrate. One of the windows belongs to the little chapel of the building, and here, during the week or two that he remains abroad in the garden, Leo XIII. often celebrates his daily Mass.

The only large hall of the villa is modestly furnished with

leather-covered chairs, sofas, and foot-stools, and in one corner of it is the Pope's bed, cut off from view by Japanese screens. In another is his famous pillowed arm-chair. This pillowed arm-chair was made especially for the Pontiff, and is so arranged that whether reclining to the right or the left his head reposes softly on one or other of the two cushioned projections which are termed the pillows of the arm-chair. The roof of the hall is covered with a fine fresco by Seitz, representing the deep blue of the sky, studded with stars. From its centre descends a superb crystal chandelier. The little summer residence is equipped with all modern appliances—telephones, electric lights, elevators, and the like.

It was in this hall that on the first day of the Pope's de-



FOR A PROMENADE IN THE GARDEN.

scient recently he gave a luncheon to his two physicians, a fact, by the way, which escaped the knowledge of most of the journalists who reported the matter, for they placed the luncheon in the Vatican Palace itself. This luncheon was something of an epoch-marking event at the Vatican. Etiquette requires that should the Pope give a luncheon or a dinner to any distin-



HIS PROMENADE ENDED AT THE GROTTO.

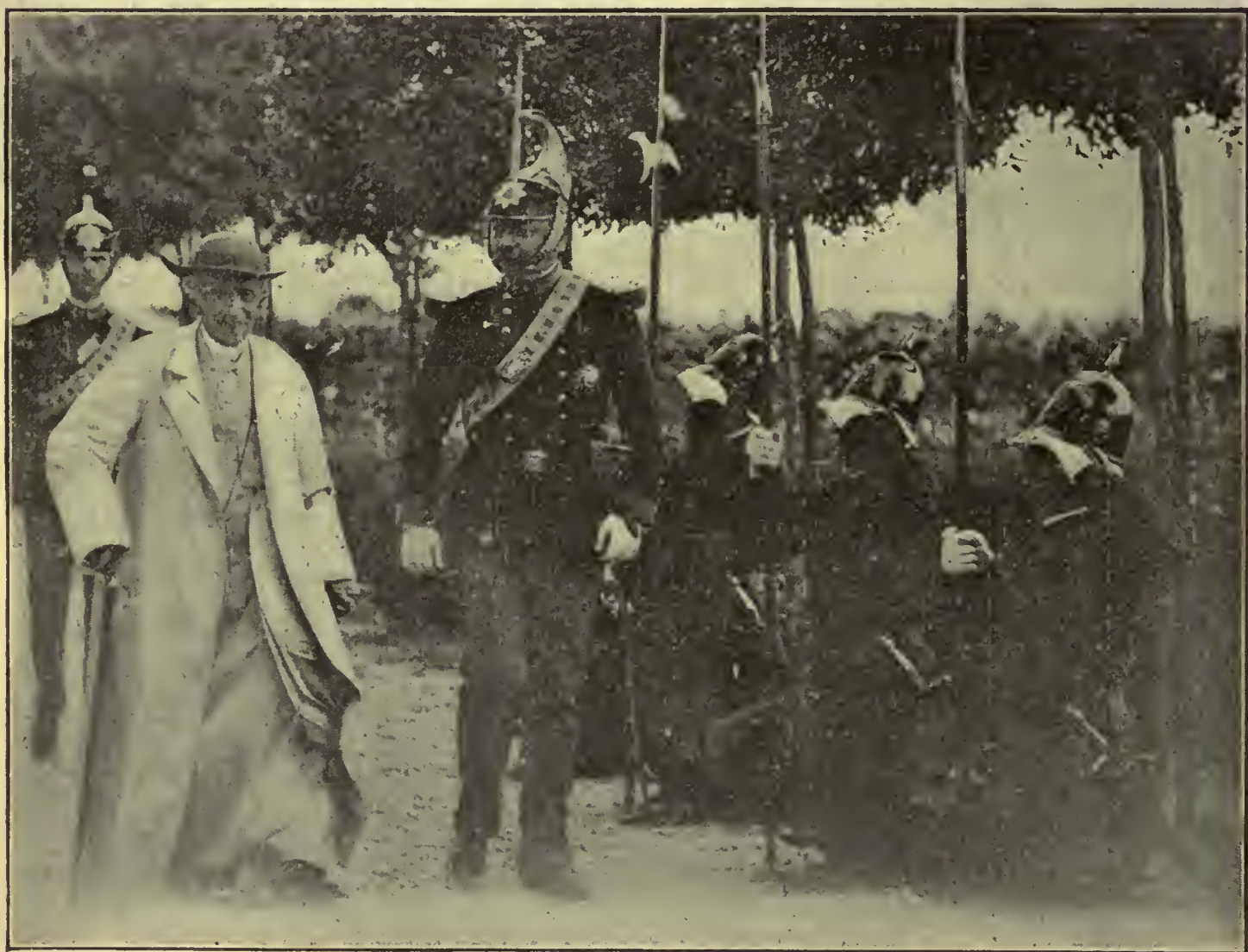
guished guest, the Pontiff himself must, under ordinary circumstances, not only be served at a table apart, but also cut off from view of the guests by screens, which, though they do not obscure the trend of the conversation, nevertheless preserve the privacy of the Pontiff's meal. According to the *Ceremoniale Romanum* this point of etiquette may be deviated from when the Pope invites to his table an emperor, king, or reigning prince, to the extent of the Pontiff's not being cut off from view, but it is distinctly laid down that no woman shall ever be a guest at the table of the Holy Father, or eat in his presence, even though she be empress, queen, or his own blood relation.

The physicians in question who enjoyed the unique honor of dining with Leo XIII., Doctors Lapponi and Mazzoni, had gained the Holy Father's good will and gratitude by their extreme devotedness and by the success of the operation which they performed about a year ago.

After the luncheon, the Holy Father, in accordance with his custom during his summer holiday, took a brief siesta, and

then went out for a promenade in the garden. Dressed in his white cassock, wearing a large white beaver hat to protect him from the sun's rays, and with an ivory-headed cane in one hand and his silver snuff-box in the other, he marched about, examining the vines which he had planted with his own hands close by the villa, and discoursing again with the head gardener on the science and art of viticulture and flower-raising, subjects in which the Pontiff is a noted expert.

His promenade ended at a little grotto, where, within a sheltered nook, hewn in rough stone, a fountain of fresh water tosses itself sparkling in the air, and where myriads of little birds disport themselves in the refreshing shade. The Pontiff, it is well known, takes a rare delight in the feathered denizens of the air,



AT TWO O'CLOCK HE IS BACK AT THE VILLA.

though it is totally untrue, and the statement has caused pain to the Holy Father, that, as has been reported in the newspapers and in alleged "biographies," he makes a practice of keeping caged birds in his apartments and of catching untamed birds in snares and sending them as presents to those to whom he desires to do honor.

At two o'clock he is back in the villa and ready for the enormous business of his extremely responsible charge. His mail has been sorted out for him and he goes over it with his secretaries. The Pope's mail-bag is the largest of any individual in the world, though here again it would be merely a flight of the imagination to attempt to give reliable statistics, as has been done latterly by the public press. When the chief features of his correspondence are known to him, and the great facts of the news of the world, as found in the local and foreign newspapers or as communicated by special despatch, have been brought to his attention, he receives the visit of the Cardinal Secretary of State, and refers to him his instructions regarding the chief features of the public policy of the Holy See. He also gives audience, according to the day of the week, to the other cardinals who are at the head of the Sacred Congregations, and later receives visiting bishops or other magnates, or conspicuous persons who come to pay homage to him, or with whom he desires to consult.

It is all in vain that Dr. Lapponi endeavors to induce this frail and delicately constituted old man, in his ninety-second year, to abstain from the enormous business and cares that his position entails. Leo XIII. is yielding, amenable, and obedient to his private confessor, and in many ways also to his private physician; but when the physician, whose aim is only to preserve the strength and vitality of his illustrious patient, gives counsel to refrain from work and indulge in lengthy sleep, Leo XIII. will make no compromise, insisting that while he has life his sole duty is to perform to the utmost of his ability the functions of his great office.

Heavy and multitudinous indeed are those functions and duties. The Pope's correspondence alone would absorb the full energy and activity of an ordinary man; but Leo XIII., even in his ninety-second year, is no ordinary man, and the total labor to which he attends is of incredible magnitude. Not Italy alone, his own beloved country, whose troubles and tribulations find the keenest sympathy in his heart, absorbs his attention; every nation on the civilized earth attracts a daily portion of his care and solicitude.

The Catholic Church of France is at this hour harassed by the machinations of an anti-clerical government, which has passed laws that practically mean the expulsion from the country of

many of the great religious congregations of the church, and Leo XIII. has daily to use diplomatic means to foil his French adversaries, and threaten them with evils of a political kind should they endeavor to carry into execution their worst projects.

Spain, also, whose king is his own godson, is the object of his immediate solicitude, for the Carlist movement insidiously bolsters itself on the alleged encouragement of the higher clergy of Spain, and of the Holy See itself. An envoy of Don Carlos has recently

been residing in Rome, and for weeks vainly endeavoring to induce the Pope to withdraw some of his antagonism to the Carlist movement in Spain, which the pretender asserts is certain of success if countenanced by the Pope.

Portugal likewise, for months past, has been a source of worry and grief to the Pontiff on account of its hostility to the religious orders of the country. So determined and resolute an attitude has the Pontiff been



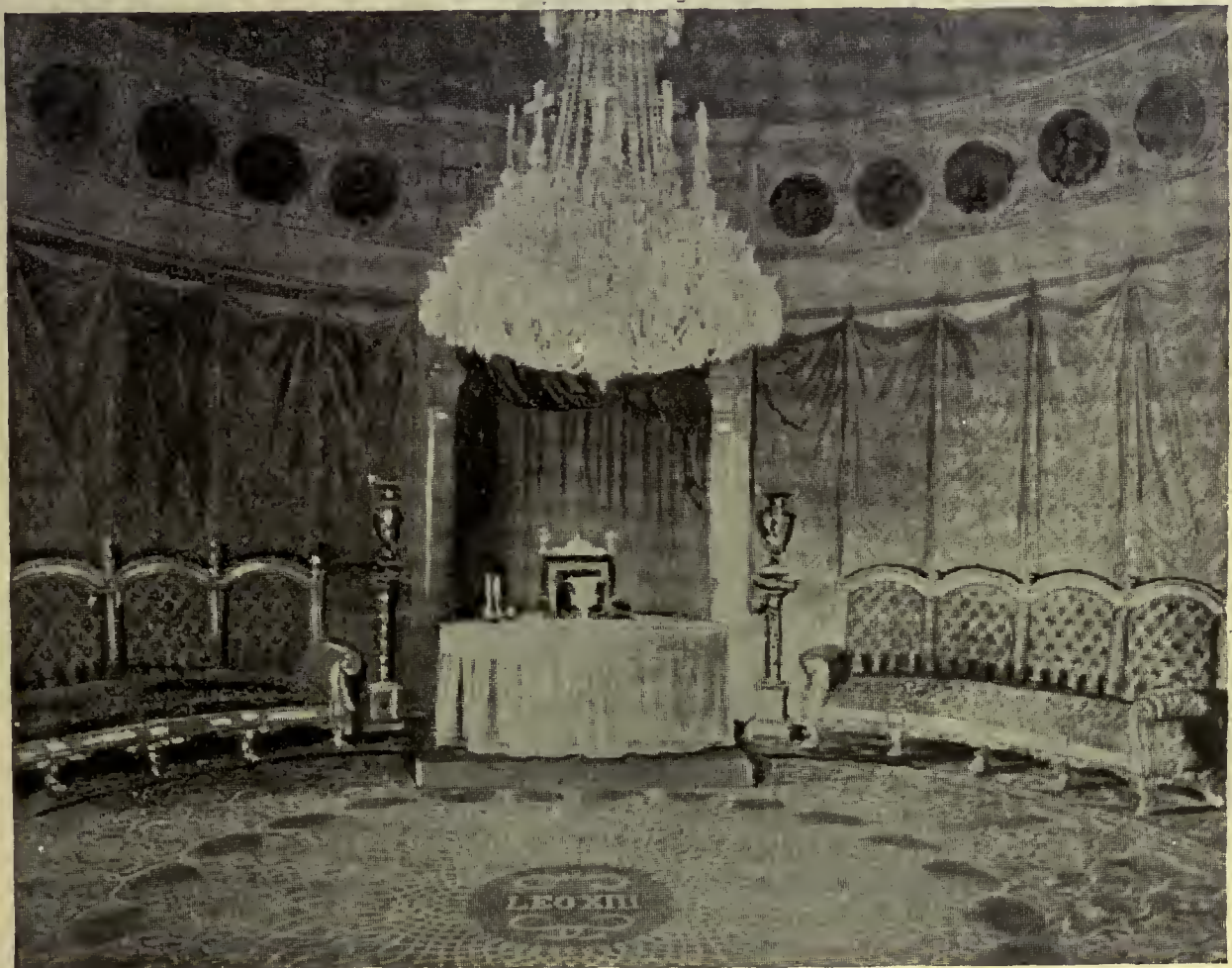
THE LEONINE TOWER IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.

obliged to adopt that King Carlos, being put in the dilemma of either discountenancing the anti-clerical movement or of being excommunicated, had recently to leave his own country on the pretext of showing his kingly countenance to his beloved subjects in the Azores.

Germany has been working night and day with all the powers of its diplomacy to induce the Vatican to withdraw from France the especial function of exercising a protectorate over the Catholic missions in the far East, and to concede to

her formal protectorate powers over Catholic missionaries of German origin, and it has required no small thought and labor on the part of Leo XIII. to placate the German government and retain his influence with it while refusing to accede immediately to its request.

Russia, also, which has a special minister accredited to the Holy See, takes up no inconsiderable part of the Pope's time, as negotiations of a very difficult character have for a long time been on foot regarding the reinstatement of several Polish bishops in their sees, from which they have been driven on



INTERIOR OF THE ROTUNDA OF THE LEONINE TOWER.

account of alleged hostility to the Czar's authority. Significant of the kind of detail, not immediately connected with important diplomatic and religious questions, that occupies the Pope's mind, is the fact that he has just notified Count Lahnsdorff that he will confer the order of Saint Gregory on the Russian General Zerpetzky for rescuing Catholic missionaries in Mongolia during the recent disturbances, and that further he will confer gold and silver medals on the Russian officers and soldiers who distinguished themselves by their bravery.

The Church in England is at this moment occupying a share of the Pope's attention on account of the trouble that

has been provoked over the question of the King's coronation oath. The Holy Father, it is said, while desiring to be conciliatory as far as it is in his power, nevertheless stood resolutely opposed to the altered form of the oath which was recently submitted to the House of Lords, his contention being that a repudiation of Catholic doctrine, in however mitigated a form, was anomalous and utterly unjustifiable in an empire that at this hour counts so many millions of Catholics, and that depends to such a large extent on stout Catholic arms for its defence.

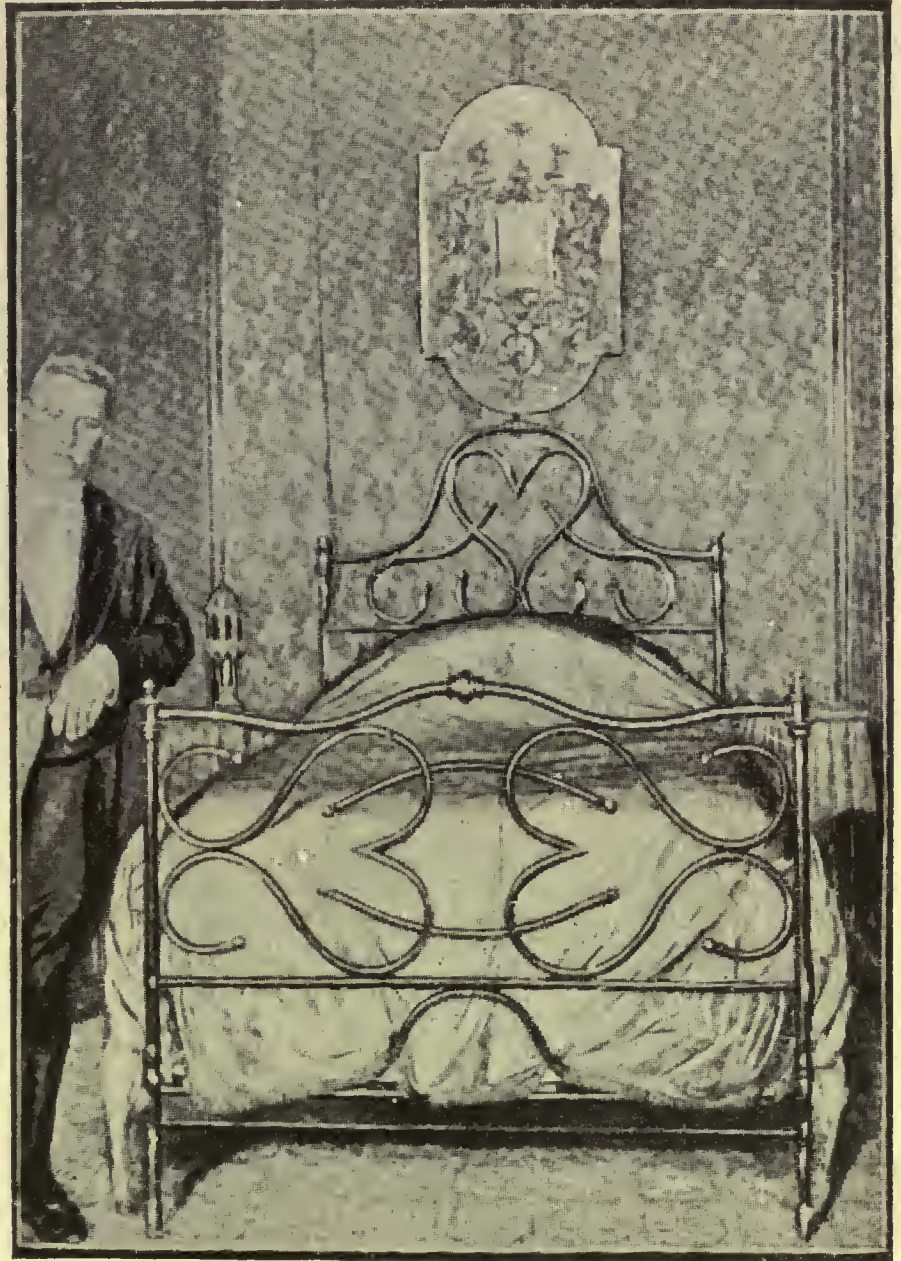
Austria has its troubles over the Los Von Rom party, who are endeavoring to have the empire break with the Catholic Church, for which purpose the German Evangelical churches recently subscribed the sum of \$100,000. In this regard the Pope is in daily telegraphic communication with the nuncio at Vienna.

Even little Switzerland is not left out of the Pope's consideration, for recently we find him taking a daily interest in the preparations by the Swiss Guard for the celebration of the centenary of its formation. His Holiness has just appointed Baron Leopold Meyer de Schanansee to the command of the Swiss Guard, made vacant by the death of Count De Courten. Baron Meyer belongs to one of the old families of Lucerne, to whom Rudolph of Hapsburgh in 1273 granted in fief the castle of De Schanansee, on the Lake of the Four Cantons. This interesting body of soldiers is so frequently mentioned in the public prints in connection with the Vatican, and with the Pope himself, that a few words on them in detail may not here be amiss.

The institution of the Swiss Guards dates back to 1503, under the pontificate of Julius II., who arranged with the cantons of Zurich and Lucerne that they supply him with a body-guard of 250 men. At the present time the Guards consist of 117 members; the conditions of admission being that the candidate must belong to either Zurich or Lucerne, be a Catholic, a celibate, not over twenty-five years of age, of strong physique, and not under five feet six inches in height. The pay is modest, the duties are light, and a pension is granted after thirty years of service. Many men of good birth are to be found among the Swiss Guard, and they not infrequently devote their leisure to painting, sculpture, and music; some even find time to take a law or arts degree at the University of Rome.

Even Protestant Scotland monopolizes a portion of the Holy

Father's time during the period of his so-called vacation. A letter was recently forwarded to "the most Holy, the most Reverend, and the most Learned man, Leo XIII., from the entire University of Glasgow, the Chancellor, the Rector, the Professors, the Graduates and the Students," informing the Pope that they are about to celebrate the 450th anniversary of the foundation of the institution, which was established by Pope Nicholas V. in 1451, thanking the Holy Father for the fact that to a predecessor of his they owe the origin of the learned faculty, and requesting from him for themselves, although Protestants, his blessing and an expression of his sentiments of regard and encouragement. To this letter the



THE POPE'S BED IN THE TOWER.

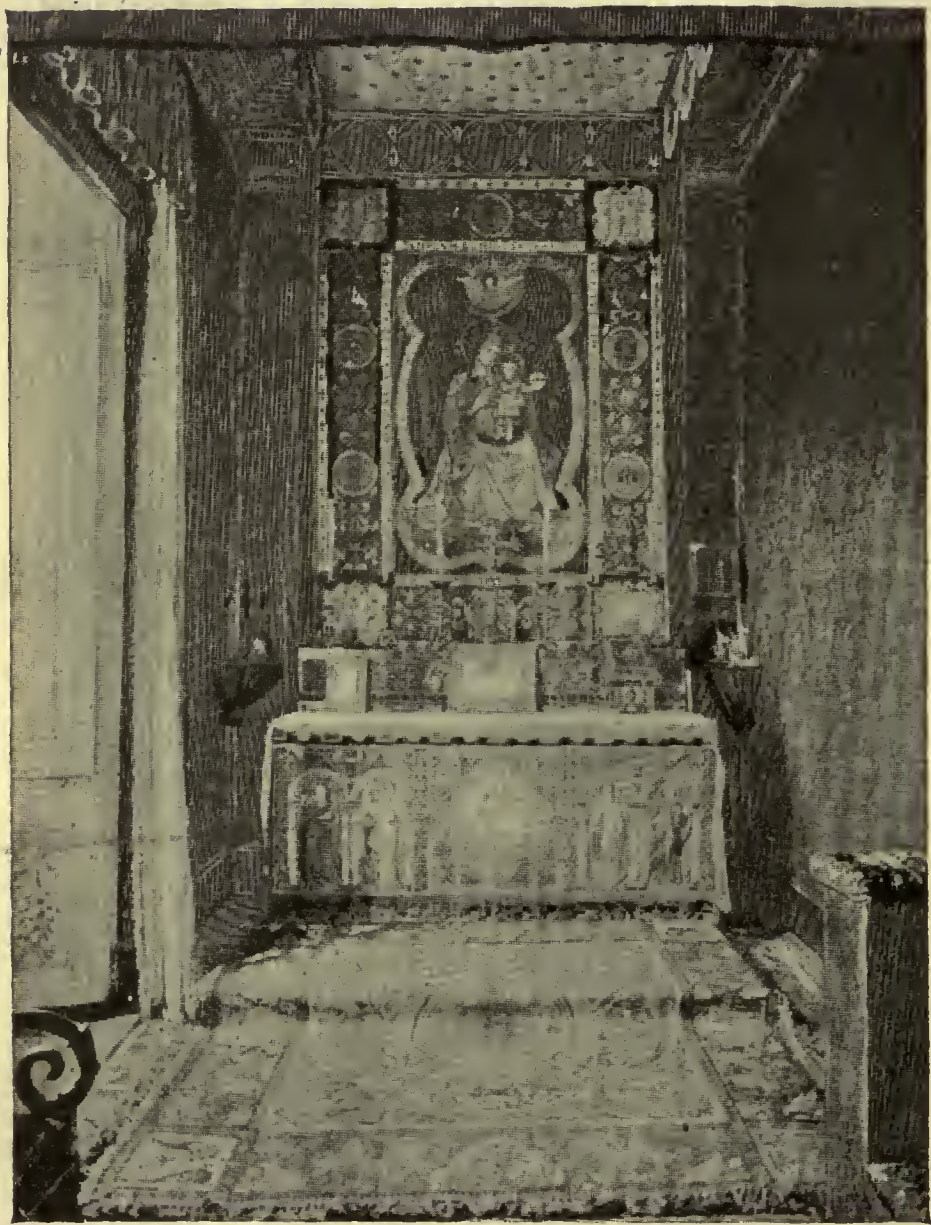
Pope returned with his own hand an interesting and characteristic reply in Latin, which gratified and flattered the university authorities in a marked degree.

The United States has also latterly occupied a large share of the Pope's attention. The question of the Philippines in particular has been a matter to which he has given long study, and concerning which he has held long colloquies with Archbishop Chappelle. Other subjects which immediately interest the Pontiff in this country are the University at Washington, concerning which he has recently forwarded a highly interesting letter to Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore; and also the movement of missions for non-Catholics, which was promoted some years ago on a small scale, but has latterly acquired enor-

mous development, and has the most flattering encouragement and cordial blessing of the Pontiff.

Italy itself is naturally a matter of important consideration for His Holiness. The anti-clerical party there never grows weary in its attacks upon the church, and the latest development in this regard has been the proposal of laws according and facilitating divorce in the Kingdom of Italy. To this the Pope has made most vigorous opposition, and with such effect, it is said, that Signor Zanardelli, the present Prime Minister and author of the proposed law, will be forced to withdraw it at an early date. The poverty and misery of the Italian people, consequent on the maladministration of the civil government and on the

maintenance of an extremely expensive and utterly needless army and navy of vast proportions, have stirred bodies of peasants in many parts of the country to almost open revolt and promoted the organization of anarchist, socialist, and other subversive groups whose aim is to overthrow the present order of government. The Pope himself is broad-minded on social questions, and while never willing to encourage anything which savors of violent subversion of

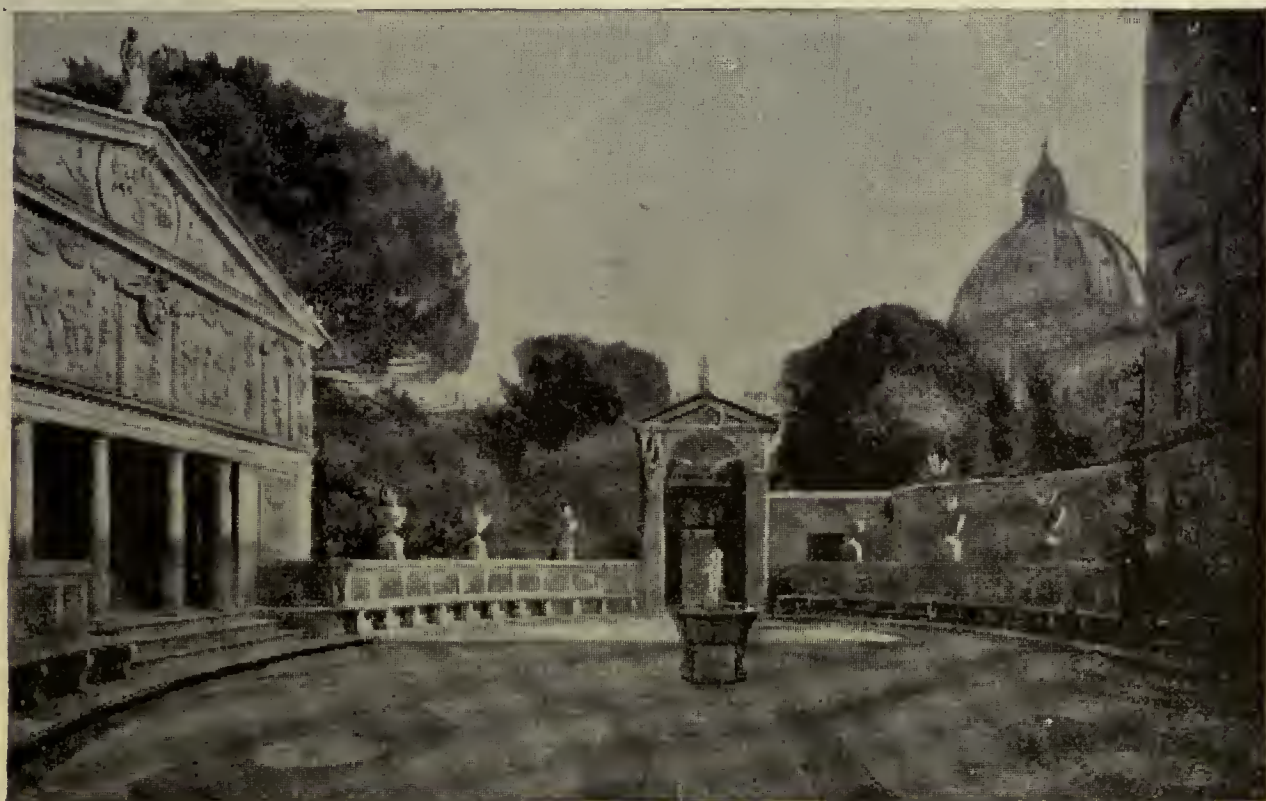


WHERE THE POPE SAYS HIS DAILY MASS.

government, he gives his hearty endorsement to the formation of movements among the people that tend to the betterment of the condition of the workingman, and to the closer harmony and brotherhood of labor and capital.

The enormous range of the Pope's interests in foreign poli-

tics and outside affairs does not preclude the fulfilment of all the details of his office as a priest. Following his thanksgiving act after Mass, he breaks his fast with a cup of chocolate or hot milk and a biscuit, and then proceeds to recite a portion of the holy office of the Breviary. After his lunch a further portion thereof is recited, and, during his outings in the Vatican gardens, the holy Rosary is said at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, all servants and attendants who are present in the villa taking part. When supper is over His Holiness finishes the day's



AN INTERIOR COURT IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.

quota of the Breviary, generally reciting it in common with Monsignor Angeli, his Secretary for the Latin Letters, who afterwards reads to him a few pages of some ascetic or spiritual work.

It should be obvious to even the most unthinking that the colossal energy and mental activity of Leo XIII. requires a large amount of sustenance. Here again, however, the Rome journalists, the majority of whom are never allowed to put their foot within the residence portion of the Vatican Palace, enliven the world with accounts of Leo XIII. living on a single egg a day, or practically discarding bodily nourishment. As a matter of fact, and Pio Centra, the Pope's body attendant, is authority for the statement, Leo XIII. is a good eater. His food is of the widest variety. Fish, flesh, fowl, and eggs in a multiplicity of forms, milk, chocolate, coffee, and cheese are freely partaken

of, the Pontiff exercising but little choice, and accepting whatever it has pleased the cook to prepare for him.

The first refectio*n* is taken shortly after his Mass, around 8 o'clock, His Holiness being then up about an hour. At 10 his breakfast is served, his lunch about 1, and his evening repast between 6 and 7, according as his immediate occupations permit.

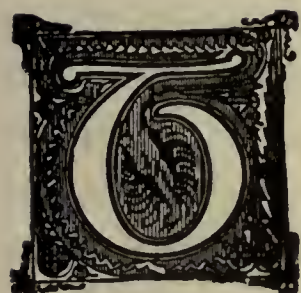
Sometimes when his business labors, between the end of his spiritual exercises and his midnight hour for retiring, have been particularly onerous, the Pope will take a cup of beef tea or of hot milk. This particular practice is not always viewed with satisfaction by the Pope's attendants, as the warm food often revives him to the extent that he will remain up another hour indulging in his favorite pastime of composing Latin verses. It is said that at present he is engaged on a classical composition addressed to the University of Glasgow.

In spite of the unending labors of his long life the Pope's eyes, singularly enough, have never given him trouble. He still reads without spectacles, holding the book or manuscript about six inches from his eyes and in a slightly slanting position. A tendency to rheumatism in the articulations during the winter months has given the Pontiff a somewhat jerky and spasmodic gesture, and often leads the visitor to apprehend weakness or physical collapse. Such apprehension, however, is usually dispelled at the first sound of the Holy Father's voice, which is firm and sonorous, though with a slightly nasal accent.

To the present writer Dr. Lapponi, the Pope's private physician, has declared that all the organs of Leo XIII.'s body are in perfectly satisfactory condition, and that—although, given the Pontiff's great age, accident would be particularly to be feared, and an eventuality of any kind, however regrettable, should cause no surprise—there is absolutely no perceptible reason why Leo XIII. should not live to be one hundred years old. So that despite the prognostications, pathetic and otherwise, of the sensational journalist, the spiritual children of Leo XIII. are encouraged in the hope that for several years to come he will be able, as in the present year, to go abroad in the Vatican gardens for a summer holiday, and will be spared to direct the fortunes of the church and lead civilized men from scepticism and infidelity to paths of rectitude and light.

THE SCALE OF PERFECTION.*

BY REV. JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.



O mention the fourteenth century is to recall a specially interesting epoch in the history of England; for the very names of Edward III. and the Black Prince suggest a series of military achievements unprecedented in brilliancy, while the Peasant Revolt and the Good Parliament remind one of the first stirrings of communism and the dawn of the transition from ancient to existing social institutions. Not a few students of history delight in the drawing of instructive lessons from the religious condition of England during that period. They insist strongly upon the fact that the nation's breaking away from the limitations of the past and her quick rise to European supremacy were coincident with the development of an anti-Catholic spirit; that a growing sense of independence and patriotism bore its first-fruits in the passing of the Statute of Provisors and the Statute of Præmunire, both indicative of a gradually widening separation between Rome and England. Something of this is, of course, to be admitted. During the Avignon residence the Roman court lost influence with England in the measure that Papal and French interests became identified; and Parliament's determined opposition to the entrance of papal documents and agents into the realm was coincident with an ecclesiastical condition far from satisfactory. Yet sometimes real facts are made the bases of conclusions not at all verifiable.

A PROTESTANT MISCONCEPTION.

We are not concerned here about the details of this matter, about the truth or falsity of every charge of ambition or vice made against the English clergy. Nevertheless the book mentioned at the head of this article does suggest one very important correction to a popular Protestant notion concerning the epoch in question. Readers are sometimes invited to believe

* *The Scale (or Ladder) of Perfection*. Written by Walter Hilton. With an Essay on the Spiritual Life of Mediæval England by the Rev. J. B. Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory. A new edition. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

that all the ecclesiastical virtue of the fourteenth century was the exclusive possession of Wiclif and his followers, that Catholics cared little for observance of the moral law and knew next to nothing of pure religion, that the Scriptures were a book wholly sealed from a priest-ridden people. So distinguished a historian as John Richard Green calls this period a time when the religious enthusiasm of the Middle Ages "had degenerated into the conceits of Mariolatry."* And the statement is made in the course of an extremely eulogistic comment upon Chaucer, whose keen observation and fidelity of description are especially emphasized. Now, any one who takes the *Canterbury Tales* as an accurate picture of the times will be quite sure to conclude that separation from Rome must have been about the very best thing that could possibly happen for the religious improvement of England. The characters who represent the Catholic Church are an unspiritual and disedifying set: a wanton, merry friar; a brawling, hunt-loving monk with jingling bridle-bells; a coy and courtly prioress who boasts a clever French accent, and a brooch graven with "Amor Vincit Omnia"; a Pardoner—

"That straight was comen from the court of Rome,—
Full loud he sang 'Come hither, love, to me.'
His wallet lay before him in his lappe
Bret-ful of pardons come from Rome all hot.

He made the parson and the people his apes."

In contrast with these specimens of effete religion is the poor parson, learned, honest, rich in holy thought and work:

"That Cristes Gospel truly woulde preache,"—

a portrait which, it is said, was meant to be a character sketch of John Wiclif, zealous opponent of Roman superstitions and abuses.† So it happens that writers come to identify "the chaste voice of the people," protesting against violations of public decency, with "the stern moral protests of the Lollards"; and that the new morality of the Puritans is set over against "the remissness of the clergy, who connived for money at every kind of debauchery."‡

The truth or falsity of these and similar generalizations is

* *History of the English People*, i. p. 341.

† See the *Dublin Review*, December, 1853.

‡ J. R. Green, *op. cit.*

not now in question. At present we merely draw attention to a fact which probably will interest, and quite possibly will surprise, some persons who already possess settled convictions as to the spiritual condition of Catholics in England during the fourteenth century. At that very date *The Scale of Perfection* was written by Walter Hilton, a Catholic priest, for the spiritual instruction of an English recluse—a fact not without considerable significance for those who will look into its implications, since the book rapidly attained to a wide circulation, was translated into Latin by a Carmelite, was held in great esteem by the Carthusians, and was copied extensively in MSS. still extant in various English libraries. The treatise contains valuable instructions on the loftiest matters in the life of prayer; in fact, it is mainly a discourse on the ways and means of attaining to contemplation. Yet withal, the writer is heart and soul devoted to the beliefs and regulations of the Roman Church; that is to say, belongs to the class often contemptuously called Papists, bases his instructions on the teachings of the church, and finds in her dogmas the test of his own doctrinal soundness.

For the last five hundred years this volume has been in more or less constant use among Catholics. It is now reissued by a Catholic publishing house for the use of a public who will regard it not as a literary curio but rather as a book of precious spiritual teaching, eminently suitable, to-day and always, for souls aspiring to the perfect life. Meanwhile, outside the church, Walter Hilton's name has remained practically unknown, except to very special students of early English literature. Morley and Ten Brink ignore him altogether; the average speaker on Lollard Reform has never even heard of him; and for a thousand who adopt the Chaucer version of fourteenth century Catholicism, not one devotes the least consideration to the very significant evidence in Hilton's book about the spiritual life of Mediæval England. All this—to put it mildly—suggests the possibility that some may have a distorted conception of the period in question, and that they could learn considerable by carefully reading the present treatise and the instructive essay of Father Dalgairns which serves as preface.

ENGLISH RECLUSES.

The fact that the volume before us was first addressed to a

recluse lends it additional interest. Some, however, may be slow to grasp what is implied in the statement; for there is a persistent misunderstanding of this form of life prevalent throughout the church to a greater or less extent ever since the days of the desert saints. A word here on the subject will, therefore, be allowable and possibly of profit. In England the practice of living in voluntary solitude was common to both men and women, having been introduced with the Gospel itself; and for the instruction of one of these solitaries Hilton's book was written. In this respect it resembles Richard of Hampolle's *Form of Perfect Living*, which was addressed to Margaret Kirkby, a recluse concerning whom some few details have been learned. Hilton's disciple, on the contrary, is unknown even by name. In fact, doubt exists as to whether the disciple in question was a man or a woman; for some of the old MSS. are headed "Ghostly Brother" in place of "Ghostly Sister." In any event, concerning the first reader of the *Scale of Perfection* little can be discovered, save what is to be inferred from our general information about the English solitaries.*

These solitaries were divided into two classes. The name Hermit was applied to such as dwelt in a lonely spot in a mountain forest, or a fen, living mainly on the produce of a small vegetable garden, sometimes keeping a cow—as St. Godric did—and always enjoying perfect liberty to roam about at will. Occasionally women adopted this form of existence. We read of Saints Guthlac and Godric, that each had a sister who lived as a hermit at a short distance from her brother. But ordinarily women found themselves less well adapted for the eremitical life than for the other form led by the Recluse strictly so called, who was walled up within a cell and left to live in entire dependence on the charity of the neighborhood. In common usage the same name—anchor for men, and ancess for women—was applied to both the Hermit and the Recluse; but it seems that Hilton's pages were written to a Recluse of the strict sort just described. Her home was probably like any reclusery, or ankerhold, of the time: a small house of one or two cells built against the chancel of a church, with a low window looking towards the high altar so that the ancess could receive Holy Communion and

* Our chief authority for the following description of the solitaries is T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R., *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain*. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1881, vol. ii. chap. xiii.

assist at Mass and the Office. The washing of the altar linen and the teaching—through the window—of a class of little girls were sometimes included among the duties of an ancess, though we read of St. Richard of Chichester forbidding the first, and St. Aelred discountenancing the second practice.

The form of enclosure for a recluse was most solemn. The immediate preparation consisted of a rigid fast on bread and water, the making of a general confession, and the passing of almost an entire night in vigil. In the morning, as the bishop stood at the altar with the candidate before him, psalms, litanies, and prayers were recited, and after a public profession had been repeated, the habit was bestowed, a sermon preached, and Holy Communion administered. Then all marched to the cell processionally. It was blessed; the candidate entered, was sprinkled with holy water and incensed. Then the bishop read the prayers used in administering Extreme Unction, and also the first part of the burial service; afterwards a grave was opened and the candidate lay down in it, intoning the words: "This is my rest for ever and ever. Here will I dwell, for I have chosen it." The bishop cast earth on the prostrate figure, gave a last word of advice, and went out. Immediately the door was walled up and sealed, and the inmate left alone until the end of his or her life. Few to-day would feel attracted to the sort of life prescribed for recluses, and yet we cannot help thinking that a sort of guarantee of their divine vocation is afforded by the surety that any one lacking a call from God would infallibly go mad in the circumstances described.

HILTON'S CAREER.

As to Hilton himself we know very little. Pits and Farmer make him a Carthusian, but Father Guy, in the 1869 edition of *The Scale of Perfection*, has brought forward good reasons for thinking that the house of the Augustinian Canons at Thurgarton, and not the Charterhouse at Shene, was the home of our author. Hence he probably passed his days under that famous rule which, established in the eighth century for the clergy of cathedrals and large churches, was called Augustinian because in conformity with the directions of the 109th Epistle of the great Bishop of Hippo. By the twelfth century, when this rule had been extended to other groups of priests, Augustinian Canons were to be found in many of the European

countries. In England, under the name of the Black Canons of Saint Augustine, they came to own numerous houses and to enjoy great popularity. Nottinghamshire possessed several of their establishments, including one at Thurgarton, and there—probably in the very house the final ruins of which are still to be seen—dwelt Canon Walter Hilton.

In the awful days of the Black Death he lived close by, if not actually within, a district where the plague made such terrible havoc that his brother priests “fell like leaves before a gale.” During the horror of that time Hilton’s zealous spirit must have led him into closest contact with the starving and plague-stricken people. It appears that he died in 1395, after that same country had again been ravaged by a fever. Possibly he then succumbed to the dangers he had previously escaped.

As an author Hilton attained to considerable fame in the century following his own. He is classed in the group of Northern writers at whose head comes Richard Rolle; and in truth, critics are undecided whether certain writings belong to the Hermit of Hampole or to the Thurgarton Canon. Rolle has been contrasted with Hilton, as being “all poetry, heart, inspiration,” while our author is “a prosaist, a logician, strongly putting his arguments in easy, well-built periods without a spark of feeling.”* The comparison is not a bad one, though the phrase “without a spark of feeling” might easily create a false impression. Hilton is, at times, dry and technical; never do flights of fancy distract him from the strictly didactic purpose of his composition; and still he has passages on the personal love of Jesus Christ which are tenderly poetic and possess all the indescribable charm of a sentiment wholly spiritual and divine.

HIS WRITINGS.

Like St. John Climacus, Hilton wrote a treatise called *Scala Perfectionis*. It is by no means the only work of its author—among whose fairly numerous writings some have included the *Imitation of Christ* so commonly attributed to A Kempis—yet it is by far the most celebrated.† It was highly

* *Yorkshire Writers: Richard Rolle of Hampole and his Followers.* By C. Horstman. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., 1895, vol. i. p. 172.

† All Hilton’s works are spiritual treatises, one of them being an English translation of eight chapters on Perfection by Maister Lowes de Fontibus. Those who may be interested in the question of his literary productions will be helped by the bibliographical indications in Chevalier’s *Répertoire* and in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The fact is, however, that

prized by the virtuous Queen Margaret, mother of Henry VII., and, in fact, has always been esteemed a precious book. Some of our readers will recall Father Baker's mention of it and his long quotation from the Parable of the Pilgrim going to Jerusalem.* We are told that Father Baker's comments on the treatise are still preserved among his MSS. at Downside. The edition of the volume now at hand reproduces the edition of 1870, including Father Dalgairns' valuable preface. Hilton's language is of that quaint fourteenth century type which puzzles while it charms the modern reader. In the present edition the spelling has been modernized and the more unusual words translated into better known equivalents; but there still remains a goodly number of the original characteristics. Hence the difficulty of promptly understanding the language, when taken in addition with the obscurity inseparable from the subject treated, will probably deter some from reading. Yet it is a book well worthy of being labored over, and sure generously to reward slow and studious perusal. It imparts—and in a thoroughly original way—most valuable instruction. Addressed primarily to aspirants after the gift of Contemplation, it presumes on the reader's earnest longing for the highest life, for the closest attainable union with God. Such a union is to be

nobody knows the precise number of Hilton's works. Of the treatises sometimes attributed to him, several were not written until after 1395—the date of Hilton's death, according to a MS. note in an early translation of one of his works. Some doubt still exists as to the accuracy of the lists of Hilton's works given by Oudin (*De Script. Eccles.*, iii. c. 3986) and Tanner (*Biblioth. Britt.-Hib.*) The list given by Mr. C. Trice Martin, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, includes the volume called *The Cloud of Unknowing*; and Fabricius (B. M. Æ. 1735, ii. 108, iii. 335 and 789) records the claim made by some for Hilton's authorship of *The Imitation of Christ*.

The earliest known mention of *The Scale of Perfection* occurs in the library list of a treasurer of York Cathedral who died in 1414. Around the beginning of the sixteenth century several printed editions of the work were put forth by Wynken de Worde and by Pynson. The seventeenth century saw three editions, and two modernized editions appeared in 1869 and 1870.

In the British Museum and various libraries at Oxford are numerous MSS. of *The Scale of Perfection*, two of them, in Father Guy's opinion, being actual autographs—though, according to Mr. Martin, these two MSS. are by different hands. It is on the authority of one of these possible autographs—Harl. MS. 6579—that the book is inscribed "Ghostly Sister," rather than "Ghostly Brother," or "Ghostly Brother and Sister," as in other MSS. But even if not an autograph, Harl. 6579 is admittedly among the very earliest of the MSS. and, all things considered, we may perhaps be well satisfied to accept its reading, and the consequent implication that the treatise was written for the instruction of the author's spiritual daughter.

Some of Hilton's writings are in Latin; and *The Scale of Perfection* soon after its first appearance was translated into that tongue by Thomas Fyslawe, a Carmelite. For the vernacular was then only beginning to be used, and the group to which Hilton belonged were breaking away from a custom, traditional among spiritual authors, of writing in Latin.

* In *Sancta Sophia* (Holy Wisdom), pt. i.

built upon perfect humility, firm faith in the church's teaching, and a generous determination to devote one's self utterly to God without reserve. Moreover one must employ the means commonly in use among contemplatives: reading of the Holy Scripture and good books; spiritual meditation; diligent prayer of desire and petition; for without the perfection of virtue to which these lead no man can hope to succeed. "Whoso thinkest to attain to the working and to the full use of contemplation, and not by this way, that is, by perfection of virtues, and taking full heed thereto, cometh not in by the door, and therefore as a thief he shall be cast out." In conformity with this teaching, our author dilates upon the seven deadly sins, which spring as so many rivers out of the heart, and shows how they are to be stopped up.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE BOOK.

This is in brief the substance of the instructions of the First Book; vivid, practical, solid, inspiring, removed as far as possible from the dreaminess of Oriental mysticism; yet withal abating not one jot or tittle from the sublime and impalpable ideals of the mystic, too fine to be seen by eye, or spoken of by lips, or conceived of by the heart of common men.

The second part of the volume is concerned with the nature of the perfect life, and indicates how perfection is differentiated from the virtue "which sufficeth for salvation," how it is to be developed, how it may be impaired and destroyed, how trials and temptations are to be guarded against. With much insistence our author dwells upon the love of Jesus Christ as the supreme means of leading souls to contemplation; he tells how "Jesus is very Heaven to the soul," and how love "through the gracious beholding of Jesus" brings the soul to that state of "reforming in feeling" which "putteth out the liking in, and the delight felt in sensual motions and worldly desires, and suffereth no such spots" (p. 143), which utterly destroys the image of sin in the soul, and substitutes the image of God.

The final chapter of the Second Book speaks on the relation of the Humanity of Christ to contemplation, distinguishing between the imagination's "sight of Jesus in His Manhood" and "the spiritual sight of the Godhead in the humanity." "This manner of working (in the imagination) is good and gracious, but it is much less and lower than is the working of the under-

standing; that is, when the soul graciously beholdeth God in man, for in our Lord Jesus are two natures, the Humanity and the Divinity. And as the Divinity is more sovereign and more worthy than the Humanity, right so the spiritual beholding of the Divinity in Jesus Man is more worthy, and more spiritual, and more meritorious than the beholding of the Humanity alone, whether he behold the Humanity as mortal or as glorified. And right so by the same reason the love which a soul feeleth in thinking and beholding of the Divinity in the Manhood, when it is graciously showed, is more meritorious than the fervor of devotion, that the soul feeleth by the imagination only of the humanity, show it never so much outwardly; for in regard of that of the Divinity, this of the Humanity is but a human thing. For our Lord showeth not Himself in the imagination as He is, nor that He is, for the soul cannot at that time for frailty of the flesh suffer it so" (p. 231). So we receive some light concerning a point of mystical theology apt to be the first grave puzzle for minds engaged with the problems of spiritual science. For the object of the soul's love still remains the same identical Person when the imagination ceases to act: Jesus whom we have learned to love "under bodily likeness of His Manhood" is still the term of our adoration when in Him "we behold, fear, admire, and love spiritually the God-head."

IDEAS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

Hilton, as unconsciously revealed in his own pages, appears to striking advantage: Love of humility, horror of venial sin, dislike of oddness and eccentricities must have been prominent among his characteristics. He sketches the beautiful summits of the perfect life in a way at once attractive and encouraging. While moderate in his counsels about the use of mortifications and insisting that the "spiritual is the end of the bodily," that "the mean is the best"; that "it is good to use discretion" (pp. 2 and 32), he yet makes no secret of the fact that ascetical discipline is a necessary preparation for the reception of the mystic's sublime gifts, and that among the temptations which afflict men must be numbered the fear "of doing hurt to their healths by giving themselves so much to serving of God" (50).

It is plain that he was well read in theology; also that he was versed in the Scriptures and in the writings of St. Gregory,

that ancient master whose maxims contain the first principles of all spiritual teaching. He had an ardent zeal for souls, too, and his full share of shrewd, English common sense. In a few passages his technical theological knowledge may, indeed, seem to be unpleasantly prominent; but we will be lenient in this regard when we recall that even the revelations of a poet's *Vita Nuova* would in that age occasionally swing into the favorite phrasings of the dominant philosophy. On the whole *The Scale of Perfection* is far removed from a dry academic treatise, and indicates, although not perfectly, perhaps, how well scholasticism may fulfil the high function of ministering to mystical science. It lacks the awful heart-searching power of *The Imitation*—though many passages in the two volumes are wonderfully alike; it falls short of *Sancta Sophia* both in range and unction; it is not so deep as the writings of John of the Cross, and not so pointedly precise as Lallemant's *Spiritual Doctrine*; yet, in its own way, it is a very book of books. It speaks a great message to those who are willing listeners. One must not—indeed one cannot—forget that it is a volume to be studied rather than read; but, on the condition of faithful study, it will give forth beautiful and fruitful truths concerning things that are of vital moment in progress toward perfection. And knowledge of these things, we are reminded, “is a great disposing towards contemplation” (p. 5). Spiritual development follows certain laws; it is a growth which must be fostered; and, though sometimes great love or special graces may supply the place of science, the latter is never to be lightly set aside.

The conception of Jesus as the author and perfecter of the spiritual life is almost as dominant in the present volume as in the *Imitation*. Hilton's treatise, moreover, suggests some things not found in the other book, conveying them less by means of didactic formulæ than by the object-lesson of a mystic whose ardent devotion to Jesus can seize and sublimate a soul aspiring to rise above the range of earth and earthly desires. His definition of prayer must not be omitted: “Prayer is nothing else but an ascending or getting up of the desires of our heart unto God by withdrawing of it from all earthly thought.” That one sentence might be expanded into a whole volume of spiritual science.

Hilton's conception of the perfect life is nobly broad and true. It is utterly free from the mean spirit of monopoly.

The great historian of Berlin has told us recently that the Catholic Church teaches "that it is only in the form of monasticism that the Christian life finds its true expression, . . . that it is only monks who can follow Christ fully."* Hilton, even in the fourteenth century, thought differently. He says: "What man or woman soever he be, in what degree soever he liveth in holy church—priest, clerk or layman, widow, maid or wife—that will for the love of God and salvation of his, or her, own soul forsake all the worships and the likings of this world, in the world, in his or her heart truly and fully betwixt God and themselves, and all unnecessary business and earthly things, even to what they have bare need of, and offer up their will entirely to be his servants, in the constant exercise of devout prayers and holy thoughts, with other good deeds that they may do bodily and ghostly, and keep their will whole to God steadfastly—all such are God's special servants in holy church" (83). And he writes to the recluse "though it be true, that in case thou come to Heaven thou shalt there receive so much reward in special for thy state of life, nevertheless it may be that there is many a wife, and many a woman, living at large in the world, that shall be nearer God than thou, and shall love God more, and know him better than thou, for all thy religious state; and that ought to be a shame to thee" (90).

SOME CURIOUS NOTIONS.

With regard to the sins of heretics and the impossibility of salvation for pagans and Jews our author is rather out of harmony with the opinions prevalent to-day. Another point, too, may be commented upon. He distinguishes between the two rewards "in the bliss of heaven which our Lord giveth to chosen souls"—the Sovereign or Essential and the Secondary or Accidental. The Essential reward corresponds to the measure of charity in the soul during mortal life. "For he that loveth God by charity most shall have most reward in the bliss of heaven; for he shall there love God and know Him most, and that is the Sovereign, or Essential reward, and according to this reward it may and shall fall out that some manner of man or woman, as a lord, or a lady, knight or esquire, merchant or ploughman, or what degree he be, in man or woman, may and shall have more reward than some priest or friar, monk or canon, or an-

* *Das Wesen des Christenthums*, v. ante med.

choret enclosed. And why so? Soothly because he loved God more in charity" (85). This is well. But when he comes to describe the Accidental reward "which our Lord giveth for special good deeds," he ranks priests "after and beneath" Anchorets and Religious; and speaks of "Bishops and Prelates" in a way that leaves us uncertain whether or not they also are to be put in the lower class. St. Thomas or Cardinal Manning would have left no such ambiguity. And, on the whole, Hilton's classification might with profit have been modelled more closely upon the passage of St. Francis de Sales which enumerates those who receive a particular influence of perfection for having "in a special manner dedicated themselves to God to serve Him for ever. Such are bishops and priests, who by a sacramental consecration, and by a spiritual character that cannot be effaced, vow themselves, as branded and marked serfs, to the perpetual service of God; such are religious who, by their vows, either solemn or simple, are immolated to God in quality of living and reasonable sacrifices; such are those who betake themselves to pious congregations, dedicating themselves for ever to God's glory; further, such are all those who of set purpose produce deeds and strong resolutions of following the will of God."*

Yet ordinarily Hilton is not one who is apt to place undue emphasis upon the externals of religion. On the contrary, he consistently and strongly exalts the internal and spiritual element. So he says: "It is no mastery to watch and fast till thy head ache; nor to run to Rome or Jerusalem on pilgrimage upon thy bare feet; nor for to stir about and preach, as if thou wouldst turn all men by thy preaching. Nor is it any mastery to build churches or chapels, or to feed poor men and build hospitals. But it is a mastery for a man to love his neighbor in charity, and wisely hate his sin, and love the man" (p. 93). And again: "It is less mastery to forsake worldly goods than to forsake the love of them" (p. 102). He roundly condemns such fools and wretches as that one who "if he fasts the fasts of Our Lady, or say every day so many prayers, or hear every day two or three Masses, or do some bodily work, as it were for the honor of God, he thinketh he shall never go to hell, do he never so much sin, and continue in it. . . . For he that knoweth not this here, nor will know it, shall know it well when he is in torments." All this, of course, is an effectual refutation

* *Love of God*, bk. xii. cap. viii.

of the charges levelled against the Catholic spirituality of that day. Men like Hilton and books like *The Ladder of Perfection* must be taken account of by honest history; they will serve to more than counterbalance the Lollard stories.

HILTON A TYPICAL CATHOLIC.

Curiously enough, though, the fact that Catholic writers are not grossly superstitious seems to be regarded as an *a priori* proof that they are not typical Catholics. What else can Mr. Inge mean by his comment upon Hilton and Juliana of Norwich?—"In them, as in Tauler, we find very few traces of Romish error." * Surely 'tis a case of "damned if you do, damned if you don't." If by Romish errors Mr. Inge means errors condemned by the Church of Rome, his statement, although very obscure, may be considered honest. But if "Romish error" is intended to connote any such things as belief in the faith proposed by the Catholic Church and a hatred of heresy, a spirit of perfect submission to her authority, the frequenting of her sacraments, the use of her liturgy, the acceptance of her theology,—then Mr. Inge's statement is so glaringly untrue and impossibly foolish that he must have taken his three pages of quotations at second hand, and we wish that all his readers would consult Hilton's treatise for themselves.

SAXON SPIRITUALITY.

In truth *The Scale of Perfection* is a book of choice for spiritual-minded Protestants. It will reveal in good, sturdy, plain-spoken Anglo-Saxon fashion—well adapted to suit the most decided anti-Latinist—the secrets of that spirituality which has always borne the name of Catholic, and to which the church has ever held the key. Hilton, for all his deep mysticism, is English throughout; the things of God are not romanticised by this patriarch of English literature. Let not the critics presume on that account to denaturalize him, to make him out to be a sort of stray Protestant. His spirit is genuinely Catholic, and those who admire and are attracted by the tone of his teaching may look to receive a generous continuance of the same by having recourse to the church which he regarded as his cherished mother and teacher. When contemplating entrance into the church the most persistent Anglo-Saxon may be at ease

* *Christian Mysticism*, p. 197.

upon one point—admission of its claims will not bind him to love and imitate the traits peculiar to the Latin-races. Let him but believe the Divinity of the church and the infallibility of her teaching, solemn or ordinary. Let him adhere loyally to what is evidently common and universal; what is obligatory because insisted on by the church for all times and places; what underlies all personal and national peculiarities; what is of God, not of man, heavenly not human, eternal not temporary, essential not accidental, authoritatively proclaimed and sanctioned, not presented as a matter of taste. Of a surety, men may accept every such truth to which the church has committed herself and yet remain perfectly consistent Britons or Americans.

At times persons speak as if strong insistence upon internal religion were an ear-mark of Protestantism. We may congratulate ourselves, therefore, on the recent increase of accessible literature adapted to correct this notion in all minds that are honest in their ignorance,—literature calculated to attract earnest Protestants, and to encourage those aspirants after sanctity who possess least attrait for the externals of religion, and can seldom be won or uplifted by devotional paraphernalia, no matter how tastefully designed. Among such writings may be classed *Spiritual Life and Prayer* by the Stanbrook Benedictines, Father Wilberforce's *Spiritual Instructions of Blossius*, the new edition of *Sancta Sophia, or Holy Wisdom*, volumes which, with others already familiar to our readers, give hope that the hills of the Promised Land are soon to shine forth before the eyes of a generation that at last has served out its weary sentence of wandering.

All in all a peculiar interest attaches to the book before us. Many volumes record but the crimes of an epoch, or at most only its victories and its material growth; this tells of the mystic conquest of souls by God. Let us forget other things about the fourteenth century, and remember that then there were those in England who had drunk deeply at the fountains of Divine Wisdom, and had learned the secrets of God's love for men; that then priests and monks and recluses, ladies and squires and serving-maids, were mastering the flesh and perfecting the spirit to a degree that it is at once a humiliation and a comfort for us to reflect upon.

NIGHT-SONG.

Q'ER waters all drowsy, all restful, and still
Comes the night's lonely ship from around the
dark hill;

Its pathway is dimpled with kiss of the stars,
And its herald the cricket slow droning his bars.

It's coming to take you to dreamland away,
Where the fairies await and angels they play
On rays of the moon a song soft and low,
And the goblins from poppies strange whisperings blow.

It's coming to take you up, up to the skies
Where the land of our hope mysterious lies;
So when you are there, my little one, see
If perchance in that land there's a place left for me.

And lest you forget, I give you this kiss;
'Tis the touch of my love, my dear little miss;
And peacefully sail, then—none question your way,
For your heart it is pure as the light of the day.

FRANCIS J. ROHR.

Buffalo, 1901.





George H. Miles.

GEORGE H. MILES: A SKETCH.*

BY REV. THOMAS E. COX.



O write of a poet who has been so heartily praised by wise men like Orestes A. Brownson, Brother Azarias, Eliot Ryder and the rest, and who is still almost unknown to the generality of the public, is to encounter a temptation to complain against the crowd.

George H. Miles's true place in American letters is not far away from that occupied by Longfellow. He is more prolific in dramatic productions than Longfellow, and he surpasses Longfellow in stage proprieties. We need only compare poems of a similar type—"Christine" with "Evangeline"—to see how true this statement is. Miles gives a satisfactory account of every character he creates. He never fails to muster the whole com-

* *Gems from George H. Miles.* By Rev. Thomas E. Cox.

pany for the tableaux. On the other hand, Longfellow allows his minor personages to fall by the wayside, as he pursues the fortunes of the principal character to a close. His drama is an apple-cart driven with the end-gate out.

Miles equals Longfellow as a master of words, in the smoothness of his versification, and in the power to paint vividly. However, he makes no effort to appear epigrammatic, though a number of good epigrams could be culled from his works:

"Parental coldness blights the noblest child."

"A reptile's life is poor vengeance for his sting."

"Dishonor must be lived down; we cannot die it out."

"The panther crouches ere he smites his prey."

"If you war on woman, let your adversary be more than a girl."

"Heroes seem always mad to fools and cowards."

Miles seldom goes out of his way to catch butterflies or pluck flowers. His figures occur naturally, and his illustrations are apt and generally powerful. Vivid imagery, refined sentiment, natural tenderness, characterize all his work. Here is his description of a father distracted and overwhelmed by a son's fate:

"'Not yet!' the baron gasped and sank

As if beneath a blow,

With lips all writhing as they drank

The dregs of deepest woe;

With eyes aglare, and scattered hair

Tossed to and fro.

"So swings the leaf that lingers last

When wintry tempests sweep;

So reels when storms have stripped the mast

The galley on the deep;

So nods the snow on Eigher's brow

Before the leap.

"Uncertain 'mid his tangled hair

His palsied fingers stray,

He smileth in his dumb despair

Like a sick child at play.

"Uprising slowly from the ground,

With short and frequent breath,

In aimless circles, round and round,

The Baron tottereth

With trailing feet, a mourner meet
For house of death."

Miles was no humorist, though there are not wanting specimens of wholesome pleasantry everywhere in his work. For example:

"Who keeps open house, when the day comes to lock it
Must look for the key in a creditor's pocket."

"No possible pain that a man ever felt,
No possible blow that a girl ever dealt,
Compares with the extract of agony wrung
From a woman when forced into holding her tongue."

De Soto—ACT I., SCENE I.

(Enter Anasco, the old astrologer.)

"ANASCO. The sun has entered Aries; Saturn pales;
The moon's south node affects the north Bull's horn;
Ye asterisms, ye stars and constellations,
Be of good aspect—let my cusp receive
Ascendant influence to countervail
The peregrine dispose of Sagittarius!

LOUIS (mocking him).

The Great Bear's tail affects the Northern Star,
Orion stands just where he stood before.
Ye little twinklers, be good little boys,
And shine propitious on your humble servant."

Miles is less fortunate than Longfellow in the selection of his subjects. His themes lack local, personal, and proximate relations that give to the works of much smaller men an intense interest for their own set. Miles did not permit his political proclivities to color his productions, like Father Ryan; nor his interest in the humbler class to master his muse, like O'Reilly. His ideals were Catholic and classical.

In all-round literary work Miles excels. He was a successful dramatist, a fair novelist, an admirable critic. As a poet he easily outranks Father Ryan and John Boyle O'Reilly, whose truly meritorious verses have become household words, while Miles's life and works are known only to the favored few.

Certain causes conspired to bring all this about. The brevity of his busy life, the gentle quality of the man and the decidedly religious character of his work, the spirit of the times in which he wrote, the temper of the Catholic public, and the character of Catholic publishers, all account for the situation.

Miles died at forty-seven. Had his years been prolonged, like those of Bryant and Longfellow, doubtless the general public would have heard more of his genius. One-half of his literary output has never passed into print. A man of less talent and more business enterprise might have heralded his own fame around the globe. Miles did not court popularity, he *earned* it. Seldom did he sign his magazine articles.

“’Twas his proud place with potent arm
To stamp each virtue and right deed
In lettered light that all might read—
To picture truth and duty’s charm;
But he, himself, shunned proffered praise
And left his fame to later days.”

Some of his poetry, many of his essays, and all of his novels were written solely for Catholics. He wrote at a time in our history when prejudice was rampant. He could not hope for a fair hearing or a general acceptance from those who hated all that he held sacred. When the Know-Nothing rabble destroyed the marble block sent by Pope Pius IX. for Washington’s monument, Miles wrote:

“What though a faction swear no Papal stone
Shall grace a pillar vowed to Washington—
Toil on!—before the crowning cope is set
That shaft may need some Roman cement yet.”

His words were prophetic. Before that monument was finished four years of internecine strife proved how much the nation was in need of “Roman cement” to hold it together. Even in our fairer times Catholic writers who do not malign their Mother, or at least ignore her teachings, fail to have their works listed in the catalogues of non-Catholic trade. Too, in the past, the Catholic public hardly appreciated the successes, not to mention the sacrifices, of Catholic authors. Call it curiosity, disloyalty, self-sufficiency, ignorance, or what we please, Catholic people till the present have read more eagerly the things written in criticism of Catholic interests than they have the arguments offered in defence. Our authors have had to procure a non-Catholic *imprimatur* before obtaining any considerable hearing at home. This state of things, however, is not destined to endure. Catholic youth must become familiar with Catholic literature. Those who pass over Miles, Ryan, O’Reilly, Spalding, Egan,

and Talbot Smith, not to mention others, in order to read the vapid stories, the popular trashy novels, and the poems of passion that are deluging the land, must necessarily suffer in both a privative and a positive way from their unwise choice.

Lastly, the publishers who have enjoyed the privilege of issuing Miles's books have done little or nothing towards making his name favorably known. His novels, as a matter of course, have sold steadily, and have been read by a class who have never learned a line of the author's biography. Every now and then a cry would come, some sympathetic soul that could not rest would voice its admiration of Miles in a Catholic magazine. But it was a voice and nothing more—"a voice crying in the wilderness." Unexpired copyrights largely prevented eager hands from fulfilling their hearts' desire by bringing out Miles's entire works. In the play entitled "*Señor Valiente*" our author puts these words in the mouth of the principal character:

"Cæsar must have his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and—poets their publishers."

By this time it is hoped that the reader is anxious to get the data and details of Miles's life in order to complete his mental picture of the man.

George Henry Miles was born in Baltimore July 31, 1824. On his father's side his genealogy goes back to Puritan and English stock. On his mother's side we find Scotch and Hebrew-German blood. His father, William Miles, a native of New York, was for some time United States consul at Hayti. His great-grandfather, the first of his ancestors of whom we have definite account, was Colonel Thomas Miles, an officer in the British army, whose body lies buried at Wallingford, near New Haven.

The mother of George H. Miles was Sarah Mickle—"a great woman," says one who knew her well. "She loved good literature and taught her children to love it. She had good sense, good humor, and good looks." Her father was Robert Mickle, son of a Scotch settler in Baltimore. Her mother was Elizabeth Etting, of Philadelphia, to whom the following lines refer:

"Here, too, a relic of primeval ways

And statelier manners, mingled with the grace

Of Israel, in the evening of her days

Baptized at fourscore, strongest of her race."

At the age of twelve Miles entered Mount St. Mary's College, the *Alma Mater* of Archbishop Hughes, Dr. John McCaffrey, Cardinal. McCloskey, Archbishop Elder, and a host of distinguished men. During his college course he was converted to the Catholic faith. Later all of his near relatives became members of the same fold. His career at college was a brilliant one. He graduated June 28, 1843, and a few months later took up the study of law in his native city. Miles found the practice of his profession uncongenial and irksome. "No great love existed between them at first, and it pleased Heaven to diminish it as they got better acquainted." So he turned to literature.

The following lines are from his earliest long poem, "Amin," written in his twenty-fourth year. They speak of

EGYPT.

"Beyond the wall the Nile and Desert wage
Their elemental war, from age to age
Enduring, symboling the ceaseless strife
'Twixt sin and innocence, 'twixt death and life
Prophetic of the conflict first begun
And lost in Eden, but on Calvary won

"Land of the mighty, province of the base,
Dark, mouldering coffin of a wondrous race,
Whose books are pyramids, where in a glance
The present reads its insignificance!

"What though the baffled and despairing sage
Explore in vain the secrets of thy page,
These everlasting piles that smile on fate
And dare both time and man to mutilate
The record they are lifting to the sky
Compose the noblest human history.
Authentic as the stars their self-proved truth
Attests the majesty of Egypt's youth,
Still chanting in an universal tongue
The grandest epic that was ever sung."

Miles's first novel, *The Truce of God*, was published as a serial about 1848. In 1849 his *Loretto, or The Choice* won a prize offered by the *Baltimore Mirror*. The next year Edwin Forrest offered one thousand dollars for the best drama by American talent, and Miles's tragedy in five acts, entitled "Mohammed,"

carried off the honors from a hundred competitors. Space allows but a brief extract:

“AMROU. Revealed to whom?

MOHAMMED. To me.

AM. To thee?—but there must also be
A revelation unto us, that there has been
This revelation unto thee; or else
Perform a miracle, and prove thy mission.
For instance, bring to life this roasted lamb,
And send it bleating to that bowl of milk.

(*They laugh.*)

MOH. Laugh on—I bend my head submissively.
Since time began the prophet's foot has pressed
The thorn,—and curses greet him from the lips
He came to bless. But tremble while ye laugh,—
The past is fearful with the scoffer's doom.
You ask for miracles: if Allah wills
That light should reach your hearts, no miracle
Is needed; but if, wounded by your pride,
He wills it not, though troops of angels came,
Refulgent in celestial drapery,
To win your faith, ye still would disbelieve:
E'en if they built a ladder to the skies,
Ye would not climb.”

In 1851 Mr. Miles became the bearer of certain diplomatic messages from President Fillmore to the Spanish court at Madrid. In 1864 he visited Europe again, and after his return wrote *Glimpses of Tuscany*, which came out in this magazine in 1868. His best known long poem, “Christine,” in five cantos, appeared also in this magazine, in 1866. It is a production of great power and beauty, full of life and dramatic interest. His five-act blank-verse tragedy, “De Soto,” was written for James E. Murdoch, and was played by him in 1851–52, and by E. L. Davenport as late as 1855. “Cromwell” is his third great tragedy.

The following is a partial list of his plays, mostly comedies and farces, and the dates of their composition or publication:

Michael D'Lando, begun 1844—finished 1847; Blight and Bloom, 1849—re-written 1854; Kate Cedar, 1849; Mary's Birthday, published 1858; Señor Valiente, published 1859; Uncle Sam's Magic Lantern, 1861; Afraja, the Sorcerer, 1862; Emily

Chester, 1864; Theodolf, the Iclander, 1865; Love and Honor, 1865; Old Curiosity Shop, 1867; Abou Hassan, published 1868; A Picture of Innocence, 1869; Behind the Scenes, 1869.

Besides the works already mentioned, Miles is the author of a charming little story, *The Governess*, and an unfinished series of critiques on Shakspeare. The only one of these as yet in print, a "Study of Hamlet," has attracted much attention on account of its singular beauty of language, and the clear insight into the character of the Danish prince. Miles wrote several exquisite minor poems. The briefest of them is entitled

AN AMBROTYPE.

"Great Jove, let old Prometheus have relief,
And put a bolder robber in his place,—
The sun—long-fingered thief!—
Stole Heaven from earth in taking that sweet face."

"Inkermann" and "Aladdin's Palace" are two of his longer poems. The latter is a satire on the faults and foibles of our national life. It contains the following oft-quoted lines:

"O land of Lads, and Liberty, and Dollars!—
A Nation first in schools and last in scholars!
Where few are ignorant, yet none excel;
Whose peasants read, whose statesmen scarcely spell;
Of what avail that science light the way,
When dwindling Senates totter to decay?"

On February 22, 1859, he married Miss Adeline Tiers, of Baltimore. The same year he accepted the chair of English in his *Alma Mater*, and took up his residence at his beautiful country-seat near Emmitsburg, to which he gave the name "Thornbrook." "The house where he dwelt," writes Dr. Thomas Kenny, one of his pupils, "has been unoccupied for many years, and the once beautiful grounds and smiling garden are no longer cared for. Yet even now Thornbrook is a delightful spot, and one can imagine how happy Mr. Miles's life must have been in so pleasant a home. A short distance from the main road, at the end of a little wood, we see the poet's handsome cottage gleaming through the trees. It stands in a small grove. Pine-trees and a few silver maples, together with thick bushes, almost hide it from sight. Back of the cottage are many fruit trees, a broken grape-arbor, and a long-neglected garden. Here in his quiet home George H. Miles enjoyed the solitude which he

needed and loved." We are indebted also to Dr. Kenny for the following pen-picture of Professor Miles:

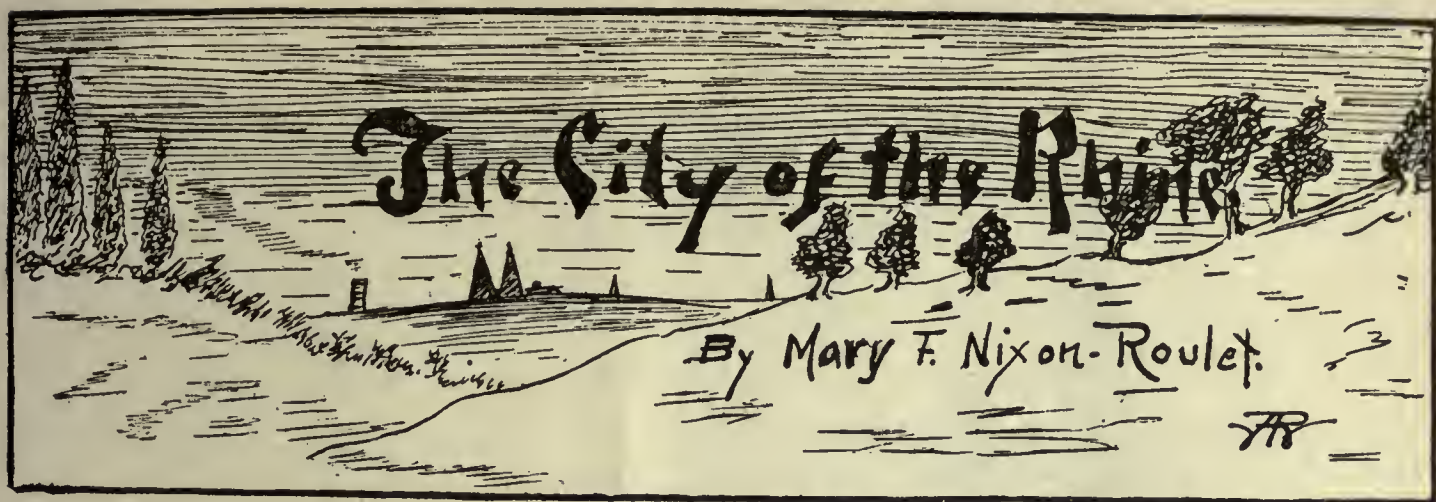
"He was a man of handsome presence and attractive manners; genial, kindly, and considerate to a degree, and yet judicious; with a countenance at once magnetic and inspiring; blithe, active, brisk; utterly unaffected, and yet most refined, and graceful by natural instinct; one of nature's noblemen; winning, and yet dignified; planting in the diffident student's heart welcome encouragement; inviting confidence and sacredly preserving it; commanding respect, yet compelling affection even. His mind was strangely noticeable and invited wonder. It appeared as if his brain were a 'mine of virgin gold continually crumbling away from its own richness.' But he was not only a superior man, he was also a good man. He was deeply religious, and his devotion to the Mother of God was particularly marked. He had a rare knack for adapting himself to all classes, making the little child or humble farm-hand perfectly at ease with him."

George Henry Miles died at Thornbrook July 23, 1871. All that was mortal of him sleeps in the mountain church-yard, within a mortuary chapel which his own pen had consecrated to the Muses. The following lines are from his poem entitled "All Souls' Day":

"Holding the very summit of the slope,
A pointed chapel, girt with evergreen
And frailer foliage—still as hope—
Watches the east for morning's earliest sheen:
Within it slumbers one
For whom the tears of unextinguished grief still run.

"The sunset shadow of this chapel falls
Upon a classmate's grave: a rare delight
Laughed in his youth, but, one by one, the halls
Of Life were darkened, till, amid the night,
A single star remained—
Bright herald of the paradise by tears regained.

"High in the bending trees the north wind sings,
The shining chestnuts at my feet are rolled;
The shivering mountains, bare as bankrupt kings,
Sit beggared of their purple and their gold:
The naked plain below
Sighs to the clouds, impatient of its robe of snow."



HISTORY, art, natural scenery, this pleasant trio has combined to make the City of the Rhine a charming spot; yet the ordinary traveller's idea of Cologne is that it is a place to see the "Dom," and to buy cologne, a case of bottles—"Six in a case, M'sieur; seven and a half marks; genuine Johann Maria Farina, and so cheap!" The famous perfume was invented by Farina of Domo d'Ossola in 1709, and the genuine is good enough to carry about in one's trunk, though imitations are innumerable, and one has to dodge the "customs" at the French border.

The "Kölner Dom" is superb, well worth a trip to Cologne just to see, as it is probably the most magnificent Gothic edifice in the world—

"A glorious remnant of the Gothic style
(While all the world was Rome's) stood half apart,
In a grand arch, which there screened many an aisle."

Its foundation stone was laid August 14, 1248.

It was designed by Meister Gerard, to whom the chapter made a grant in 1257, in recognition of his services, and the Archbishop, Conrad von Hochstaden, founded the building, as his tomb in the chapel of St. John testifies. Lovers of the beautiful in architecture may bless his memory!

Many have been the vicissitudes of the "Dom"! It was building from 1248 to 1880, and money for its completion was long lacking; so the building dawdled along unfinished through many reigns, growing more and more dilapidated. In 1796 the French, under the marauding Little Corporal, converted it into a hay magazine and stole the lead from the roof to make bullets. Frederick William III. of Prussia began the work of remodelling, and from his time \$75,000 yearly was spent upon the building. The whole thing is now complete, a marvel of artistic beauty. In its many chapels are wonderfully interesting tombs



THE MOST MAGNIFICENT GOTHIC EDIFICE IN THE WORLD.

and relics. Here are preserved the bones of the Magi, brought from the East to Constantinople by the Empress Helena, and presented by Frederick Barbarossa to Archbishop Renauld von Düssel, who brought them to Cologne. In another chapel lies the heart of Maria de' Medici—unfortunate queen—and also the sarcophagus of St. Irmgardis, who lived in the eleventh century.

But greatest treasure of all the cathedral—from an artistic point of view—is the “Dombild,” a large winged painting, the work of Stephen Lochner, done about 1450. The central portion of the picture, for it is divided into three parts, represents the Adoration of the Magi, while one wing shows St. Gereon and the other St. Ursula. The Annunciation covers the outside of the two wings, and the whole thing is set in carven frames, marvels of workmanship.

Dürer, in his *Diary of Travels in the Low Countries*, says that he paid “two weiss-pfennige to see the picture which Meister Stefen has painted at Köln,” and the great work of art is as well worth seeing to-day as it was in Albrecht Dürer's time.

In style, the painting lies midway between the ideality of mediævalism and modern Dutch realism. It is considered the finest work of the early German school, and is quaint and beautiful.

The legend of St. Ursula is one of the most interesting of the early church lore. Ursula, Christian princess and daughter of Dionoc, King of Cornwall, was sought in marriage by a heathen prince who ruled in Britain in the fifth century. Having vowed herself to our Lord, Ursula desired to evade the prince's addresses, and proclaimed that she had promised to make a pilgrimage to Rome. With eleven thousand of her maidens she set sail in a vast number of ships, and—despite countless adventures and dangers—she reached the Sacred City in safety. The goal of her desires attained, her ships were destroyed by a gale, and she, with her eleven thousand virgins, was compelled to return home by land. All went well with the holy company until the Rhine-lands were reached, and here Ursula was set upon by heathen hordes, and she—with all her retinue—was detained at Cologne.



ST. URSULA IN THE "DOMBILD."

Here the fierce Huns endeavored to induce her, by threats and entreaties, to abandon her faith; but she and her attendants remained firm and were led outside the city's gates to martyrdom. The captain of the band of soldiers was commanded to strike off the saint's head with his sword, but as he raised the dread weapon she prayed, and an unseen hand stayed his arm.

Then St. Ursula talked "moost sweetly ande prayerfully to ye nooble knyghte," so says the old chronicle, and he became a Christian and, instead of being her executioner, he and all his followers died with her and her virgins for the faith of Christ. It is this legend which the old Dombild represents, and well is it done, with its rich hues and regal colorings, where it hangs upon the walls of Cologne's beautiful cathedral.

There are, however, many other things of interest in this fair city upon the Rhine besides the cathedral and the shops for *eau de Cologne*. The new portion of the town vies with the best German bourgs, and is very pretty. The Ringstrasse is a fine series of boulevards, three and a half miles long, encircling the whole town, and occupying the site of the old fortifications.

The streets are wide and laid out with flower-beds and trees; the villas are large and airy, and the whole view from New Cologne delightful, as one sees the floating bridge of boats where the "blue Rhine sweeps along," and the beautiful vineyards, green-clad hills, and vales where the poppy and gay corn-flower vie with the soft-hued grain, and the fir-covered slopes of the mountains beyond reach heavenward.

The mediæval town gates are still standing in the Ringstrasse and the old Hahnenthor has been restored and fitted up as a mediæval museum, and contains many interesting relics.

The picture gallery of the "Wallraf-Richartz Museum" contains handsome halls filled with art treasures, antique and modern, the most celebrated paintings being Richter's beautiful "Queen Louise of Prussia," Kray's "Undine," Sinkel's "Christ in the Temple," and "The Blessed Virgin in Her Youth."

Among the many paintings of Our Lady, old and new, there is none sweeter than an unsigned one by a painter of the late German school. The Madonna is represented as dark-haired and graceful, the Baby, our Lord, is clasped close to her breast and his little hands encircle her neck. There is something unspeakably pathetic in the attitudes, and the expressions upon both faces are a wonderful blending of the human and the divine.

Charming as New Cologne is, it is the older part of the city which most engages the attention.

Historically the city is old as the Ubii, founded by them when Agrippa forced them to migrate from the left bank of the Rhine, B. C. 35. Here Agrippina, Nero's mother, founded a colony of Roman veterans, which was named Colonia Agrippi-

nensis, and there still remain parts of the old Roman wall, and the Römerthurm—an ancient round tower inlaid with different-colored stones—still stands.

“Wars and rumors of wars,” guild against noble, noble



FLOATING BRIDGE OF BOATS WHERE THE BLUE RHINE SWEEPS ALONG.

against clergy—these conflicts were carried on for years, and still Cologne was prosperous, its citizens hearty and happy.

Twice was the city a cradle of art. Her painters were famous, and the “Dombild” is the best existing example of the art of the period, though the mural paintings in the Hansa-Saal of the Rathhaus, by Meister Wilhelm, are still extant and show signs of great original beauty. Of but few of the paintings in existence can the artists be definitely decided upon, and it is more in the realms of architecture that Cologne has excelled.

In the twelfth century ecclesiastical enthusiasm reached its height at the acquisition of the relics of the Magi, and architectural art was freshly invigorated. Churches were remodelled, and the wealth of the city flowed freely to restore all to their pristine splendor. The “Apostelkirche” is the finest example of the style of the period, and to-day its basilica rises from the angle of the Neumarkt’s grassy square. It is a finished structure, quaint and uncommon in architecture, with its dome flanked by two slender corner towers, somewhat incongruous. Opposite the church is a house with a tower and two horse-heads affixed to

the wall at an upper story, bearing witness to a curious legend of the fourteenth century.

In 1357 the plague raged at Cologne, and Richmodis von Lyskirchen—wife of the noble knight Mengis von Adocht—fell a victim to the dread malady. Her sorrowing husband had Masses said for her soul, and all in her bridal finery she was laid in state in the Apostles' Church. A thief desired to steal her gems and broke into the chapel where she lay, but as he attempted to draw off her wedding-ring she awoke from the trance in which she had been, arose and returned to her home. Her husband—grieving there alone—fancied her an apparition and exclaimed: "By my good sword, thou art but a spectre come to haunt me! My saintly wife would never leave the joys of Heaven to return to me. Sooner will I believe that my two good steeds would ascend to this loft and look upon the street below, than that my beloved spouse could return in person!"

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than there was heard a sound of trampling hoofs, his two chargers mounted the stairs, and thrust their heads out of the window, to the great astonishment of all concerned.

Another church, less famous, perhaps, but not less interesting, is the Romanesque one of St. Andres, where lie the remains of Albertus Magnus. The huge bells of the beautiful Jesuit church were made by Tilly from cannon captured by him at Magdeburg, and in the Minorite church Duns Scotus is buried. His tomb is in the ambulatory at the back of the high altar, and an inscription reads:

"Scotia me genvit,
Anglia me svscipit,
Gallia me docet,
Colonia me tenet."

Every stone is pregnant with rhyme or story!

Early in the city's history Marsilius saved it from a beleaguering enemy by sending out armed women on the pretext of felling wood, and the Amazons felled their enemies instead. On St. John's Even is still celebrated the festival of washing away the evil of the year in the Rhine's waters, just as it was done in 1333, when the poet Petrarch visited the city.

The Hansa-Saal, or great hall, is one of the finest halls in existence, and within its stately walls took place the meeting of the famous Hanseatic League. The tower was built from the



THE "APOSTELKIRCHE" IN COLOGNE.

finer levied upon noble families in 1396 for their street brawls and other pleasant forms of amusement at the expense of the commoners, to which pleasantries the nobles of the day were somewhat addicted.

But in all Cologne there is nothing more interesting than the two curious churches of St. Gereon and St. Ursula, each a great columbarium. In the former lie the bones of the three hundred and eighteen martyrs of the Theban Legion, who—with their leader Gereon—perished there in the year 286, when the

infamous Diocletian persecuted the Christians. The church is said to have been built by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, and the interior is filled with small chapels, containing the sarcophagi of the martyrs.

Near by is the Gereonstrasse, where rises the famous statue and Column of the Virgin, erected in 1858, in honor of the promulgation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

St. Ursula's Church was originally built in the fourth century, but has been altered and repaired until but little is left of the first edifice. The Gothic portal, with its carven saints set aloft like a halo, is a magnificent piece of work, and the interior is most quaint and interesting. The monument to St. Ursula is beautiful as a dream, of carved alabaster, with a dove—the emblem of the Holy Spirit—at her feet. In glass cases around the walls of the church are the bones of the eleven thousand virgins, and their skulls grin at one from the niches, while carven figures of the martyrs, clad in mediæval costumes, look down from their dusky recesses in the walls.

“Stern faces, bleared with immemorial watch,
Looked down benignly grave and seemed to say,
‘Ye come and go incessant, we remain
Safe in the hallowed quiet of the past;
Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
Of faith so nobly realized as this.’”

Near to the Church of St. Ursula is the market of Cologne, not the least interesting of its sights. Tired of studying history or architecture, here one may con the “proper study of mankind,” for “all sorts and conditions of men,” women, and children throng the busy mart.

This street market is a peculiarly democratic institution, and one rapidly becomes friendly with the saleswomen, or even a chance passer-by, entrapped unawares and become a purchaser like one's self. Thrift and sturdiness are the distinguishing characteristics of these Rhine-land peasants. They know well how to drive a bargain, but they are honest to a pfennig, and good-humored to a fault. Very interesting is their babble about the flocks and the crops, very quaint they look clad in their national costumes, and most delicious are the mountain strawberries, fresh cheese, and thick cream which these clever housewives bring in from the country, especially to tempt hotel-weary travellers. One eats the little luncheon, with *leckerly*—sweet



THE ANGELUS SOUNDS AND THE BUSY STIR OF THE MARKET IS HUSHED.

cakes—in the shade of the green trees which line the Köln Markt, gazing on the tiled houses which girt it about, and catching a glimpse of the cathedral's slender spire, pointing ever aloft, rising above all, "patiently remote," and in its superb proportion of matchless architecture making one, as Lowell says, "own himself a happy Goth."

It is a gay scene, the Cologne street market, yet even amidst its cheery, every-day life one catches glimpses of higher things. The huge baskets line the street, half empty, for the time of closing is at hand. The chattering and chaffering is like nothing so much as that of the sparrows which flit about the cathedral eaves, and hover o'er the saint-crowned portal,

"Chirping from gray perch to perch,
Now on a mitre poising, now on a crown,
Irreverently happy."

Suddenly the traffic ceases; the market is silent; each figure devout and still! From the great bell tower of the matchless cathedral sounds in clear, solemn, reverent tones the midday Angelus.

A CHIEFTAIN'S GRAVE ON LAKE HURON.

BENEATH a group of pines on Huron's shore
A grave lies hidden, and the Indians tell
Of their great chief, who bravely fighting fell
To rest in silent death for evermore.
He loved the wild waves' song, the tempest's roar;
He loved the forest's heart, and chose to dwell
In life among the pines that guard him well
When all his mighty triumphs long are o'er.
Above that mound, deep in the forest's gloom,
Fond nature reared an everlasting tomb;
Undying trees their bright green branches wave,
Undying music sweeps above his grave;
And wild flow'rs, ranged with nature's rarest art,
Mark well the spot where rests the dead chief's heart.

LOUISE F. MURPHY.



HEREDITY IN MAN.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

"My little child is lying on the grass,
His face is covered with the blades of grass.
While I did bear the child I ever watched
The reaper work, that it might love the harvests;
And when the boy was born the meadow said
'This is my child.'"

—Carmen Silva, trans.



GOOD many centuries have passed by since a wise old Greek summed up the whole of philosophy in two words: "Know thyself." Yet how few of us when we look inward and ask ourselves what we are, do more than take a narrow, superficial look. We do not realize that the human body contains within itself vast potentialities and that we are only beginning to penetrate its mysteries. We forget that every human being is the sum of his ancestors, and that influences which affected our mother while she bore us in her womb are still potent to affect us, her child. Nay, long before our mother lived, some forefather may have placed his mysterious seal upon us and may hold us to-day in the grip of heredity. Now, in saying this, we do not, of course, deny that each one of us has been gifted by Almighty God with a Will, and our will, like the helmsman of a ship, does what it can to guide us safely amid the pitfalls and temptations of life. But if the rudder which the helmsman holds in his hand is badly constructed, if the wood is decayed, it may fare ill with the ship that he is steering: despite all the helmsman's skill she may run upon the rocks. Even so, man's will-power is strong or weak according to the physical *substratum* through which it works. A drunkard's brain-cells, for example, do not cease to work evil when the drunkard dies; the poison is transmitted; woe be to his children and his grandchildren!

But in order to study ourselves and to draw any real profit from the study, we must learn to lean upon physiology, which is the study of the physical phenomena of life; for it is only through physiology that we discover and explore, so to speak,

the stream of organic life and place our finger upon the long-drawn link which binds the generations together.

Now, physiology teaches that every human body is made up of a countless number of barely conscious organisms, not in themselves human. We are each one of us built up out of millions of microscopic organisms called cells; and to-day the important generalization of Virchow—*omnis cellula e cellula*—is accepted as a fundamental principle of biology. Every cell is derived by division from a pre-existing cell. Man's body is a multicellular organism whose very beginning was a process of division from a single egg-cell, which egg-cell in turn proceeded, or rather became separated from the cells of a pre-existing human body. This fact we must bear in mind, or we shall not make even the first step in the study of ourselves; we shall not be able to comprehend how, through the mechanics of hereditary transmission, the vices and virtues of a forefather may leave a mark upon ourselves, nor how we may have a certain control over the future of our descendants. Nor shall we in our ignorance be able to grasp the solemn fact that the forms into which our very thoughts are moulded are organic, and may be handed down to posterity through the continuity of the germ-plasm: one generation passing it on to another generation; the physical basis upon which mind rests existing only in the co-ordination of working nerve-cells. And here let us observe that, as the possibilities inherent in the neuro-cerebral system are infinitely greater than most people imagine, it is believed by some authorities that in the psychic life of sleep we may even be transported into a larger world than the world of our waking life, and that we may sometimes hark back in dreams to a long forgotten past; we may in an atavistic vision have a dim remembrance of events which took place long before we were born. But when we maintain that heredity can wield an influence over us, we must, of course, beware not to claim too much for it; otherwise the most minute peculiarity that was once present in the ancestral series of the organism would repeat itself with painful exactness in the descendant; and we know that this is not the case. Nature, happily for us, is ever striving to adapt herself to a normal environment and to overcome what may, perhaps, be an ancestral taint, and, moreover, man's will-power, so far as its physical basis will allow it, comes in to lend its force to the force of nature; to help nature preserve that

which is good in heredity and to eliminate that which is not good. And only for these two factors of adaptation and the human will, together with the supernatural assistance that comes through the divine graces every one receives for his own betterment, the human race might ere this—unless preserved by a miracle—have become extinct.

But although, as we firmly believe, the vices and follies of mankind can often be transmitted, and may throughout all time tend to induce misery and disease, yet it is not unreasonable to hope that by the recuperative force of nature and our own will-power we shall one day find ourselves relieved of many of the sufferings which are now looked upon as necessarily attendant on our physical constitution.

But hopeful as we are of the days to come, is there not something ghostly in looking backward and in reflecting on the influence which some long-dead forefather may be exerting over us for good or for ill?—how a pathological condition acting on the germ-plasm and sperm-cell, and passed on to a succeeding generation, may tend to create an abnormal characteristic in an innocent great-grandchild and weigh him down in the struggle for existence? Perhaps behind prison-bars the unhappy wretch may weep and wonder how the strange impulse came over him to do what he did. He little dreams that his brain-cells were poisoned ere he left his mother's womb, and that through his alcoholized, sin-tainted blood he is paying the penalty for somebody else's orgies. Here we quote the words of a celebrated French authority: Moreau (de Tours), *La Psychologie morbide dans ses rapports avec la Philosophie de l'histoire*, p. 106: "Hereditary predisposition from a functional as well as from an organic point of view may be considered in some respects as a veritable lesion."

Heredity, he tells us, may place its seal on every one of the five senses: it may strengthen or it may weaken our passions; our very thoughts even may fall under its sway, and genius may be handed down as well as stupidity. In fact, there is no manifestation of the thinking faculty that can assert its complete independence of heredity. Nevertheless, the germ which in a far-off descendant may reveal itself as a tendency to crime, as a fearful malady, or as an original, brilliant mind, may in the very beginning be a minute seed which has to fructify and develop during several generations. The acorn does

not become an oak all at once. The rill from the spring, hidden far up the mountain-side, may have to flow many a mile ere it broadens out into a river. Even so an ancestral germ, be it good or bad, may require a number of years to manifest itself. Hence the vital importance—and, oh! reader, mark this well—of caring for our bodily health and of keeping in the path of virtue. We must guard especially against drunkenness and lust; for the first few mistakes, the first few transgressions on our part, may generate a habit, and this habit may beget *an organic predisposition*, and this *organic predisposition*, through seminal transmission, may, if we beget children, show itself in strange, sad forms long after we, the sinner, are dead and forgotten.

The study of heredity should also serve to make us humble; for when we succeed in life, when we win the coveted prize, be it fame or be it riches, what right have we to be proud? Ought we not rather to seek out some lonely, neglected God's acre, and there lay a wreath of flowers upon some time-worn tombstone, for beneath it may lie the bones of him from whom we got our brains—we the wonderful, the brilliant great-grandchild?

Moreover, besides making us humble, the study of heredity should, when we contemplate marriage, make us select our partner in life with the greatest caution; for a wise marriage—one where no kinship exists between husband and wife—is a potent factor in maintaining vigor of blood, and Galton tells us that twenty-five per cent. of the individual peculiarities are directly inherited from the father and mother. Bear in mind, therefore, that sameness of character, in-and-in breeding, whereby peculiarities are accentuated, is not favorable to mental or bodily strength, and it is often a positive gain to the individual to inherit different qualities from his parents. It is also well to know that by a succession of wholesome marriages a morbid tendency, a pathological inheritance, may little by little be eliminated; although by so doing we may, according to high authorities, debar a genius from appearing among our descendants.

Lombroso, we know, maintains that genius is a form of degeneration, and it is not easy to blink the facts which he lays before us. Moreau (de Tours) would also have us believe—and he has made us a convert to his belief—that a great majority of the men of exceptionally developed intelligence have had either near kinsmen who were abnormally constituted, or were themselves abnormal. There can be little doubt that Socrates had

hallucinations of the ear. Julius Cæsar was subject to epilepsy. So was Mahomet. Peter the Great was afflicted with the same terrible malady, and such was his morbid dread of crossing water that whenever he came to a bridge he would break into a cold sweat. The father of Frederick the Great of Prussia signalized the last years of his reign by brutal eccentricities, and died a confirmed hypochondriac. Cromwell was prone to spells of melancholy, and while in this state his mind would dwell on the dark problem of predestination. The mother of the emperor Charles the Fifth was insane, and she handed down her melancholy spirit to her grandson, Philip the Second of Spain. Pascal was a nervous invalid all his life. Richelieu would sometimes imagine that he was changed into a horse, and during these eccentric moods he would jump over tables and chairs and neigh like a horse. The attacks lasted about an hour, and when they ended his servants would put him to bed, and after a deep sleep the cardinal would wake up without having any recollection of what he had been doing. Catherine de' Medici was a victim of scrofula, and we know that scrofula and idiocy have one and the same origin.* Dr. Samuel Johnson was troubled with the same disease, and he had, moreover, hallucinations of the ear, and he would sometimes hear his mother, then living at a distance, calling out "Samuel, Samuel!" Dean Swift's closing years were passed on the borderland of insanity. Auguste Comte lost his reason for a whole twelvemonth. Châteaubriand was often tempted to commit suicide. Goethe once imagined that he saw the image of his own self coming towards him, and one night on retiring he placed a dagger by the bedside and lay awake wondering if he ought not to kill himself. Swedenborg was subject to ecstasies and hallucinations. And a careful study of J. J. Rousseau shows that he was a victim of hereditary vice, and he was once seized with a veritable fit of maniacal excitement.

But we need not give more instances to prove the kinship between abnormal mental states and what may be termed the aristocracy of intelligence. Moreau (de Tours), in *La Psychologie Morbide*, goes deeply into this interesting subject, and he tells us, page 534: ". . . It has been our aim to demonstrate that not only is there no reason to be astonished that hallucinations, any more than any other fact of morbid psychology—fixed ideas, irresistible impulses, ecstasies, etc.—should be found among

* Lugol, *Recherches et observations sur les causes des maladies scrofuleuses*.

superior persons, but that they are positively a result and, as it were, a natural, even necessary, product of their special organization."

And is it not indeed singularly true that when we meet a person whose constitution is perfectly normal—a person to whom we may apply the words *mens sana in corpore sano*—that there we find a being whose intellect does not rise above mediocrity? The passions of such a person will be moderate; he is always master of himself; he will have common sense; but a genius he will never be. It would really seem as if the greatness of certain minds depended on their very fragility. Their nerve-strings, so to speak, are so delicately, exquisitely made, that they cannot stand the strain of nervous energy to which they are put, and they snap asunder.* These unhappy, albeit sometimes glorious beings, not seldom die young; while if they live to marry their offspring will generally be few in number and wanting in vigor. And if these in turn grow up and wed, their children are very apt to be degenerates. And it is now that nature steps in to set matters to rights; for degeneration—which may be viewed as a dissolution of normal heredity—by imposing sterility upon those whose nervous system is broken down, will happily bring the stricken family to an end.

Here let us conclude by asking if it is possible for any fair-minded reader to shut his eyes to the fact that not a few of the momentous events in history, not a few of the turning-points in the life of our race, have been brought about by human beings who were abnormally constituted? Nor can we deny that the man of genius is too often either neglected, perhaps even shut up in a mad-house, or else he is deafened by the applause of the multitude. The dictionary cannot supply words enough to exalt him, and when he dies there is no monument too grand to hand down his name to posterity.

* Moreau (de Tours): "La corde d'un arc extrêmement tendue peut porter au loin la flèche; mais elle est d'autant plus sujette à se rompre."

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART I.

IN THE SHALLOWS OF BOYHOOD.

CHAPTER I.

BOY AND FRIEND.



HATE poverty, I *hate* it, I HATE it," raged Joyce, his ambitious young spirit in passionate revolt against unpropitious circumstance.

His seventeen years of human life had been live-offerings upon the Moloch-altar of sordid expediency. Economy, thrift, frugality, even niggardliness, had been the lesson of the Josselyn roof-tree since his lisping childhood first miscalled it by the sacred name of Home. All that his nascent soul had craved, his aspiring mind hungered for, his sensitive instincts claimed as necessities rather than as luxuries of life, had been denied him, upon ruthless principle, by his severely practical parents. They were as out of sympathy with their fine-fibred son as ducks with a changeling-swan. By a freak of perplexing atavism, Joyce,—coincidentally christened by his mother's family-name,—resurrected a type which even among the Joyces themselves was already ancient tradition.

Far back in the maternal Irish genesis, there had been a youth beautiful both in flesh and spirit,—perfect of feature as a sculptured angel, poetic of soul as the bards of Erin, child-like of heart as the saint of God is;—a youth martyred, at last, for creed and country, but living immortally in the records of his race.

By what necromancy of nature had the dead revived in his indirect and remote descendant? Incredible that the maternal Joyce had transmitted the primeval type, since before her birth her ancestors had relinquished their heritage of grace. The first Joyce to emigrate to the New World had wedded a pretty daughter of the Puritans, thus founding a family of mixed lineage and traditions, from whose progeny, after generations of New England birth, education and intermarriage, all trace of

racial and religious origin had been eliminated. Only the family-name remained to suggest pure Celtic stock: a name which, challenging the inquiries of the Reverend Martin Carruth upon his arrival in Maintown as successor to the suddenly deceased pastor of its flourishing Catholic parish, had constrained him to remind Mrs. Josselyn that she and her son were co-heirs of the apostolic fold; even though defrauded prenataly by ancestral backsliding. The clergyman's claim angered Hiram Josselyn, who was a surviving chip of the demolished block of Puritan bigotry: but his wife indifferently admitted its probable justice; and encouraged Joyce's subsequent hero-worship, when the boy, by grace of a chord of mental affinity, recognized and revered in the college-bred young pastor an intellectual master-mind.

It was to the Reverend Martin Carruth,—whom the reverent familiarity of his simple parishioners designated as "Father Martin,"—that Joyce instinctively turned for consolation on the evening of what should have been a red-letter day of his young life, but whose sun, instead, was going down on his anger and disappointment. Only the previous afternoon he had been graduated with exceptional honors from the local High School; and sympathizing with intellectual ambitions justified by ability and application, his teachers had recommended that well-to-do Hiram Josselyn send his gifted son to college.

But the senior Josselyn's illiterate estimate of intellectual culture was primitive in the extreme. "Already," he complained, "Joyce had wasted irretrievable years, idling over useless lessons! College was for the sons of rich, not of poor men; and if any fool chose to think Hiram Josselyn rich, the sweat of his brow in which he earned the bread that idlers ate, was his answer! What if he did own houses and lands and livestock? Were not his horses and cattle eating off their lazy heads at his expense, while his real estate drained his life-blood with assessments and taxes? And even supposing he were not poor, had a sensible man no better use for good money than to squander it upon a worthless young scamp who chose to live in idleness?—'Education?'—Chaff! When a man wrote his name, and read his paper, and added his gains and multiplied them, he was educated enough! No son of his should waste his youth in college; and if Joyce chose to sulk, a good stout horsewhip was the best cure he knew for a youngster's stubborn fancies!'"

That Joyce's disappointment should seek expression in wild and reckless utterances was not surprising, considering his impetuous youth and temperament. Realizing that the boy's bitterness would ebb only in outlet, his reverend mentor patiently tolerated his tirade to its end.

"I hate poverty," Joyce was reiterating. "It is the curse of humanity,—the mark of the beast on mankind, the brutalizer of every superior faculty. 'Blessed are the poor' ?—No! Accursed are the poor, even unto the furthest stunted, handicapped, defrauded generation! The philosophy of ages—"

The amused cleric smiled irrepressibly. The boy's grandiloquent mood and manner were reminiscent of his recent valedictory, whose crude eloquence, taking the indiscriminating crowd by storm, had impressed the man of culture as humorous with the humor bordering on pathos. Indulgent to youthful impetuosity though he was, Father Martin had recognized in Joyce's impassioned sophisms and ranting oratory the ebullition of a spirit whose fires of purgation must be long and fierce, ere its gold shine unalloyed.

"*The philosophy of ages*," repeated Joyce, with defiant emphasis, "teaches that human independence alone and only is the seed of evolution! Poverty, since it enslaves both soul and intellect,—"

"My dear boy," interrupted the priest, "'human independence' is merely a high-sounding paradox, the creature being inevitably dependent doubly,—upon the Creator, first; and on fellow-creatures, after. As for poverty, it enslaves neither the soul nor its intellectual faculty; but, on the contrary, liberates both from the bondage of unchastened sense and luxurious habit. Therefore distrust too ardent ambition; since the greed of the natural man for flesh-pots often masquerades as nobler hunger for intellectual manna! Furthermore, Joyce, it is to be remembered that poverty is not the true cause of your grievance,—your father's abundant financial means enabling him to grant you every advantage. Perhaps your present trial is sent to forewarn you,—whom inherited traits might tempt, in future, to unlawful service of Mammon,—that money is good in its noble use only,—not in itself, nor as hoarded for any selfish end!"

Joyce flushed with the quick resentment born of consciousness of guilt. Avarice, of late, he had been tempted to condone as a vice not without its redeeming virtue! He excused and defended his moral concession, on the ground of exalted ambition.

"My hunger for wealth may be an unscrupulous greed," he admitted: "but it is justified by its end."

"Noble ends are the last to justify evil means, my boy. But,—dropping argument,—what is the end you have in mind?"

"The 'knowledge' that is 'power.'"

"For love of 'knowledge' pure and simple? No, not if I know you, Joyce; but for the more material fruition of its 'power,'—fortune, for instance; fame, and worldly position! Am I right?"

The boy hesitated to admit or deny the impeachment. In knowledge of self he was still a child, bewildered by introspection. His ambitions were undefined, his impetuous desires unanalyzed. He knew only that a fierce unrest possessed him,—the revolt of youth against ruthless suppression,—the stress of impeded intellectual growth, straining against the obstacles of environment and heritage. But over and above his discontent in general, he was conscious of a specified craving for the world's luxurious pleasure. Luxury was but an alluring name to him,—pleasure, in its finer forms, almost equally unfamiliar; yet something within him claimed both by instinct, even more imperatively than his intellect claimed its own! In his perplexity he turned appealing eyes upon his friend,—the cerulean eyes of the Celt, deepened by a darker racial admixture to the purple of a pansy's petal. Their heavy lashes, upcurling like a child's, were many shades darker than his chestnut hair, harmonized with it by level brown brows with a generous width between them. His straight nose was perfect, his forehead good, his chin a squared oval,—suggesting both susceptibility and firmness; but in the beauty of Joyce's mouth, paradoxically enough, was the flaw of his beauty. Its vivid and delicately chiselled lips, sensitive and sweet as a woman's, lacked masculine strength both of spirit and natural character.

The clergyman, still in the prime of youth, was a typical contrast to Joyce, whose immaturity his athletic physique overshadowed, even as, in comparison with his dignity and reserve, the emotional mood of the boy seemed a weakness. He was of slightly darker and more florid coloring, with a handsome, strong-featured face,—steel-gray eyes quick to flash and scintillate with humor, a mouth at once resolute and tender, and the noble forehead and head characterizing the highest type of human development,—the reverential, benignant, intellectual, har-

monious head most frequently seen in its fullest perfection on the priest, the hero, and the genius of Celtic or semi-Celtic origin. A few prematurely gray threads silvering his brown hair as it rippled at the temples in sharply-defined "points of beauty," intensified the pure freshness of his still youthful face, yet matured and dignified it with their suggestion of surmounted storm and stress. They were scars of battle,—honorable hurts of heroic contest. He had fought the good fight, and won it:—but from its combat of flesh and spirit, no man comes forth unscathed.

With compassionate tenderness he scrutinized Joyce,—a pathetic young figure in the eyes of the priest, as no layman could recognize him. It was the soul of the boy that he scanned,—not his face; and Joyce's soul was in travail,—the travail of youth, whose issue the priest had feared for both father and son since the Providence of a day five years earlier had attracted him, as he passed the open door of the Josselyn barn, to the prostrate form of Joyce,—then a slender stripling of twelve,—sobbing and writhing under the lash-smarts of an excessive but not unfamiliar punishment. From the acquaintance informally made that day dated Joyce's open welcome to the rectory, whose peaceful atmosphere was ideally congenial to his sensitive temperament and intellectual aspirations: while the pastor, on his side, found Joyce's immature character a lovable if somewhat evasive problem. Its phases of strength were belied by its weakness. Its intellectual side overshadowed the spiritual. Mentally, Joyce was precociously developed, while in soul still an infant, and at heart still a child. The composite type was bright, tender, *sui generis*. Good predominated, but evil impulses coexisted. Sometimes the priest was sanguine for Joyce, sometimes he feared for him, always he prayed for him; for Joyce, as yet, prayed no prayer for himself, though angels unaware thronged the rectory-library, whispering to the pale young student of the supernal possibilities of a spiritualized human life.

The rectory was an unpretentious residence, looking across a tiny lawn upon a quiet, elm-bordered street. The monotinted walls of the library were hung with a few good etchings, and photogravures of Art's grand old master-pieces: a square of dark matting substituted the winter's rug on the painted pine-floor; and deep shelves semicircling the room to the height of some feet, were crowded with standard sets, and a choice collection of fugitive volumes. A large desk heaped with books and

papers, and one modest easy-chair suggestive of hospitality, with a few straight-backed chairs demurely upholstered in brown rep, completed the furniture proper. The only ornaments were a bronze clock ticking and chiming on the mantel, and a student-lamp glorified by a yellow shade, whose permanent stand by the littered desk was suggestive of scholarly vigils.

Plain and humble enough were both room and appointments, artistic only in their harmonious simplicity; yet here Joyce had realized an æsthetic content persistently evading him elsewhere. The atmosphere of his own home was sordid and unpeaceful; of the only other home he frequented,—the home of his childhood's sweetheart, Mandy Johnson,—boisterous and vulgar, in spite of its redeeming human element of open-hearted cheer. But the rectory-library held for him peace, refinement, idealism, inspiration. Deeper than material environment, deeper even than social ethics, the difference abided: deep, had Joyce but recognized it, as the immortal soul of mankind.

"Why should you blame me for worldly ambition?" he protested, after long silence. "Success will justify the assertion which is my right and obligation, now that I am no longer a school-boy; yet my father, as you know, will resent it violently,—until financial results are in hand!"

"Joyce!" reproved the priest, recognizing the boy's unfilial tone. "Joyce!"

"Oh you need not champion my father! The 'coals of fire' extolled in Scripture are his son's most vengeful ambition."

"An unworthy ambition, in the spirit if not in the letter, my boy, and therefore prophetic of failure. Noble achievement never yet resulted from ignoble motives. Exalt your ideals, and your realities will exalt themselves. It would pain me bitterly to see you fail your highest, Joyce; for I have been happy in the belief that your admirable submission was a proof of filial principle, rather than a selfish concession to personal expedience. Whatever injustice has been done you, forgive and forget it, not only in the name of natural duty, but in the Divine Name of God. As I have told you before, to leave God out of your life at its start, is to build an edifice without foundation or corner-stone, destined sooner or later to bury you in its ruins!"

"Oh, I believe in God all right, Father Martin," conceded Joyce, lightly.

"*And why call you Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things*

which I say?—*Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, . . . but he that doth the will of My Father!*—*What shall it profit if a man say he hath faith, but hath not works?* . . . *Faith without works is dead!*—And as for the one stronghold of ‘faith,’ the apostolic dictator of ‘works,’—*Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church!*—*He that despiseth you, despiseth Me!* You see there are many texts against you, Joyce. Think them over! As for the rest, let me sleep on your college-problem. I think I can promise to solve it for you. Now, although it is scarcely eight o’clock, I must send you away. So, good-night, my dear boy, and God bless you!’”

The promised solution placed the generous priest between the difficult alternatives of scruple upon the religious side, and personal pain and humiliation upon the secular, owing to a romantic past, whose culminating tragedy was as a sealed book to his Maintown parish. Nevertheless, the sacrificial promise was given; and the happy human hope it inspired, seemed to susceptible Joyce the materialization of the Divine Benediction invoked. After all, he meditated, going his homeward way,—there must be truth in religion, goodness in God—even supernatural power in a spiritual life, since mere human contact with it afforded him such sensible happiness!

But Joyce’s vision of spirit, as is the way with God’s graces, was doomed to be tested by the fire of affliction: for with pathetic unconsciousness his boyish feet were speeding toward a crucial vicissitude of fate.

CHAPTER II.

BOY AND PARENTS.

“Where’s the boy?” inquired the master of the Josselyn household, awakening from an after-supper snooze over his newspaper, in the belligerent mood common to nappers who have a characteristic objection to being caught.

Mrs. Josselyn set aside her basket of dilapidated stockings, and arose with a sigh. She was still a pretty woman, in an ineffective, faded way,—with washed-out blue eyes, lustreless brown hair drawn plainly back from her face, and the joyless aspect of one prematurely aged and depressed by a life of monotonous drudgery.

"I guess he's over to Mandy Johnson's," she hazarded with pacific intention, Mandy being the only daughter of a prosperous neighbor whose fields adjoined the Josselyn lands. "I guess he's feeling kind of bad," she added, setting out a plate of doughnuts, by way of consolation.

"What's he feeling bad for?" grunted her husband, with waxing resentment. Observing the doughnuts, he reached for one, and ate it appreciatively; then he resisted further temptation, but was the worse-tempered for his victory.

"You put them doughnuts back where they come from! My house don't set out two suppers, not that *I* know of! What's the boy feeling bad for, eh?" he repeated.

"Oh, of course you don't know that it's because he can't go to college," she explained, with mild irony. "It does seem too bad, since he's set his heart on it. But there! It isn't any use talking! You're setter'n he is, and my word don't count!"

"No, it don't! Yes, I be! No, it ain't!" assented her irate spouse, taking her statements end-first, in his excitement. "College, indeed! As if primmer, an' grammar, an' High School warn't enough for the darndest fool that ever read books,—or writ 'em, either," he concluded, in scathing afterthought. "So the boy's sulkin', is he? Well, that's all right! You go to bed!"

He was a small, thin, wiry man, with grizzled hair and beard, an excessively long upper lip, a stolid jaw, and a generally gaunt and morose cast of countenance less harsh in feature than in expression. He was no typical son of good wholesome New England soil, but one of the few surviving representatives of its hard and barren rock, which the kindly sod is steadily overgrowing. The negative tint of his pale, dull eyes, that were neither brown nor gray, contrasted oddly with his sun-burned skin; and his cheeks and low forehead were seamed deeply with wrinkles suggesting the withered bloodlessness of ill-nourished and ungenial maturity, rather than the imprints of age. He walked with a slightly limping gait, the result of a "stroke" incurred by a frenzy of anger; and his figure stooped permanently under the burden of a spirit whose vision never strained heavenwards. But no consciousness that his soul was earth-bound troubled Hiram Josselyn, as his steps turned towards the barn.

His miserable better-half, divining the object of his errand, looked even more miserable than usual.

"Don't, Hiram," she pleaded, as he returned, whip in hand.

A vigorous slam of the door was his only rejoinder, though the appealing look in her eyes, the tremulous plea on her lips, transfigured her face pathetically. Potential womanly graces crushed, girlhood's gentle promises unfulfilled, told their story in that moment of maternal intercession.

"Don't, Hiram," she repeated. "The boy's well-grown, after all; and a good boy, and hard-working, with never a mean or ugly trick against him! If he's pining to go to college, it's just in the nature of youth to be pining for something beyond its reach. Let him be, an' he'll get over it. It can't be expected that he'll stand the whip now, when he's a High School graduate!"

"You—shet—up!" commanded her tyrant, slowly. "No woman born can come learnin' me how to bring up any boy that's livin'. Joyce's all right enough, jest where he be; but to-night's the time to let him know that he's got to stay there for the next few years, anyways, even if his schoolin' be over!"

"You'll drive your only son away from home!" lamented Mrs. Josselyn, helplessly. She was powerless to restrain her husband's hand; and his arguments were always final, being founded impregnably upon his superiority of sex. But the last word was a feminine privilege which even Mrs. Josselyn disdained to yield; nor did her victorious adversary begrudge the small concession. Hiram Josselyn was just, in a hard and rigorously narrow way.

Outside echoed the sound of approaching footsteps. A cheery whistle announced Joyce's return in a happier mood than the circumstances of the day had prophesied. In another instant the door was flung open and Joyce entered, an unusually happy smile still lingering on his face. His mother turned back from the stairs, flashing a triumphant look at her husband. The boy was not sulking, and would explain his absence satisfactorily. Sweethearting with Mandy Johnson was indeed a folly of youth, in Hiram Josselyn's estimation,—but a folly which Mandy's financial prospects extenuated.

"Where you been?" he demanded, laconically, the whip wavering in his ready yet retarded hand.

The transformation of the boy's mobile face was piteous. Dismay was his single conscious sentiment,—the dismay of a young soul hurled from light to darkness. He had walked from

the rectory as if on air, with the rustle of unseen wings about him; but the home-door that should have welcomed the angels of peace and charity, violently shut them out, instead.

"Where you been?" repeated his inquisitor, imperatively.

"He's been to Mandy's," volunteered Mrs. Josselyn, with an appealing look at Joyce.

The time had been, even recently, when Joyce, uttering no falsehood, yet had not hesitated to screen behind maternal misstatement his forbidden visits to the Catholic pastor; but the day of his temporization was over.

"No, mother, I have not been to Mandy's," he refuted. "I have been to the Catholic rectory, sir!"

"What you been there for?"

"To see Father Martin."

"'Father' Martin, eh? I guess one father's enough for you! Did n't I tell you that you warn't never to go near him?"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"What did you want to see him for?"

"About college, sir."

"What about college?"

The boy drew a long breath. A sudden tremor thrilled him,—a tremor not of cowardice, but rather of such exultant relief as the soldier feels when suspense is ended, and the fire of battle begins. The prematurely forced issue of the moment presented itself to him as but the natural fulfilment of his own desire,—a voluntary consummation. As he spoke, he did not realize that his words were born of an impulse of desperation. They seemed, instead, the deliberate expression of a definite, long-familiar resolve.

"I have resolved to go to college next fall, sir."

"Oh, you've resolved—to go to college—next fall!" gasped the incredulous parent. "Well,—next fall ain't here, yet; but by gum, to-night is! You go upstairs an' undress!"

With grim obedience Joyce stumbled upwards into the darkness of his garret-room. There was a dramatic instinct in his nature which was not without its unconscious enjoyment in the crisis of the hour. Without lighting his candle, he glanced about the familiar room with the eyes of one looking his last at beloved objects. His small cot-bed, too short for his increasing stature,—his shabby bureau with its cheap, distorting mirror,—the single, comfortless wooden chair,—the bare, unpainted floor,

all took upon themselves the tender significance of mile-stones receding for ever. The moonbeams streamed through the window, flickering upon his fair young face, white and tense with complex emotions. Humble, unlovely, even cheerless as was the scene illumined by the celestial rays, it was the only frame his human life had ever known, and his simple heart clung to it.

As his father's step sounded on the threshold, he was inspired to make a forlorn attempt to avert the impending catastrophe.

"Don't strike me, father," he heard himself pleading. "Give me fair play, and I'll be a good son to you; but I am no longer a child, to be cowed by brute-force."

Swish! The hiss of the lash was his answer,—lifted and lowered, rebounding and curling, girdling his slender form like a sinuous, stinging snake.

Not a sound issued from the boy's white lips, as he grasped the whip. The old man clutched it fiercely, but the strength of youth was victorious. Passionately doubling and redoubling the lash, Joyce flung it into the darkness of the outer hall.

"There," he panted, "that's the end of it!"

"No, 'tain't the end," defied the dazed man, vanquished. "You pick up that whip, an' hand it back to me, first. Then we'll see if it's the end,—or the beginnin'!"

"I'll hand it back if you'll promise not to strike me, father."

"I ain't promisin' nuthin'."

"Then I can't hand it back, sir."

"You'll pick it up,—an' hand it back,—without any promise in' from me,—or you'll leave my house,—an' never come back—till the Almighty God himself brings you!"

"If you mean it, father, I must go!"

"Mean it? Of course I mean it!"

Nevertheless, Hiram Josselyn was far from meaning it; and still further from dreaming that, even if he did mean it, his son would obey his command. A sardonic smile contorted his face as, kicking aside the whip that coiled across his way, he pictured Joyce as a homeless waif astray in the unknown world. Amazed by the unexpectedness of the boy's revolt, he told himself that pride of graduation explained the episode of madness. To-morrow Joyce would be meek enough,—and submissive to his punishment. He had forgotten the spirit of youth, indomitable when first aroused; the reckless hazards ventured by budding

manhood. Moreover, he had failed to take into account his son's inherited character.

As her husband limped down the garret-flight, Mrs. Josselyn defiantly ascended it. Her son's appeal and threat, futile as addressed to his father, had reached her ears, and maternal allegiance then and there arrayed itself upon Joyce's side. Her heart was benumbed, but not unloving. A woman of deeds rather than of words, however, she proffered no verbal sympathy to Joyce, who had flung himself upon his bed; but her Martha-like hands were full of material blessings.

"I've brought you some cider and doughnuts," she whispered. "You missed your supper, and they'll do you good. And here's fresh water, and soft old towels, and mutton-tallow. —But I don't want any grease on my sheets!"

"Thank you, mother; but father didn't—didn't— Nothing happened, you know," he stammered shamefacedly. But as she turned away in hesitating silence, embarrassed as he by the incredible revolution of circumstances, he drew her tense figure forcibly down to him, whispering between tearless sobs, with lips pressed to her ear:

"Mother, mother, if I go, you won't blame me? You heard him tell me to go, mother! To stay will be only to fight the battle over. Say that you know I must go!"

There was a moment's silence while the mother-heart faced its living martyrdom,—the martyrdom of maternal sacrifice, whose common tragedy is known to God alone.

"Yes, Joyce, I know you must go!" she answered finally. "It is the best way just now, but you'll come back later. Wear your best suit,—and take a change of clothes,—and your overcoat. You'll find all the money I have in your top-drawer, under your handkerchiefs. I put it there for your graduation-present. I wish it was more, but it will keep you for a little while, if you don't spend it foolishly. You go straight to Father Martin, and ask his advice where to go, and what to do, and everything! He'll stand your friend, and I'll reach you through him. My son,—you must be—a good boy!"

"O mother, mother, I don't want your money! But kiss me, mother, kiss me!"

He was appealing to her to make up for lost time, had she but realized it. Night after night, through the years of his lonely youth, he had hungered vainly for the caress of mother-

lips to solace the hardships of servile days. She had never divined the longing, and, in any case, would have held it a weakness to gratify it. She was naturally an undemonstrative woman, and any tenderness originally in her nature had been stunted and starved by her marriage. But compassion, vitalizing maternal love, had wrought a gentle miracle.

"You eat those doughnuts," was her final word; but though Joyce sighed at the commonplace, his disappointment was but superficial. The chord of reciprocal love, once awakened, thrills immortally between child and parent: and its tender keynote attuned for ever the hearts of mother and son.

An hour later, Joyce passed his mother's door, childishly throwing her a kiss as he stole through the dark on tiptoe. In another instant the rubicon of his childhood was past, his bondage escaped, his fetters broken for ever. The visions of youth flashed like will-o'-the-wisps before him, as his lonely figure cast a gigantic shadow along the moonlit road.

CHAPTER III.

BOY AND SWEETHEART.

The goal toward which his face was set awed Joyce even while alluring him. His ambition had been the vague dream of a child; and now that his youth faced the materialization of his vision, he shrank from the vital test. His heart gave audible throbs, like the cries of a young bird affrighted yet exulting, as it starts its fledgeling-flight. Glancing back to the familiar home idealized by the moonlight, a nostalgic wave surged over him. With youth's finality, he told himself that his present farewell was eternal; and the beautiful light of hope in his eyes was blurred by unshed tears.

Reaching the Johnson residence, a "later house" than its more provident and less hospitable neighbor's,—he hesitated, looking wistfully towards the illuminated windows. Evidently the Johnson family had not yet retired. Indeed, the voices of Mandy's boyish callers still echoed across the fields. It was hard for Joyce to pass without one word of farewell to the girl who had been his childhood's playmate, the sweetheart of his school days; and whose sympathy and affection, in recent years,

had kept his heart from recoiling upon itself in unyouthful and morbid bitterness.

As if in answer to his thought, the figure of a girl, with hand raised to draw the lifted curtain, appeared at a window opening upon the lower piazza.

"Mandy," he called, softly. "Mandy!"

The sibilant accents reached her; or perhaps, girl-like, she had taken a Juliet's glance at the night, and discovered her Romeo's figure. She projected a pretty head,—the typical head of a rustic belle, "banged" and ringleted, and profusely adorned with pins, combs, and coquettish ribbons. Its russet-brown tint, suggesting sun-burn, effectively framed her laughing brown eyes and glowing complexion. Her round face was dimpled, and her fresh lips smiled upward, as rose-petals curl towards the sun.

"Why, Joyce Josselyn," she called, "I thought it was Jim Blakely or Harrison Jones come back! Why didn't you come earlier?"

"Hush, Mandy," he whispered. "No one but you must know I am here. It's a secret."

"O goody!" She vaulted the low window-sill, and joined him on the piazza-steps. As he seated himself beside her, his pocket bulged against his arm, reminding him of its burden of crisp brown doughnuts.

"Mother gave me these!" he explained, as he divided them. "She knows my secret, of course: but you're the only other! I'm—running away—to—college!"

"Why Joyce Josselyn, you're no such thing," refuted the surprised Mandy, shaking her curls by way of emphatic negation. Her voice, vibrating with the magnetic music of youth's *Humana* stop, attuned her crude manner and provincial speech even to Joyce's fastidiousness. While the heart is young and simple, taste subserves sentiment. It is of pain more often than of pride,—the imbittering pain of disillusion,—that the conservative, the critic, the censor, the satirist, and the pessimist are born.

Behind, the house-lights flitted to and fro, as the Johnson family separated. Parental calls for Mandy to "come in" were disregarded with the innocent audacity of indulged American girlhood. The absence of arbitrary social convention was a delicate tribute to the arcadian occasion. The guileless affection of early association was revived by the prospect of parting. At heart, Mandy and Joyce were again as little children. The in-

nocent but self-conscious coquetry which of late had begun to distinguish the embryo belle from the tomboy school-girl, suddenly deserted Mandy. Joyce, in ingenuousness of spirit as well as simplicity of speech, resurrected the past, rather than represented the present, or prophesied the future. His recently quickened and asserted manhood, his High School culture, his intellectual ambitions, seemed to roll from him with their associate burden of years, rejuvenating him into the Joyce of yore, who had carried little Mandy's books, and drawn her sled, as they chattered of school and holiday. But the primitive intellectual and social phase to which Joyce returned from afar, had been Mandy's permanent stopping-place:—a momentous distinction for Joyce not to recognize,—though recognition would have implied maturity.

When the doughnuts which she had shared as a matter of course were exhausted, Mandy's volatile mind was at liberty to apply itself seriously. Inconsistently admitting as veracious the statement refuted but a moment previously, her intuition went straight to the truth of the case, and her candor stated it crudely.

"I know why you're running away, Joyce Josselyn! Your cross old father's been on the rampage again. That's why! You can't fool me!"

"Don't you say another word against my father, Mandy Johnson," retorted Joyce, with imitative solemnity. "He means all right. I guess it isn't saying anything against my father, if I run away to college, is it?"

"Yes, it is! Why isn't it? It's saying he's too stingy to send you, as other fathers send their sons!"

"Well," stammered Joyce, momentarily staggered by feminine logic, "he—he—he doesn't believe in colleges! I guess my father has a right to his taste, Mandy Johnson, just as much as you have! Anyway, he doesn't need to send me. I can try for a scholarship,—or work my way through! Besides, Father Martin almost promised to get me in somewhere; but I'd much rather try on just my own merits, and surprise him with my success! It's to his college I'm going,—to Centreville College. I guess I can't improve on what turned out him! —Well! I'd just like to know why you're crying!"

"They'll make a C—C—Catholic priest of you," sobbed puritan Mandy.

"As if priests did n't have to be made in Seminaries," ex-

plained Joyce, with scornfully superior wisdom. "What a goose you are, Mandy! And Centreville is n't Catholic, even. It's just one of the smaller colleges, every bit as good educationally as the big universities, only not so famous for—for—for athletics and millionaires' sons! If you'll stop crying, Mandy, I'll promise to invite you to see me graduated,—you, and mother, and Father Martin!"

"How soon?" asked practical Mandy, temporizing with her tears.

"Oh, maybe in four or five years," replied Joyce, with masculine obtuseness to the significance of time's fatal lapses.

Small wonder that Mandy wept afresh. In five years she would be one-and-twenty,—quite an old, old maid in the anticipation of sixteen. And better than the departing Blakely and Jones,—better than all his other local rivals,—the girlish heart of Mandy, coquette though she was, liked Joyce Josselyn!

"Five years means for ever," she sobbed. "I won't let you go! I'll just scream right out loud, and tell everybody!"

"Oh, Mandy! And I trusted you!"

"Well, I won't then," she promised. "But oh, Joyce, I'm so awfully sorry!"

It was not in the boy's tender nature to resist the tearful eyes and quivering lips uplifted to him. Impulsively he stooped and kissed her. They had kissed often enough before, as affectionate children, and in juvenile game and jest; but this kiss of farewell, sealed by the solemn moonlight, was a kiss with a difference,—a subtle difference which Joyce would have revered in silence; but Mandy promptly materialized it.

"Why Joyce Josselyn," she protested, "that makes us sweethearts!"

No thought of denial came to the boy, no instinct of self-preservation, no desire of escape, no presentiment of inevitable repentance, no remorse for the fettering of his hapless young life, in its inaugural hour of liberty.

"Why, yes, of course we are sweethearts, Mandy," he assented, chivalrously.

Then he went on his way; his temporal misstep, perchance, a spiritual Providence. For pure-hearted youth, like a Raphaelled Tobias, walks unassailed by evil, fended by the angelic pinions of hovering love's young dream.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


SEARCHERS FOR THE TRUTH.

I heard them whisper in the gloomy mist :
The night is dark and whither shall we go ?
I heard them search, and seeking stumble—Hist !
A smothered moan of anguish and of woe.
Oh ! it is dark and weary is the way,
And whither does it lead ? I hear them say.
Footsore and heartsore, burdened too they be :—
Lord ! is it not Thy will that they may see ?
Oh ! it is hard for unfamiliar feet
To find the path, and finding follow fleet.
Courage, keep heart, ye striving fellow-men ;
Hark for God's hail, and simply say Amen.
Not he whose glance can scan the distant star,
Not he whose ken and grasping sharpest are,
But, 'tis the humble and confiding mind
The eternal Truth tho' groping still will find.
Into the darkness and the aching chill
Surely will come the good Lord at the call,
Unto the faint but faithful human will
His rescuing hand will outstretch over all.
More than half way, when we would most despair,
His Spirit's breath comes rustling thro' the air ;
More than half way, at His appointed hour,
To trusting weakness comes His loving power ;
—And in that moment, in that one embrace,
Brings Light and Strength and Truth and Grace.

ALBERT REYNAUD.

THE WINCHESTER CONFERENCE OF MISSIONARIES TO NON-CATHOLICS.

BY REV. WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN, C.S.P.

T always takes time, it often takes vicissitudes and disasters, for a great practical truth or a great hope to influence mankind. There are two reasons for this: one in the speaker of the truth or oracle of the hope; the other in the generation which he addresses. As to the prophet himself, his obstacle is in proving his idea to be workable; in finding ways and means of convincing men that his enthusiasm can be harnessed to achievement, and that his private illumination is a public and providential breaking of light on pathways to new duties and new successes. For rarely has it happened that to one given the vocation of announcing such a truth or hope has the further blessing been vouchsafed of so presenting his message to the world that his own times will accept it at his appreciation, and enter upon the line of conduct which that message requires.

And this consideration points to the second obstacle, namely, on the part of the generation of men to whom the prophet appears. Because he has merely shed light, they do not follow him. Though with his truth, speculatively stated, they agree; though with his hope they sympathize; still because he has not shown signs and wonders they hold off. They possess ideas and expend their energy—and they may expend it unselfishly—on lines that are settled, safe, respectable. To risk this safety

NOTE.—A photograph of the Members of the Conference is published as a frontispiece, and in order to identify each one the names and corresponding numbers are published here-with:

1. Rev. Peter McClean, of the Hartford Apostolate; 2. Mr. J. A. Blount, Anniston, Ala.; 3. Mr. N. F. Thompson, Birmingham, Ala.; 4. Rev. Michael Otis; 5. Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, of the New York Apostolate; 6. Rev. W. S. Kress, of the Cleveland Apostolate; 7. Rev. Joseph F. Busch, St. Paul, Minn., Apostolate; 8. Rev. W. S. Sullivan; 9. Rev. H. E. O'Grady, Missionary in Alabama; 10. Rev. Bertrand Conway; 11. Rev. F. B. Doherty; 12. Rev. Edwin Drury, Missionary in Kentucky; 13. Rev. T. F. Price, Editor of *Truth*, North Carolina; 14. Rev. Michael A. Irwin, of North Carolina; 15. Rev. John Marks Handly; 16. Rev. Xavier Sutton, Passionist; 17. Rev. Dr. Guinan, of New York Apostolate; 18. Rev. John P. Michaelis, of the Cleveland Apostolate; 19. Rev. John T. Burns, Huntsville, Ala.; 20. Rev. William Stang, D.D., of the Providence, R. I., Apostolate; 21. Rev. T. V. Tobin, Chattanooga; 22. Right Rev. Thomas S. Byrne, Bishop of Nashville; 23. Rev. Walter Elliott; 24. Right Rev. Edward P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile; 25. Rev. A. P. Doyle.

and respectability in a mere venture, however inviting; to hazard failure, possibly to appear foolish—this they will refuse to do because this is the part of enthusiasts who are daring; and the bulk of men are enthusiasts only when there is no special call for daring. But show them that the truth spoken has the support of the truth acted on; that the hope which has cast into their hearts the spark of aspiration needs for realization no more than the support of willing hands, and then the new idea from an opinion will become a cause, and will succeed in proportion to the devotion back of it. The pity is that when it has become a cause, the noble spirit whom God elected to fling the light of it into the world is already dead, resting from the tardy understanding of men and the consuming of his own heart. Still, on the grave of such a man the dust will not too long be allowed to deepen, and some day there will be raised above his tomb a fit temple to the truth he lived and died for.

A generation has passed since a man of this sort urged upon the world what God had first inspired in him as a hope, and later confirmed in him as a vocation—the conversion of the United States to the Church of God; the making of a Catholic America. How he wrought and prayed for that; how for that he was worn by labors without and wasted by zeal within, only those who lived with him may know, and even they inadequately. But the great hope was then, as even now it sometimes is, dashed hard against the stones of indifference, or against the perhaps rougher rack of that sort of sympathy which is as remote from active co-operation as it is uncolored by enthusiasm. Nor could men be blamed if they took this attitude. No definite working-plan for the great Idea had been put in operation, and the practicability of the whole scheme, so far as the human side of it went, could be fairly debated by the prudent, the cautious, and the calculating.

And so it came to pass that with a mind absorbed in the outlines of a mighty campaign for God, but with a heart made heavy because he faced the forlorn hope almost alone, Father Hecker died.

But his idea lived, for it is divine. And now, in the blessed providence of God, that idea faces this generation in far different equipment than when first it was addressed to the generation just passing. The conversion of America may still be a far-off realization of our present hope; a harvest out of seeds now

sowing of which no man can foretell the day of the gathering. But the conversion of America is now more than merely a hope. It is become an enthusiasm—a passionate vocation for some of the fairest lives in the priesthood of the United States. It is now more than the chance scattering of the seed of the word of God. It is already a harvest. For already there have been gathered into the barns of the Master thousands of souls that have grown out of the priestly labors and the holy intercessions sown in this divine apostolate.

The great Idea needed enthusiasts, who feared not failure nor the charge of folly, and, thanks be to God! it has them. It needed lives exclusively consecrated to it, and it has gloriously obtained them. It needed successes in the way of conversions; and by the grace of the Saviour Christ, who alone can give the increase, it has won them. As a result, the present position of the work of winning our country to the church may thus be summarily presented:

1. The work is permanently, systematically, and efficaciously established in the missions to non-Catholics.

2. It has received the special commendation of Leo XIII. in his letter of September 28, 1895, to Apostolic Delegate Cardinal Satolli.

3. It has the warm sympathy and active support of the American bishops. In about thirty dioceses non-Catholic missions have been given, and in about a dozen have priests, and almost always diocesan priests, been set apart for these missions as practically their exclusive work.

4. Regular pastors in fast-increasing numbers are giving non-Catholic missions in their parishes, and following them up with steady work for non-Catholics.

5. A Catholic Missionary Union has been incorporated under the laws of the State of New York for the important matter of financing the movement in needy parts of the country. This Union, in which Archbishops Corrigan and Ryan are directors, has the charge of supplying a sufficient income for support, and also missionary literature to non-Catholic missionaries in poor districts of the South and West. For this purpose it is legally empowered to receive, invest, and disburse whatever sums may be given or bequeathed to it.

6. A quarterly review—*The Missionary*—is the organ of the movement, and reflects every phase of it.

7. In seminaries and in the novitiates of religious orders the future priests of the country are zealously entering into the spirit of the work in a way that insures its perpetuation.

Last of all, and best of all, a great tide of intercessory prayer for this Apostolate is breaking against the throne of God. In convents and in seminaries, at the altar and in the world, holy souls are beseeching God that He may accept their prayers and sacrifices for a Catholic America.

For all this there cannot be a Catholic heart in America that does not exclaim "Thanks be to God!" The hope that once men feared to speak, so mighty was it; the vocation lived for and died for by a predestined vessel of election, is at last a Cause, with its lovers openly professing it, and with Heaven's best gifts of mind and soul, of nature and grace, enlisted in it. God has blessed the work. He will yet more richly bless it. As it has had its prophet, it will have its apostles and its doctors. It will have its share of prayer and sacrifice, of suffering and sanctity. It will have all that any work of God has ever had; and in the Providence that has already fostered and directed it, we cannot doubt that it will have ultimate success in the achievement of its supreme design.

The latest advance in the progress of the movement is the organization of the workers in the field, effected at the Conference of Missionaries to non-Catholics held during the last week of August in the Paulist Convent of St. Francis de Sales, at Winchester, Tennessee. Two bishops, Byrne of Nashville, who presided, and Allen of Mobile, and twenty priests were present at every session. In all respects it was a Catholic gathering: Catholic in the character and nationality of the missionaries, for names like Kress and Stang and Michaelis and Busch are sandwiched in between names like O'Grady and Doherty and McClean; Catholic in the sense of œcumenical, for all sections of the country, except the extreme West, were represented; Catholic in composition, for priests of religious communities touched elbows with the diocesan clergy, and the presence of two convert laymen gave still further emphasis to the note of Catholicity; Catholic, finally, in the scope of its deliberations, for no missionary interest from an apostolate of prayer to the foreign missions was left unconsidered.

Indeed, nothing about the movement may make us more hopeful than this universality of the persons and the interests

concerned in it. For not being exclusively identified with one man or one set of men, it avoids the animadversions of that perverse element in human nature whereby those who have a real or an imaginary ground of complaint against an individual or a society carry forward their hostility to every possible act that emanates from that individual or that society. Because, as wise Joubert puts it: "Men are almost always led on from the desire to contradict the doctor, to the desire to contradict the doctrine." The doctor in this case being practically the whole hierarchy and priesthood of the country, we hardly need look for any serious contradiction of the doctrine.

The first hour of the Conference was given over to the reading of letters from the American bishops and the superiors of religious orders. And of the entire convention no hour was more full of gladness and encouragement. To listen to the blessings and commendations sent by Cardinal Martinelli and over a score of bishops and provincials, gave the little company of missionaries a sense of solidarity and support that will make mightily for efficient work. Holy though the cause, and passionate the loyalty behind it, the one was made holier and the other more absorbing by those kindly encouragements of our leaders in Israel.

The scope of the three days' discussions will best be outlined by giving the subjects of the papers read, and the names of those who treated them: "The Work of a Diocesan Band of Missionaries to non-Catholics," by Father Cusack, of the New York Apostolate; "The Missionary and His Topics," by Father Elliott, C.S.P.; "The Work of a Diocesan Band in its City Parish," by Father Kress, of the Cleveland Apostolate; "The Use of Missionary Literature," by Father Xavier, C.P.; "An Apostolate of Prayer for Conversions," by Father Younan, C.S.P.; "The Question-Box," by Father Conway, C.S.P.; "The Eucharistic Mission," by Father Michaelis, of the Cleveland Apostolate; "The Personal Influence of the Missionary," by Father Doherty, C.S.P.; "The Work in the South," by Father O'Grady, of Alabama; "Localized Work in Country Districts," by Father Price, of North Carolina; "The Educational Side of the Movement," by Dr. Stang, of Rhode Island; "The Outlook among the Scandinavians of the Northwest," by Father Busch, of Minnesota; "The Relations of a non-Catholic to a Catholic Mission," by Father McClean, of Connecticut; "The Catholic Missionary Union," by Father Doyle, C.S.P.

Besides these, Bishops Byrne and Allen discussed work among the negroes; Father Drury, the Missions in Kentucky; and Messrs. Blunt and Thompson, of Alabama, spoke from the stand-point of laymen and converts.

These were the subjects treated; but how inadequate is the mere mention of them to tell of their spirit and their effect! One would have to be present to know how our hearts leaped at sentences like: "Before God we take the Church's foreign mission heroes for our inspiration and our models"; or at the modestly spoken story of the complete and self-effacing sacrifices of some Apostle of the South. Priestliness and the priestly passion—zeal—were phrased in every sentence read and voiced in every utterance delivered. In nothing was this so well illustrated as in the frequent and affectionate mention of the foreign missions. There is the test of the genuine missionary spirit. Given an instinctive love for the heathen apostolate, and a spontaneous reverence that is almost worship for the heroes laboring in it, and you have the for ever unshakable granite bed-rock of the missionary character. Now, in almost every session there was some touching reference to our brothers of the cross in heathendom. The project of a Seminary for the Home and Foreign Missions was ardently talked over in an informal way, and every heart prayed to God for the hastening of the day when in some American city we shall have a house like the home of heroes in the Rue du Bac, with all its glorious traditions, even, if God may so bless us, to the *Salle des Martyrs*.

To the members of the Conference it mattered little that the task they are attempting is gigantic. Not that they blind themselves to a single obstacle or hypnotize themselves with an enthusiasm which overreaches prudence and destroys judgment. The conversion of America is a mighty labor, and none know that better, or acknowledge it more calmly, than these missionaries to unbelievers. Nevertheless, in their minds, neither the conversion of the country nor the supreme usefulness of non-Catholic missions is for one instant fatuous or problematical. "Non-Catholic missions are of no use" may be the sentiment or the expressed opinion of some men, but those who have given themselves to the work for one year, for five, for ten, absolutely reject such a view, and, to a man, will declare this work for non-Catholics to be the grandest work now before the Church in this country, and the sublimest labor to which a

priest can consecrate his life. They, better than other men, have seen the appalling destitution of souls outside the bursting granaries of God's kingdom; have heard the "Come over and help us" that brought St. Paul to Macedonia; and know that the religiously-minded millions of America can be made to see that their spiritual needs—now clamorous for the satisfaction of truth and grace—must lead them to the holy household which is the ancient sanctuary of Truth and the unfailing treasury of grace.

The non-Catholic mission movement, then, is now not of debatable, but of certain and immense usefulness. It is no longer the transient outbreaking of irrepressible enthusiasm, but a systematic work of consummate prudence as well as of eager zeal. It has risen unto the dignity of an organized movement depending on no one man or group of men, but a great movement as broad as the church, with the hierarchy behind it and the approbation of Rome smiling on it. Some of the immediate needs of the work, as discussed in the Convention, are these:

1. That the missionaries engaged in it meet regularly for the perfecting of mission-methods and the securing of more unified co-operation.

2. That an Apostolate of Prayer for conversions be spread everywhere, among priests, seminarists, convents, and the laity.

3. That the number of missionaries be augmented both by the forming of bands of diocesan missionaries, and by the co-operation of the religious orders.

4. That resident pastors should everywhere try to have missions for non-Catholics in their parish churches at regular intervals, and should make special sermons for non-Catholics a constant feature of parochial ministration.

5. That the laity, and especially organizations of men, be brought into active co-operation with this work.

6. That the Catholic Missionary Union be given the material assistance absolutely indispensable for the carrying on of the work in destitute parts of the country.

At the end of the Conference friendships had been formed, methods of work suggested, and mutual encouragement given, which will confer a thousand-fold increase of vigor and efficiency to this great work for God. *Vivat, floreat, crescat.*

THE MISSIONARY AND HIS TOPICS.*

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

THE OPPORTUNITY AND THE MOTIVE.



PATIENT study of existing religious conditions in America should convince one that the people are famishing for the truths that Catholicity alone can teach. The manifold religions which sprang from the Reformation merely mock their divine appetite; and too often scepticism is the result.

The American people craves to know the truth. Seldom does a kindly invitation fail to draw an audience of earnest seekers after Christ and His salvation. There is no part of America in which a Catholic priest may not have non-Catholic hearers for the asking, men and women sincerely searching for the truth. This missionary opportunity fires our hearts with courage.

Who can doubt that this eagerness to hear the truth means the conversion of America? And who can doubt that with America will be converted England and Germany, forming with our nation that mighty North into whose hands the world has been delivered by its Creator, in order that the name of Jesus may thereby become "great among the gentiles." Win America for Jesus Christ and all is won.

Now, the appreciation of this missionary opportunity is part of our inspiration; and it should be made highly practical. That means that the missionary should realize that as yet this people belongs to the world and not to Christ, and needs to be saved, just as a man in a burning house needs to be saved from being burnt alive. Let us realize that the men and women about us are under the empire of sin and error, and that they are to be saved only by the grace of Jesus Christ as it is committed to His Church and is by her dispensed, because no other church whatever has any divine mission to save men, or is, as an organization, anything but false and spurious.

* A paper read at the First Missionary Conference, August, 1901, Winchester, Tenn.

The question in each missionary's mind is, therefore, whether or not he can save any of these poor souls from sin and hell, souls longing to be saved, dependent on him for their knowledge of the means of salvation. This, therefore, is the main question of our vocation: How can I shut the gates of hell to these immortal souls, and open to them the gates of heaven? I am a preacher of salvation, an enemy of damnation.

It is for that reason that I am an advocate of the truth of Christ and the Church of Christ, and for that reason alone. An apologist defends Catholic doctrine. A controversialist assails error. A missionary makes converts.

THE TOPICS.

Practically viewed, the most important of our topics is that of church authority; for the main difficulty of our hearers must be the main topic of our missions: and that difficulty is the Church itself. Non-Catholics, as a rule, accept particular doctrines more easily than they accept the great dogma that all of Christ's doctrines are committed to a society—one, exclusive, independent church.

Prove that this is so—that it is necessary, that the Church is divine in its origin, rights, gifts; prove the Church's claims, and you prove the main thing for making converts. That must be done; whatever else is proved must help prove this essential doctrine and essential fact. Prove any truth you please; it helps, as long as you prove that it is linked to the dogmatic and disciplinary supremacy of the Church. Any argument on any theme is effective *for making converts* in proportion to its leading the hearer finally to accept the Church as his spiritual mistress and guide.

This is the essential way: Christ is divine and teaches through his Church; the inner divine life of man is indeed the real life; but it is had in and by the external Church, which is the body of Christ, the Holy Spirit's bride. The practice of virtue is God's life on earth, but it must be had in the Church; the pardon of sin is to be had securely only there; the perfection of union with God through Christ is to be had only in the Eucharist, and in the Church which has the priesthood and the altar of Christ; communication with the angels of God and with our glorified dead, and with our departed but still suffering brethren, all this is our privilege only because we are of the

Church of the New Jerusalem, and have come thereby to the company of many thousands of the angels and of the spirits of the just made perfect.

Keeping this missionary pole star ever in view, one can treat of any topic of natural or revealed religion, and thereby retain a due sense of proportion in doctrinal matters.

EXPLAIN THE INTERIOR LIFE OF CATHOLICS.

The missionary, while exhibiting a perfect allegiance to all truths, should show himself deeply impressed with those the knowledge of which is most necessary. For example, in treating of confession, we should show how the sacrament reveals to the penitent the hatefulness of sin, involves the necessity of heartfelt sorrow, and imparts the tender mercies of God; not confining ourselves to the standard arguments for the divine institution of the sacrament. In treating of the blessed Eucharist, besides showing its divine institution, we should dwell on the unspeakable desire of Jesus Christ for union with us, and the constant yearning of souls for union with him. The incalculable worth of the certain truth, as against the delirious agony of doubt, should be carefully explained while expounding papal infallibility.

Besides the logical and practical necessity of thus revealing the intrinsic notes of Catholic truth, this method has evident dialectic advantages; especially this: we are enabled to start on common ground with our non-Catholic hearers. Happy the advocate whose cause finds an ally in the breasts of his hearers! By displaying the interior worth of the Catholic faith we arouse the religious interests of our audience. The most eager longing of the guileless soul is the longing for God. That is what we must appeal to. Learn how to speak well of God and of divine things, and if the men and women you address have hearts of stone you will sooner or later melt them into floods of religious emotion.

If an appeal for God is made with candor, intelligence, and especially with genuine fervor, it can hardly fail to establish in guileless souls the positive side of religion, and also its most spiritual side associated with the appeal for God's Church. This, furthermore, would seem the easiest method, as it is the most direct. Appealing to the spiritual motives awakens the most wide-spread interest, and it goes to the root of all religious ques-

tions—God, and Jesus Christ His Son, God and the Holy Spirit in His Church.

But to many of us the temptation to confine ourselves to attacking error, to proving that Protestantism is absurd, unscriptural, self-destructive—in a word, the temptation to assail and rout the enemy is almost irresistible. This is the instinctive way. It is more natural to rout an enemy than to make him a friend. But as the latter is our ultimate purpose, it should be made, if possible, our immediate, our continual one.

Again, the externals of the Catholic religion are so attractive that they sometimes allure us to too exclusive a consideration of the outer glories of the Church. Let us remember that there are few who will bend to the yoke of Christ, that is to the authority of the Church, because you prove that she founded modern civilization, that she is the only enduring institution among men, that Catholic life conduces to ideal citizenship. I do not say that there is no room for all this, but I insist that such topics are not the best convert-makers; they have their uses; they prepare the way, they should not be entirely omitted; but they should not absorb the missionary's zeal.

Everything helps the truth; but to awaken a deep longing for divine union and a profound sorrow for sin are essential to conversion; these must be the final motives for entering the Church. And they are often the very beginnings of the convert's approach to the church. Non-Catholics must be convinced that they are sinners, they must be made to long for confession. They must be made to long for the great Roman certitude, "the Church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of the truth"; they must hunger and thirst for Jesus Christ in Holy Communion as men famish for food and drink in a desert.

When they begin to listen to us, as a rule non-Catholics are convinced that the Church stands as an obstacle between souls and God, and our task is to show that the Church brings souls nearer to God. They want God. But mostly they would rather have God without any church. Our purpose is to show that such is not God's will. When shall we realize that to non-Catholics the extreme unity, universality, and perpetuity of the Catholic Church make up a spectacle of power calculated to arouse distrust? These notes of the divine origin of our religion, having first been fully proved, must then be shown in their spir-

itual aspect, in their reference to the most personal of the Church's notes, her holiness.

A powerful organization is not attractive to the religious souls around us except it be proved to be a powerful means of personal sanctification. The men with whom we deal are not naturally religious imperialists. They fancy we want to make them mere religious machines. Let non-Catholics know the Church in its personal relation, namely, a divinely given means for the union of the individual soul with God. The Church is vast, indeed, but for the sake of vast numbers of men and women, each separately to be saved and sanctified. It is one for the sake of the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace for all men and for every man. The priceless boon of the certain truth to each man and woman is the reason of infallibility.

Earnest souls may admire a church with a splendid hierarchy or a glorious history; but they long for God—God leading their minds out of the babel of Protestantism into the tranquil fellowship of the saints; God saying to them through his ministry, Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee, a message so different from the Protestant assurance of election—subjective, gloomy, censorious, fanatical; they long for God in the sweet joy of Holy Communion, in the Catholic interior life and love of the Holy Spirit: God, in a word, perpetuating the work of Jesus Christ through His Holy Brotherhood, the Church, through His blessed Sacraments, through His ever abiding Paraclete, through His Church.

To begin the conversion of a Protestant is to remove the delusion that our religion is wholly or mainly a matter of observances and formalities, hierarchies and uniformity. Oh, if they but knew the interior side, the faith and hope and love that we enjoy; the witness of the Spirit, the nearness of Christ, and the strength against sin,—if they knew these divine gifts, if they but knew Catholicity as we know it, how very many more of them would gladly give up all things to become Catholics. That, we repeat, is only showing them what the Church practically is to ourselves; and yet it is the spiritual line of argument.

Earnest natures long to lead virtuous and spiritual lives; they will not consider seriously any other claim for a religion than that it helps them to do so; whatever else is proved, that claim must be manifestly proved. Do we not know that it is dread of externalism that sets men's minds most strongly against

our faith?—the dread that we are for church ritual and church authority rather than for the Spirit of God? Abate no jot or tittle of the rights of external religion, nay, advance these rights to the uttermost by showing them to be divine, and by revealing the inward spirit.

Teach this: the Catholic religion is the dwelling of the Holy Spirit in the souls of men, begun and perpetuated by Jesus Christ through the ministry and ordinances of his Church. “Why I am a Catholic” is a topic which in a detailed way discloses this inner worth of Catholicity. But all discourses, all answers to questions, should smack of this deep meaning of the Church. As the actual life of a true Catholic is the union of the interior and the external life of God among men, so should be the presentation of the Church to our separated brethren.

The perpetuity of the Church, her apostolic identity, is indeed a glorious theme. All history bears witness to the splendid fact that this is the same society that the Lord founded when He chose the Twelve, when He chose them as the first bishops of His one only society. But what for? Ah, dwell upon that question and give it full answer, frequent answer: what was His prophetic purpose in regard to your audience, the very persons here and now listening to you? Show that the Church is the mediation of Christ between earth and heaven. Let your thoughts of the Church and your thoughts of Christ blend inseparably together, and so let your utterance be.

NO MINIMIZING.

This being the mind of the missionary, he will of course teach in all things the common doctrine of the Church: and his purpose to do so should be publicly claimed by him in his opening discourse. He should quote from catechisms, from the councils of Trent and of the Vatican, from the decrees of pontiffs, everywhere from Scripture, especially from the New Testament. His doctrine is such as to sound familiar to the bishops and priests. It will pass current instantly with practised theologians. He adds nothing and omits nothing.

He has no theological fads, no devotional eccentricities to advocate. Although the newest of all novelties to non-Catholics, to the faithful it is good, old-fashioned Catholicity, familiar and beloved.

There must be no minimizing. Of all the felonies known to

man or God none is worse than that of obtaining converts under false pretences. And it should be borne in mind that one may minimize by omitting to mention certain doctrines as well as by belittling the importance of others. The missionary must stand for an integral Catholicity, doctrinal and devotional. Nor does this hinder a right sense of proportion in doctrines, as already noticed; rather it opens the true perspective among Catholic teachings.

THE PERSONAL QUALITIES OF THE MISSIONARY.

The message of salvation and the messenger must be of a piece. "I knew nothing among you," said St. Paul, "but Christ, and Him crucified"; and he would let no man be troublesome to him, for he bore in his body the marks of the Crucified. No topic is so interesting to non-Catholics as the missionary himself. He himself should be his best discourse. No cause can be so hopeless as a religious one which has an incompetent, shall we say an unworthy advocate? No cause is so favored as one championed by a saint.

To gain the personal esteem of a non-Catholic is often the first step towards his conversion; frequently it smooths the last step, that which is across the threshold. An inevitable question in the soul's question-box is, What kind of a man are you? Is it rightly answered by, I am very eloquent; or, I am awfully sharp, you can't catch me; or, I am extremely witty—I can raise roars of laughter at your expense; or even, I am deeply learned?

So much depends on the man, that one who teaches with the Apostle's "spirit and power" cannot fail of making converts, even though his style be faulty and his delivery awkward. Himself transformed into Christ, his teaching is the same. He that dwelleth within him teacheth by him, namely, the spirit of Christ that is in him.

Yes, they will certainly ask, What sort of a man is this Catholic priest? Let the answer be, He is a kindly man, very patient with you; he is one you would like to talk with privately; he is evidently in dead earnest; there's nothing perfunctory about him, nor any cant; there is no parade of learning, yet he is familiar with Scripture, and quite at home in religious questions; he has a well-trained mind, yet he is modest, straightforward, and open; he impresses you as a really pious man; he may be homely

enough in his manners, but he has no airs; rather a spirit of gentle authority, as if conscious of a divine mission.

The secret of the Catholic missionary's success throughout the world (a very open secret) is the kind of man he is—that as men, our missionaries win reverence for themselves even before they win conviction for their religion. They advance their cause by personal holiness; by a love for Jesus Christ too profound and pervading to be hidden by the most ingenious humility; by a love of souls that never knows fatigue in their service, never cares for danger or privation, that positively courts martyrdom; by contempt for money and all the world's luxury. All this is not too much to purchase the pearl of great price.

The best that the Catholic religion can do in forming character must be manifest in the Catholic missionary. If he will disarm prejudice, arouse souls from spiritual torpor, recommend a religion, nay, impose the yoke of a religion so self-denying as ours, he must be a model priest. Our task is not so much to win assent to Catholic faith as to extort it. And then we have to push on yet further; we have to compel repentance for sin and confession of the same to a fellow-man. How often have you not seen those intelligent faces in your audience averted from you, their very looks turned away from you as they hear your arguments. They are saddened at your power, reluctant to admit it. They listen to Catholic truth like men walking through a pelting snow-storm.

How sincere must be the virtue of a missionary to meet such conditions. Says the *Imitation of Christ* (ii. 12): "No man is fit to comprehend heavenly things who has not resigned himself to suffer adversities for Christ." According to this doctrine even to know religion well involves suffering for Christ. How much rather shall this be said of teaching the faith, and that to unwilling souls, nay, to hostile ones. How can we preach Christ and him crucified unless we know what crucifixion is?—and this is a science learned mainly by experiment. However, upon this ascetical side of our vocation it is not my office to dwell.

THE MISSIONARIES TO THE HEATHEN.

Our lives are not without labor, but they are full of ease and luxury, compared with the lives of our brethren of the foreign missions. Side by side with our attack on error among civilized races is the vast and sublime apostolate for the con-

version of the pagan nations: and that apostolate is at once our wonder and our reproach. The missionary to the heathen is the ideal Catholic missionary. We are indeed missionaries; but our blood-thirsty heathen are kindly Protestant friends; our perilous journeys are in comfortable railroad coaches; our deathly solitude is the copious supply of daily papers and the company of our brethren of the parish priesthood; our hunger and thirst for the sake of Christ's Gospel is our table plentifully supplied with food. The rich and fertile field of this noble and gentle and intelligent people is in vivid contrast with that tilled by the real heroes of the Gospel of Christ, in far off China, in darkest Africa, in plague-stricken India, even at our very doors among the degenerate remnants of the American Indian tribes. Can we even claim fellowship with these glorious apostles of Christ? If so, let us make ourselves worthy of such an honor; and let us every way aid in their support by assisting the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

All hail to our brethren of the heathen missions! They are indeed great souls; they have given up all things to save men and women redeemed by the blood of Christ—given up home and country, language and civilization, ready to die for Christ and His little ones, as many of their brethren and of their converts have already gloriously died. We declare before God that we take them for our models; that if we are not naked, nor hungry for Christ's sake, we are at least simple and frugal and unostentatious in our lives, we are disinterested, we aspire to be heroic. And we would, if God willed it, suffer all things and even death itself to save souls.

If we have no barbarous jargon to learn, we are at least diligent students of our holy themes and of the dogmas of the Church; if we are well housed, yet we ungrudgingly give ourselves early and late to the service of all the people, to hearing the sinner's sorrowful tale, to persuading non-Catholics—great throngs of them or one by one, patiently devoting ourselves to instructing converts.

We are at the opening of a divine movement for America's conversion. We can fail only by our failure to be true Catholics and true missionaries—the very truest. We might fail by trusting to human aids rather than to God and to God alone. But we have anchored our hopes in God's blessed favor, we trust in

Him alone; in our interior vocation to be missionaries, which we know to be the call of the Holy Ghost. To that we shall be faithful unto death.

We shall be faithful to the external order of God. We shall be absolutely obedient in word and work and spirit to God's appointed rulers, the Bishops of the Church: we are only too glad of their notice and their guidance. We shall be wholly one in doctrine with the Vicar of Christ and absolutely subject to his discipline. We shall feel honored to serve in submission to our brethren, the local and parish clergy. And we shall endeavor to deserve the good will and co-operation of the faithful laity.

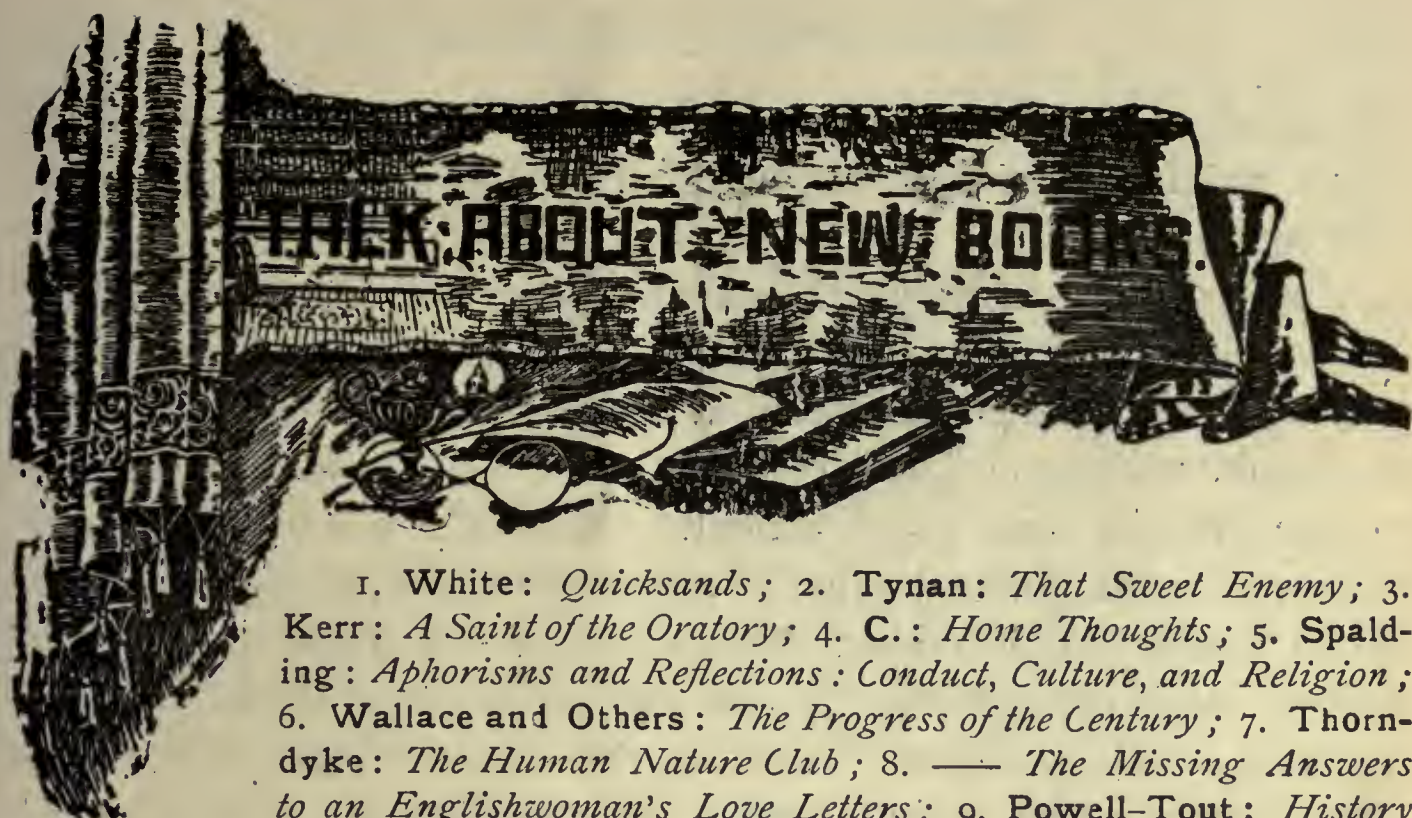
God grant us the grace to realize our high ideal!

THE FINER SENSE.

BY FELIX MARIAN.

THE heart of woman closer lies
To all the tender sympathies;
And Humor, link 'tween joy and woe,
From her rich bounty oft doth flow.





1. White: *Quicksands*; 2. Tynan: *That Sweet Enemy*; 3. Kerr: *A Saint of the Oratory*; 4. C.: *Home Thoughts*; 5. Spalding: *Aphorisms and Reflections: Conduct, Culture, and Religion*; 6. Wallace and Others: *The Progress of the Century*; 7. Thorn-dyke: *The Human Nature Club*; 8. — *The Missing Answers to an Englishwoman's Love Letters*; 9. Powell-Tout: *History of England*; 10. Taunton: *The History of the Jesuits in England, 1580-1773*; 11. Caldecott: *The Philosophy of Religion in England and America*; 12. Sturgis: *Dictionary of Architecture and Building—Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive*; 13. Gerend: *Robert the Canadian*; 14. *Breviarium Romanum*; 15. Huysmans: *Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam*.

1.—Hervey White's latest novel* is a realistically detailed history of the religious experiences, the trials, and the shames of a family, though it is this by implication only, since it deals principally with the life of one of the characters. The book is intended as an argument against excessive interference of parents in the affairs of their children, and of brothers and sisters in the affairs of each other. Hubert, the hero, is a dreamy youth, raised by strict Methodist parents and destined by them for the ministry. Not until he goes to college does he experience "conversion," and even then its effects are not lasting, for in the course of his studies he becomes a free-thinker. Upon graduating he marries, not informing his parents until afterwards, and moves to Chicago, where he begins life as a literary man. There he is unsuccessful, and his forgiving mother brings himself and his wife home to live with the family. His wife falls in love with his brother, who tells him the circumstances connected with his birth, and finally Hubert hangs himself. It is no doubt the purpose of the author to have us believe that the sorrows and failures of this character illustrate the effects of too narrow orthodoxy in religion, and the interference of the family with growth out of this environment. Of an entirely different

* *Quicksands*. By Hervey White. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

character is Hiram, who is free as air, and practically an agnostic in religion, so far as any religious information is given concerning him.

Such a work as this, of course, opens up quite a problem. We would object, certainly, to that puritanical method of parents in dealing with their children which at one time existed. But we think, and upon good grounds, that such a method is not in use now to any great extent. Personally we wish it were more so; not, indeed, that narrow, soul-smothering strictness which spoils the individual, but an authority given by God to parents and instinctively known by them. To discuss such a question as this, however, exceeds the limits of a review. The book contains some things which are objectionable from a moral and religious point of view.

2.—*That Sweet Enemy** is a story built around a kind of family feud in Ireland, in which family pride proves but a weak barrier against the forces of pure and passionate love. It is a love-story of ordinary plot, but worked out with a skill that certainly would do justice to a more pretentious work. There is very little descriptive work done, but the dialogues, of which the bulk of the book is made up, are very well executed, though occasionally the general vivacity is not sustained. The character-drawing in the story gives abundant evidence of real power and versatility in the delineation and exposition of human nature. As a whole the book furnishes very pleasant reading, and is published in a neat and first-class form.

3—Lady Amabel Kerr has again favored the Catholic reading public with a book worthy of her piety and zeal. Whatever comes from the pen of this devoted chronicler of Oratorian sanctity is ever to be received with grateful consideration. An encouraging welcome was accorded her earlier *Life of Blessed Sebastian Valfré of the Turin Oratory*; and no different, we hope, will be the fate of the present volume.†

It is a story of the life of Father Anthony Grassi, an Italian priest of the Fermo Oratory, whose sanctity has lately merited for him the title of Blessed. Born in 1592, at Fermo, he grew up in the spirit and under the very eye of the Congregation to

* *That Sweet Enemy*. By Katherine Tynan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

† *A Saint of the Oratory*. By Lady Amabel Kerr. New York: Benziger Brothers.

which he was to be so great an ornament. He lived up strictly to the maxims of his holy calling, and showed forth in his life the character of a true priest of Jesus Christ. In him the grace of God found a sweet repose, and what appeared so ordinary to men was choice and pleasing in the sight of God. The continual exercise of charity and meekness was the secret of his holy life.

All this is told with a simplicity and easiness which lend great charm to the narrative. Interest is heightened by the method of treatment. In such a work we might expect more of a character sketch, a delineation of the salient virtues of a saintly life. And yet, though such an insistence on particular features of a life sometimes produces much spiritual profit, it makes dry reading. This is avoided in the present case by a happy use of the chronological narrative, whereby the interest is sustained at the same time that spiritual benefit is imparted by the ever-recurring lessons of patience, meekness, charity.

4 — *Home Thoughts** is a book replete with what is rather uncommon—good common sense. Nor is this common sense clothed in a common dress. Topics of every-day, domestic life are discussed with a charm that denotes a sympathetic heart. As the publishers' notice tells us: "The interdependent relations of husband and wife, parent and child, and the broad field of domestic government, give the chief themes." Naturally it would be expected that such themes would afford, perhaps, instructive but scarcely entertaining reading. The book before us is both instructive and entertaining.

At times, indeed, greater strength in the treatment of some points might be desired, strength of opinion and strength of style; but taken as a whole the sentiments of the different essays are true and good. Throughout there are touches of pathos and delicate humor that lend an additional charm to the work. While the book is a collection of reprints from the *New York Evening Post*, the subjects are so intimately related that they form a consistent body.

For the Catholic the various duties which are outlined in this book are, to a great extent, based upon and inculcated by his religion. The ideals so naturally and simply set before men and women by the author are lofty and noble; but a religious

* *Home Thoughts*. By C. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

motive is given for pursuing them in the treatment they receive in the Catholic pulpit.

5—Bishop Spalding's hosts of admirers will be delighted with his latest volume,* containing as it does thoughts selected from his various writings, and others, too, which have occurred to him "on occasion or by chance." Like all Bishop Spalding's work these "Aphorisms and Reflections" aim at religion and culture, and plead for higher, better, and more complete living. Though many of them are religious, they are not so in a sentimental, nor yet in a mystical sense. They are rather intellectual: a fact which will commend them to many whom anything obtrusively sentimental or mystical repels rather than attracts. Education is the theme of many of them, and of these nothing need be said, as Bishop Spalding's ideas on education are well and favorably known. A book like this naturally lends itself easily to quotation, but we will content ourselves with the following, which strikes deep into the roots of a present-day problem: "Accustom the young to associate religion with what is enduring, serene, and beautiful. Let them learn to think of it with the serious joy with which they think of a father's love; let it be for them the sign and symbol of their heavenly descent and destiny." Apart from its intrinsic worth this little volume has another value in that it furnishes food for meditation, and is capable of giving rise in others to thought, if not as noble and inspiring as our author's, yet immeasurably superior to those which generally occupy the minds of men.

We learn with gratification that several of Bishop Spalding's discourses have been translated into French by the Abbé Félix Klein, in a volume which takes its title from the first discourse, "*Opportunité*." Bishop Spalding's work is not unknown in Europe, but the present translation should introduce him to many who are unable to read or appreciate his writings in their present dress.

6.—There is no better way of popularizing science than to tell its history. And when this is done by a number of specialists the result is very likely to be free from the inaccuracy and fanciful speculations which have given to the word "popularize"

* *Aphorisms and Reflections: Conduct, Culture, and Religion.* By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

a disagreeable sound. *The Progress of the Century** has been written by a number of men, each prominent in his own department of learning. It deals not only with the physical sciences but also with religion, philosophy, medicine, literature, and war.

There are four essays on religion: Cardinal Gibbons tells of Catholic progress; Rev. Alexander V. G. Allen, of the course of Protestantism; Professor Gottheil, of the advancement of Judaism, and Professor Goldwin Smith, of the development of Free-thought. The Cardinal's essay seems to show a deeper satisfaction with the past and a firmer confidence in the future than any of the others. Mr. Allen thinks that the Catholic Church in the eighteenth century was not a force worthy of consideration. "But in the first third of the nineteenth century there came a change, when the Roman Church arose from its lethargy to meet the demand imposed upon it by the timid fears of statesmen and ecclesiastics, as the safeguard of religion and morality, where national churches or particular churches were thought to have failed" (p. 491). It is a sure sign of our progress when our separated brethren say that we have awakened to new life, to do the work which they seemed incapable of accomplishing. Mr. Allen sets the hope of Protestantism in "the triumphant assertion of the spiritual significance of nationality in the latter part of the nineteenth century." He hopes to see inseparably wound up in the fabric of every nation its own peculiar church, as the old covenant was in the kingdom of Israel. The well-being of humanity is too abstract an idea to serve as an object for ecclesiastical endeavor. The well-being of the nationality appeals to the heart. Hence Mr. Allen does not wish to see one, universal church, but a number of national churches—forgetting the promise of Christ, that there should be one fold and one shepherd. We are inclined to ask, Have not religious differences produced already confusion enough in the minds of men? Why, then, deepen and propagate disunion by national prejudice?

In order to outline the progress of Free-thought in the past century Mr. Smith has commented on the advance made by the

* *The Progress of the Century*. By Alfred Russell Wallace; Professor William Ramsay; Professor William Matthew Flinders Petrie; Sir Joseph Norman Lockyer; Edward Caird; William Osler; W. W. Keen; Professor Elihu Thomson; President Thomas Corwin Mendenhall; Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke; Captain Alfred T. Mahan; Andrew Lang; Thomas C. Clarke; Cardinal James Gibbons; Rev. Alexander V. G. Allen; Professor Richard J. H. Gottheil; Professor Goldwin Smith. New York: Harper Brothers.

various forms of Christianity. He thinks that the completion of the progress of religious disintegration is at hand. But at the same time he admits that the Catholic Church has not suffered *internally* from criticism—historical, literary, or scientific. We regret to note that Mr. Smith's treatment of Catholic doctrines and devotions would lead one to think that he neither understands nor appreciates them. He whose profession is liberalism should be broad-minded enough to consider the Catholic Religion as it really is, and not as it appears to the eyes of a prejudiced outsider.

Professor Gottheil's account of Judaism is interesting, and we rejoice with him in the greater freedom from persecution which the Jew enjoys at the end of the century just closed.

In the first division of his essay Dr. Caird says that "in philosophy, as in other departments of knowledge, the work of the nineteenth century has been one of mediation and reconciliation. It has been an endeavor to break down the sharp antithesis of philosophical and scientific theories that was characteristic of an earlier time." This is certainly an apt characterization of the tendency of nineteenth century philosophy. But we do not think that the mutual attitude of reconciliation between science and philosophy has mainly arisen from the domination of what Dr. Caird terms the *ideas of organic unity and development*. Science has found itself incapable of proceeding to the higher generalizations without the aid of philosophical methods, while philosophy has learned by costly lessons that *a priori* arguments—however strong in themselves—are most likely to fly wide of the mark when used in the domain of natural science. The limitations of science and philosophy have been more clearly defined in the nineteenth century, and the twentieth opens with a better understanding—in many quarters, at least—of the supplementary character of these two branches of knowledge. But the recognition by each of its own weakness when standing alone, and the vision of the grand results which may be brought about by a future union between the two, have been the most potent factors in bringing about that conciliatory attitude so characteristic of the relation between science and philosophy at the close of the century just elapsed.

The article on Evolution by Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace is somewhat disappointing. In view of the scope of the present volume it seems that he could have made better use of his

limited space by devoting himself more exclusively to the history of evolution. The brief statement of old objections to the theory and their often-repeated answers does not repay us for what we lost in the outline of its development. From so prominent an evolutionist we are surprised to see the statement that from the time of Lucretius to the middle of the eighteenth century no advance was made in the theory of organic evolution (p. 17). He seems to have forgotten that Francis Bacon (1) pointed out the presence of transitional forms in nature, (2) spoke of variations produced by man and nature, and (3) suggested that species might change as the result of an accumulation of variations.

Dr. Ramsay's history of chemistry is remarkably complete, and well proportioned when we consider its short length.

Except for one little point we have nothing but words of praise for Dr. Mendenhall's history of physics. He attributes to Newton the conception of the corpuscular theory of light (p. 313). This theory had been previously broached by Descartes and was merely adopted and developed by Newton.

We have by no means criticised all the articles of this valuable book. Archæology, Astronomy, Medicine, Surgery, Electricity, War, Naval Ships, and Engineering are all treated of by prominent experts.

In comparison with Mr. Williams's *Story of Nineteenth Century Science* (recently published by Harpers) *The Progress of the Century* is far more complete, and the special topics do not suffer from the one-sided treatment which was the chief fault in Mr. Williams's work. His narrative is perhaps a little more interesting, and the reader is spared the useless repetitions which in *The Progress of the Century* are most noticeable in the History of Physics and Electricity.

7 —A commendable feature of Dr. Thorndyke's little volume* is the clearness with which the matter is presented, it being adapted to minds of average intelligence and all the philosophical terms explained. The dialogue form in which it is written adds much to this clearness and to hold the reader's attention. The matter itself is taken, as the author tells us, from various works on Psychology, especially from those of Professor William

* *The Human Nature Club*. By Edward Thorndyke, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

James, who is much quoted and whose opinions seem to be those adopted by the author. The volume contains some judgments which we can accept, and others, too, which we cannot. The theory of emotions and the notion of mind, both of which are Professor James's, are, to our way of thinking, false; and the same may be said of other notions in the course of the volume. Might we not expect to find some mention of a spiritual soul? This is something believed in by the majority of the people to-day, and we wonder that there was not some member of the Human Nature Club cognizant of the arguments in favor of it. The chapter on "Some Deeper Questions of the Soul" is rather unsatisfactory, though one argument in it, the moral argument for the freedom of the will, is good.

8—A recent publication will doubtless call to the minds of many readers another earlier book, concerning the origin and authorship of which there was much speculation. By some this collection was thought to be the clever work of a clever inventor, while others, impressed by the painful reality of the writing and the terrible tragedy it told, looked upon it as genuine history. One wonders if the same guesses will be made concerning *The Missing Answers to an Englishwoman's Love Letters*.*

It is generally admitted that those who held the "Englishwoman's Love Letters" to be fact were by far in the majority, but we feel safe in saying that the greater number of those who read the "Answers" will be inclined to be incredulous. It would not be a difficult task for a clever writer, with the former collection before him, to pen a series of answers which at least might appear genuine.

Viewed from a purely Catholic stand-point, the book contains many, many passages which evidence the fact that the writer is not of the true fold. Barring these and considering it as a work of literature, these "Answers" are worthy of the highest praise for the deep and pure sentiment which they contain, and will undoubtedly prove interesting to the many who may read them.

9.—In a new edition, complete in one volume, Messrs. Powell and Tout have reissued their valuable text-book on English History.† The work is one to be recommended as lucid, accurate,

* *The Missing Answers to an Englishwoman's Love Letters*. New York: Frank H. Lovell Book Company.

† *History of England*. By F. York Powell and T. F. Tout. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

thorough, and admirably fitted for its purpose, viz., "use in schools and among younger students." Maps, tables, section-headings, and index afford real help to the reader, and make it possible to construct a sort of epitome of the contents of the volume at very little cost. In the account of the quarrel between Charles I. and the Parliament we find a noticeable improvement upon the biassed presentations in common vogue among High Tories—who lay all the blame on the Commons—and Whigs or Radicals, who treat the King with equal injustice.

Generally speaking, references to Ireland and to the Church are made in a spirit of fairness and honesty. The story of Thomas à Becket betrays a failure to realize the exact import of the Constitutions of Clarendon; otherwise it is free from error. Also we feel disposed to correct the statement that Henry VIII. purposed to restore the ancient legal status of the church; for Maitland's Canon Law in England proves the pre-Reformation English Church to have been ruled by Roman Canon Law as completely as was any land in Continental Europe. A regrettable omission in the volume is a reference to the sources whence each quotation comes. The account of the American Revolution is a trifle supercilious.

10—After the very full treatment already accorded the first edition of Father Taunton's *English Jesuits** in our July issue, we need make little comment upon the new American edition of the same volume just brought out by the Lippincott Company. As to contents and appearance, the two editions are identical, varying in nothing but the publisher's name.

The book is a handsome one and deals with a most interesting subject. Yet it seems impossible to praise the author for the way he has handled his matter. We refrain from inquiring into his motive, and we are willing to abstract from the consideration of the good or evil consequences apt to result from his work; and still it remains undeniable that the calm impartiality of the true historian has not presided over the composition of this volume. There are many instructive pages in it, and in some instances the writer presents his views skilfully and successfully vindicates his accuracy, all of which, however, only makes it the more regrettable that he has not been able to abstain from partisanship.

* *The History of the Jesuits in England, 1580-1773.* By Ethelred L. Taunton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

For one thing the volume may be relied upon, it paints the shadiest chapter of the story of the English Jesuits in colors about as black as the most skilful antagonist could find. Nothing worse can be said of them than Father Taunton has said. Yet, as the book is an instance of special pleading, no one can honestly render a verdict merely in view of the evidence here presented. What the defence has to say may be learned by reference to recent issues of the (London) *Tablet* and the (London) *Month*.

We note that the present edition reproduces the now famous original frontispiece—a supposed portrait of Father Parsons, about the genuinity of which some heated discussion has been going on in the magazines named above. Whether or not the picture be genuine is, indeed, a matter of light importance; nor, supposing it spurious, can a charge of malicious intent be fastened upon Father Taunton. Other charges, however—far graver—have been pressed against him. For the moment the controversy concerning his accuracy has been suspended; but as he has announced that he is now engaged in working up evidence in support of his side we presume that hostilities will be renewed later on. Rather a pity, it seems to be; and yet no doubt both sides are actuated by a sense of duty.

11—Professor Caldecott's *Philosophy of Religion** is really a historical survey of the various systems and writers prominent in the field of Theism. The author limits himself to a consideration of the literature of Britain and America, and to the post-Reformation period. He includes some Catholic writers, but, unfortunately, fails always to appreciate them in a proper light. This part of his work is all the less acceptable because he has had the poor taste to class Catholic writers as "Romanist" theologians.

As his preface warns us to expect, the author devotes considerable space to the tenets of certain very obscure writers; yet he is not exhaustive in his enumeration. For instance, he leaves out the names of Ussher, Boyle, Archer, Butler, Salmon, Lloyd, Fitzgerald, O'Brien, all of them Protestants, and three of them bishops.

The author's enumeration of the types of Theism is interest-

**The Philosophy of Religion in England and America.* By Alfred Caldecott. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ing, but sadly instructive. If men with every advantage stumble when seeking in nature for God, or when searching there for proofs to confirm a tottering belief acquired in childhood, we may have some notion of the hopelessness of the state of those myriads in the great hives of industry, both in the old world and the new, who are led by every *ignis fatuus* lighted by popular teachers of Agnosticism or revolutionary Socialism. We have no real reason to despair in presence of this appalling fact—the explanation and the remedy are suggested in the Epistle to the Romans; but there is ground for pity and the action it inspires.

Dr. Caldecott does not allow equal treatment to the representatives of the various schools into which he divides the writers. He classifies the forms of Theism by the methods employed, and he carries the classification to an extent open to criticism on the part of men wedded to the principle of unity in scientific exposition. We, however, cannot lose sight of the fact that the exhaustive, if rather artificial, character of his classification conduces to clearness of apprehension, and as a consequence possesses no inconsiderable mnemonic utility.

In addition to the complaint that representatives of the different types do not receive equal consideration, we may say that one or two types, not of highest philosophical value, have received more than their share of consideration. It is difficult to place the standard because, consciously or unconsciously, each one of us has a modicum of presupposition. We are dealing with Natural Theology,—whose mind is free from some influence due to Revelation? The enormous difficulty of divesting one's self of presuppositions justifies us in according high praise for the task undertaken by the author, and, better still, high praise for the way in which he has fulfilled it. So far as he permits us to see his preferences, we differ from him; nevertheless we must recognize his honesty of purpose.

The "clue" which he had in mind while following "the windings of Natural Theology in Britain" is a definition which invests his conception of a Supreme Being with six attributes: He is Necessary, Infinite, Eternal, Perfect, Immanent, and Transcendent. With these six attributes forming his criterion, he sets about the work of examining the contributions of men who have entered this field of thought from the side of Theology (Revelation), or from the side of Philosophy—in other words, who have descended from the supernatural or ascended from the

natural. We are not sure that he has traced the formation of the mind in either mode; it looks as though accidental circumstances determined his view of the formation, though, no doubt, for a reason we have suggested, there would be a difficulty in pursuing the necessary analyses except in such cases as Berkeley's or Butler's. Each of these was independent of antecedents, owing to a radical sceptical turn of intellect; while the two men especially warranted as leaders of British scepticism, Hobbes and Hume, were too wedded, the first to his own opinions, the second to his own critical objections, to be genuine sceptics.

The statement (Part II.), that Intuitionism owes its appearance mainly to the demand of historical theology for a universally accepted doctrine, implies that it has been made to order. This is curious, since our author puts Herbert of Cherbury at the head of the line of English Intuitionists. The trouble Locke gave himself to refute the "Innate Ideas" of Descartes suggests that these prevailed among English thinkers; a notion of a class of ideas corresponding to those which later on came to be called necessary, an awkward term for those concepts which of necessity spring up as conditions for the perception of other ideas. We mean by conditions something more than "forms." For instance, no one would have the courage to say that the Absolute is a form of the Relative; and we think that, quite independently of theological demands, there might be a theory that an idea was in the logical order precedent to another which in the chronological order came first. The result of Intuitionism, then, might possibly be a reversal of the aspects of the argument from design.

The section on Consensus is very practical. We have hardly glanced at what the author describes as Demonstrative Rationalism—that is, the *a posteriori* form—because in the limits set for himself he could do no more than sketch a method which must have begun with the earliest thought. We have passed over the ethical types, because the conclusions from the moral side being drawn in the same way as those of Rationalism are sufficiently suggested by what is said of the latter.

We ask for this book a candid reception. It is worth the reading. And now, finally, a word on the impression left by it. It is certainly an unpleasant surprise "to minds simply and seriously in search of truth" to find that there is a diversity of opinion with regard to the existence and nature of God. And

no one would wonder that "there arises a temptation to doubt whether man is really responsible for his beliefs at all," were this diversity all we could be sure of—as the author seems to imply. But *is* this diversity all he can be sure of? His own long catalogue of books shows us how many writers have satisfied themselves that there is a Power, endowed with intellect and will, which was at the beginning of the universe and still orders it, and yet is distinct from it. The present volume, therefore, is an unconscious testimony to the truth of the declaration of the Vatican Council: God, the beginning and end of all, may be known with certitude, from created things, by the natural light of human reason.

12.—The second volume of Mr. Sturgis's Dictionary* deepens the appreciation recently† given in these pages of the learning and skill brought to the execution of this invaluable work. It embraces the subjects from "Façade" to "Nymphæum," and thus covers a section of the architectural alphabet more interesting than any other to both the professional student and the general reader. The architecture of France, Greece, and Italy is treated in this volume, and we specially commend the ten chapters devoted to France, and the fourteen given to Italy, for excellence of arrangement and thoroughness of discussion. The account given of Gothic architecture is also valuable, and is, indeed, a model of what a special dictionary article should be. Starting from a just conception of the essential features of this style, it develops along lines of historical and critical study with a concise clearness which seems to us faultless. Another notable article, and one which ought to be of special interest to the clergy, is that devoted to mural painting, contributed by Mr. Blashfield. Its history, methods, and limitations are clearly set forth, and admirably illustrated. But to speak of these features of the volume is not to ignore the many excellent qualities of the work done through the whole book. In its text, typography, and wealth of illustration this volume is up to the high standard of the first instalment. We are glad to note that the concluding volume will be issued this autumn.

* *A Dictionary of Architecture and Building—Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive.* By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D., Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and other expert Writers, American and foreign. Vol. II., F—N. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† March, 1901.

13.—The interest attaching to any publication in behalf of such a charitable work as the care of deaf mutes must for the very sake of the cause be a deep one. But the little volume* before us has, besides this interest, an attraction of its own in the pleasing but perhaps too conventional stories and poems numbered among the contents.

14.—Those who delight in vest-pocket editions of the *Breviary* will find their fondest hopes realized in the present one.† In size it is scarcely larger than the *Horæ* ordinarily used, and the print though fine is remarkably clear. The paper is opaque and of a pink tint well suited to the eyes.

15.—We have received a copy of the seventh edition of the life of Ste. Lydwine‡ by Huysmans. The event of that celebrated and much discussed author's entrance into the realm of hagiography is so notable, and the volume itself is so provocative of thought, that we think best to defer notice of the work until we shall have time and space to give it a somewhat lengthy consideration.

I.—M. OLLÉ-LAPRUNE, A LAY APOSTLE.§

La Vitalité Chrétienne is a volume which awakens regret in us—regret that its contents are likely to remain unfamiliar to so many Catholics in this country. Made up of various essays and addresses of the late M. Ollé-Laprune, together with a sketch of that writer by M. Georges Goyau, the book is brimming over with suggestions for all those interested in the problems which confront Catholics of the present day. Above all it voices a most powerful appeal for intelligent and consistent social action on the part of Catholics, bringing to bear upon this matter the light afforded by a peculiarly learned and deeply religious thinker, who to some extent was a French counterpart of “the sage of Birmingham.”

* *Robert the Canadian*. Published by Rev. M. M. Gerend, St. Francis, Wis.

† *Breviarium Romanum*. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam*. Par J. K. Huysmans. Paris: P. V. Stock.

§ *La Vitalité Chrétienne*. Par Leon Ollé-Laprune. Introduction par Georges Goyau. Deuxième édition. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

One could wish that American Catholics were a little better informed than they are at present as to current religious developments among the European nations. Generally speaking, our transatlantic co-religionists watch us far more closely than we observe them. They gladly proclaim that they profit a good deal by this. We, in turn, could gain much by being equally wide awake. M. Ollé-Laprune, for instance, is a name which, to our loss, is rather unfamiliar among us. The man stood for a system of thought of immense significance in the intellectual world, especially in religious matters, and most especially at the present time. His *Certitude morale*, like Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, threw open a whole new world to minds previously trained to think that narrow academic formulæ embrace and exhaust the realm of truth. He taught his pupils that facts were more sacred than methods; that the great problems of life and not the traditional rules of a school are the most serious matter of study. In short, he was a teacher who had a special message for the thinking minds of this age, and who bent his greatest energies to the task of proving that the attention of students must be fastened upon humanity as it exists in the real world rather than upon abstractions; and that the whole human soul, not one aspect of it, makes up a man.

M. Goyau's introductory sketch will give a good idea of the author to those who are seeking acquaintance. It brings out in strong relief the thorough Catholicity and the religious earnestness of M. Ollé-Laprune. A lay apostle he was indeed; and it is refreshing to know that his high vocation obtained so emphatic an approval, when we recall that nowadays laymen are all too likely to be told that their religious efforts should begin and end with saying prayers and setting good example. "I am inclined to think," the Jesuit Father Régnon wrote to him, "that God wills, in our day, to renew the lay apostolate (hierarchically under the priesthood, but marching forward), as in the days of a Justin and an Athenagoras. It is you above all who suggest these thoughts to me."

Two of the essays record the author's strong admiration for Father Hecker, whose vigorous ideas and personal holiness had deeply impressed this Christian philosopher. M. Ollé-Laprune sums up his plan for serving France, society, and the church in these words of his American contemporary: "A movement springing from the synthesis of the most exalted faith, with all

the good and true in the elements now placed in antagonism to the church." And the lives of both men have given conclusive testimony to the wisdom of their philosophy.

2.—A MANUAL OF PRACTICAL SPIRITUALITY.*

One is tempted to wish that Father Best had consulted modern infirmity so far as to invent another title for the admirable translation he has just presented to the public. For there is good reason to believe that the name of the new volume will act as a deterrent with readers who are capable of using the Exercises to very good purpose. Whether it be that modern hypersensitiveness, which passes under the name of human respect, or the haunting consciousness of personal inconsistency, some influence will work upon the average reader rendering him first a little timid about taking hold of the book and then very diffident as to his own ability to assimilate its instructions. Directors, too, may hesitate a moment before recommending a book the very title of which will provoke the half-sneering criticism of those whose delight it is to interfere in the spiritual concerns of others. Our comment, it may be said, is based upon a very superficial, or rather upon an exaggerated view. Be it so; one must take things as they are and meet conditions which exist. It is our conviction that nowadays the prevalent disposition is not toward trying to bring out the very finest capacities of the soul and to encourage aspiration toward the higher stages of the life of prayer. The unfortunate result is apt to be this: that many who are destined for and capable of great things will be discouraged from attempting them; that the glory of God and the perfecting of man will fall dismally short of what could be realized. Possibly this opinion is wrong; it would be glad tidings for us to find that we have been utterly mistaken.

Those who do get hold of the book and make proper use of it will find it contains a veritable spiritual treasure. The work consists of the translation—a very fine one—of the second section of an old sixteenth century book of Spiritual Exercises for the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Ways. The original arrangement has been a little improved upon by the translator,

* *Meditations and Exercises for the Illuminative Way.* By R. P. Michael of Coutances, Prior of the Grande Chartreuse. Translated by Kenelm Digby Best. New York; Benziger Brothers.

who has printed out in full a great many repeated passages which were merely referred to in the Latin edition. Even with this improvement, however, the order of the book is sufficiently intricate to dismay all who are not willing to study over it very carefully—a fact that will weed out numbers of undesirable readers. Those who persevere unto the end will be repaid for their labors by a glimpse into a pure, serenely beautiful region of prayer hitherto, in all probability, quite unfamiliar to them.

It has been said by competent judges—by Father Hecker, for one—that, in our own age, a great many more persons than is ordinarily supposed are capable of great perfection. It has been said, again, that the great desideratum with advancing souls is that they should be trained and encouraged to look away from self and toward God. One of the great merits of the *Spiritual Instructions* of Blossius is that they are calculated to develop this habit of mind.

The present book is a fit companion volume to Blossius. Every single word in it is addressed to God and the Saints; it is but a series of drills and exercises in conversing with God. A series of ten meditations makes up the book, each of them mainly—or rather entirely—directed to eliciting direct affections toward God and our Lord. Then on each meditation are based Exercises of Love, and Exercises of Adoration, and Exercises of Virtues. A year's study would scarcely exhaust the abundant suggestions in these two hundred pages; and that year would furnish spiritual pabulum for a long life. As for simplicity, directness, beauty, and depth, the book is perfectly unique; and its contrasts, enumerations, antitheses, and repetitions—once that the reader has found the key to their order—will charm the mind sensitive to literary graces. The translation is done in masterly fashion. Our gratitude to Father Best and our hearty good wishes for his work!

3.—HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE.*

Though keeping in view the needs of candidates for examination, the present work is by no means a "cram" made up of past examination papers; it is really an introduction to the study of French literature, and one to be relied upon so far as

* *A Short History of French Literature.* By L. E. Kastner and W. G. Atkins.

such information can be compressed into a volume of 300 pages or so.

The introductory chapter in a few pregnant sentences tells something of the origin of the French language; and the authors' next step is into the Middle Ages. We note a humorous definition of what is called the *esprit gaulois*—where they are speaking of the reaction of the national intellect, so positive and so mocking, against the chivalrous ideals of the thirteenth century—and quote it as a good instance of the sound and practical character of the compilers' conception and manner of presenting them. The *esprit gaulois*, they say, "in its most general aspect, may be described as a revolt against and a parody of authority and respectability, a wish to shock *Mrs. Grundy*, etc." This description alone would be sufficient to satisfy us that the authors had taken possession and drawn into the very core of their perceptions the gay and penetrating satire in which the Frenchman, good or bad, expresses his dissatisfaction with institutions and conventions of any kind. It is the spirit in which he will attack a fashionable philosophy, a tone of criticism, a religious dogma, a Bard of Justice.

Under the Middle Ages we have the Epic spoken of in a tone French-like in its ease and clearness; its three divisions talked about in a few words by men whose knowledge extends to their finger-tips. They say the "National Epic"—the first of the divisions—has been conclusively proved to be of German origin. We are inclined to doubt that there was anything more there than a Germanic influence brought in by the Franks. The Gallo-Romanic civilization was the basis of thought and sentiment which must have absorbed the Germanic tendencies of feeling and point of view even in the earliest Merovingian times. Our authors quote "a famous philologist" for their opinion; we think his observation rather proves our restriction.

The second period (1050-1120) of the French or National Epic supplies us with the *Chanson de Roland*, *Le Pèlerinage de Charlemagne*, and *Le Rois Louis*. Treating of the third and fourth periods in outline readily conceived, the authors return to the *Chanson de Roland* "as giving the best idea" of the National Epic. They had previously observed that the Song of Roland which we possess is not the one which Taillefer sang at Hastings. At this point they tell us something of the structure and subject of the poem; but we regret they do so

in a very meagre way. Perhaps this may be due to the fact that they suppose their readers are acquainted with it through some fine translations which preserve the fire and coloring of the original.

In their desire to condense they are rather unsatisfactory in telling us of the origin of the second division, the Epic of Antiquity, and its influence on the romantic literature of succeeding centuries, which received a death-blow from the matchless satire of Cervantes. And, by the way, this same satire is a capital illustration—though proceeding from a saturnine Spaniard—of the *esprit gaulois*. He takes hair-brained enthusiasm as though in all seriousness and with all respect, while we see his shrugged shoulders, mocking lip, and deprecating hands in every line.

We must pass to the drama, as our space compels us to select our points of notice; and we think that in important respects we can gauge the strength and limit of French genius better by its performances in this department of literature than in any other. We do not undervalue the achievements of Frenchmen in oratory, in the exact sciences, in prose fiction, in poetry, but nowhere do we find their characteristics so effective as in their plays. The comedy of no modern people shows anything to approach Molière; unless, perhaps, we compare with him the comedies of Shakspeare. But such a comparison requires a definition of "comedy," for there is not a single comedy of Shakspeare's which is free from an extended tragic influence. Now, in Molière the action proceeds from character, from vice or folly, sentiment or passion. We have read with much interest our authors' treatment of this inestimable playwright; and taking it as a specimen of their appreciation of the quality of French literature, we can say our readers may safely rely on their judgment.

We cannot help thinking that to our own time is wanting the fine sense and exquisite taste which ridiculed the *Précieuses*. We have our women of science to-day like the *Précisians* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, who rejoiced in the title of Gassendists; we have our sociological women and our Christian Science women solving insoluble problems, like the *Femmes Savantes*, a higher evolution of the *Précisians*; and sure we are if Molière lived now he would never write his *École des Femmes*, for he would have learned the danger of withdrawing women from the

domestic realm where Cornelia and Lucretia reigned on the stage made famous, or infamous, by Herodias, Berenice, Messalina, Agrippina.

We can recommend the excellence of our authors' handling of the literature of the nineteenth century, and particularly the poetry of that time, which, like all French poetry, seems a hidden language to the Englishman. However, we cannot conclude our notice without a caution against an implicit reception of the authors' verdict in matters regarding religion and the church.

4.—BREWER'S DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES.

A Dictionary of Miracles is a ponderous volume written by a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. He is named as the author of several other works, all published by a very respectable firm; and I have no doubt he is a standard authority among Protestants. The title of the book interested me, so I borrowed it and tried to read it. It is a most amusing book: The crass ignorance of the writer, his hebetudinous incapacity for distinguishing the true from the false, and his childish malice in misrepresenting the saints, their miracles, and the doctrines of the Catholic Church, are a treat. A Catholic has a good laugh at every sentence, but he becomes sad when he thinks of the mental condition of so many millions of his countrymen whose prejudices are reflected in Dr. Brewer's book, and perpetuated by his authority and that of other writers of so-called history.

To copy some of the doctor's statements regarding the miracles and the lives of the saints would afford very entertaining reading; but space will not permit me to do more than give a few extracts from the "inferences drawn from the data contained in this book," to borrow the doctor's own words.

Catholics believe and teach the following things, according to our most learned historian: "Charity to the poor is certainly the most pronounced of all acts of merit." Here we behold him pose as an authority in Catholic ascetic theology. He knows it all, and the Catholic theologians who disagree with him are not competent.

"To destroy them"—Jews, Protestants, as well as Mahome-

tans and heathens—"by craft, war, persecution, or in any other way is as glorious as to trap a foe by ambush or kill him in open fight." Macaulay, Motley, and John Fiske of Harvard wrote novels which they called histories; but neither the *History of England*, nor *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, nor any of Fiske's numerous but unreliable progeny can "hold a candle" to Dr. Brewer's work on "Miracles."

Listen to him: "It is meritorious for saints to injure and dishonor those who see not eye to eye with themselves, as Arians, Lutherans, Calvinists, and other 'heretics'; for a saint to injure a Jew or 'heretic' is meritorious."

Again, our expert in Catholic affairs passes from history to theology. We Catholics may deny it, but he says that we teach that "Health, fertility, good gifts, charity, benevolence, and all other Christian virtues are due to the personal and active interference of good angels." The angels do it all, and God does nothing. "Indulgences purchased by money help to shorten the term of purgatory, and in some cases to buy it off altogether." According to Catholics, "It is a demerit to live, eat, sleep, drink, dress, and act like other folks."

Shades of St. Teresa, St. Francis de Sales, Louis of Granada, Rodriguez, and Scaramelli, did you ever teach this? "A saint should read no secular book, think no secular thought, hope no secular good." Again the oracle speaks: "It is wrong in civil magistrates to punish crimes by imprisonment." "All punishment should be left to God and his church." This is Catholic doctrine, according to the author.

Here also is news: "The Virgin Mary is more honored by the French than by any other nation." "In Mgr. Guérin's *Hagiography* we have one Christ, one Jesus Christ, and one Saviour; but 1,911 Notre Dames, or Virgin Marys." Can the writer who identifies a multiplication of the Blessed Virgin with the multiplication of her churches be really so blind as not to see that it is the same Blessed Virgin who is honored in all her shrines, or is he insane?

He was not insane—that is, not enough to be locked up. He wrote this work in the 50th, or golden, year of his authorship. He had previously written *A Guide to Science*, 380th thousand; *History of France*, 18th edition; *History of Germany*; *Theology in Science*, 8th edition; *Reader's Hand-book*, 3d edition; *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, 16th edition, and *Rules for*

English Spelling, etc. All these facts he tells us on the title-page of his *Miraculous dictionary*. He has no humility about what he has written, although he professes to have it about what he has read.

He tells us also that he had consulted 101 works—be careful not to omit the one; there is luck in odd numbers—besides reading the 57 volumes in folio of the *Acta Sanctorum*, and Samuel Harsnet's "Declaration of egregious, popish impostures to withdraw the hearts of his Majesty's subjects from their allegiance and from the truth of Christian religion professed in England, under the pretence of casting out of devils." From this caricature of history the doughty Brewer has most probably derived all his so-called facts and deductions.

"The 101 other works consulted in Greek, Latin, French, and English, from Alban Butler to Baring-Gould, and from Gregory the Great to Cardinal Wiseman, I forbear to mention. I had prepared a list, but have suppressed its publication at the last minute, fearing it might savor of vanity." How humble! A theologian who can invent dogmas and articles of faith for the Catholic Church, and give us a list of relics like the following, should not scruple giving us a list of all the books in Greek, Latin, French, and English that he has looked at:

LIST OF RELICS.

"One of the coals that broiled St. Lawrence."

"A finger of the Holy Ghost."

"A phial of the sweat of St. Michael when he contended with Satan."

"Some of the rays of the guiding star which appeared to the Wise Men of the East."

"A pair of slippers worn by Enoch before the flood."

"The short sword of St. Michael, and his square buckler lined with red velvet."

It is true Dr. Brewer gives as authority for the existence and veneration by Catholics of these relics one John Brady. But neither Brady nor Brewer tells us where the relics were venerated. I omit a blasphemous and indecent catalogue of other relics given by this reverend septuagenarian who had read, so he says, the 57 volumes of the Bollandists and 101 other books to prepare him for his great effort.

What must be the mental condition of the unfortunate per-

son who wrote this book? And what must be the mental condition of the unfortunate persons who read and believe its statements? No wonder children who are brought up on such literature should not only be ignorant of Catholic doctrine, but should entertain a contempt for everything Catholic. Feed the young mind for a generation on the *pot au feu* of such books as Dr. Brewer's, or on Dr. Baird's *History of the Huguenots*, and it will hardly ever be able to relish or digest anything but "slush." Such books have not even the merit of being written in good English, as Macaulay's, Motley's, and Fiske's so-called histories have. There is neither truth, sense, nor style in the *Dictionary of Miracles*.

By way of appendix I may add that Dr. Brewer was also a poet. A specimen of his poetry is found in the Dictionary. We give the first verse of it:

"Come tell me truly, tell what truth
Abides in number one?
In number one is unity
Which dwelleth all alone."

The next specimen is from his description of an African divinity in his *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*. Of the goddess he says

"She holds a pistol in her hand,
And is greatly feared."

Mark the sublimity of thought and the sweetness of rhythm in these verses. The best we can say of Dr. Brewer is that his poetry is superior to his prose.

REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.

LIBRARY TABLE

The Tablet (3 Aug.): Criticises an article by Mr. Knowles in the August *Nineteenth Century* upon the relations of England and America, as betraying "an ignorance which is almost comic and completely alarming." Declares the Church committed to certain tenets of the Aristotelian philosophy, not because they were taught by Aristotle but because Catholic doctrine demands various philosophical postulates. Begins a series of articles on St. Edmund, whose relics have just been translated to Arundel.

(10 Aug.): Text of the French Law on Associations; and description of the precarious existence it accords even to "authorized congregations." In a discourse at Woodville, County Wexford, Cardinal Gibbons, it is reported, advised the youth of Ireland to stay at home rather than emigrate.

(17 Aug.): A most interesting account of a debate in Parliament and of the Irish members protesting against Convent Laundries being submitted to government inspection.

(24 Aug.): An account of the German government's forcing the Bishop of Metz to resign. An account of how in Mediæval England Catholics had to choose their parish priest as confessor.

The recent Anglican controversy on the need of correcting the Athanasian Creed should be a warning to those who appreciate the need of definite doctrinal teaching.

The Month (Aug.): Fr. Pollen argues that the frontispiece to Fr. Taunton's *History of the Jesuits* is *not* a portrait of Fr. Parsons. E. V. Wilks declares the great secret of Newman's greatness to have been his "breadth." The editor answers certain stupid calumnies against the Jesuits based on the so-called *Monita Secreta*. Fr. Thurston prints a letter to the Ladies' League apropos of their calumnies about "the Jesuit Oath." The same writer, continuing his history of our Popular Devotions, writes on Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

(Sept.): Mary Fennell, noting the need of improved methods in the education of Catholic girls, refers to Trinity College at Washington as an instance of what is possible for religious women to undertake. Reviewing a recent volume of selections from Jean Paul Richter, Fr. Tyrrell writes on the charm of childhood.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Aug.): P. Vacandard says that in the primitive church venial sins were sometimes confessed privately to the priests. P. Lejeune declares it is possible to advert to and desire the reward of a good life without thereby lessening the purity of our love for God. Text of the Law on Associations; Letter of the Pope; Instruction of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. P. Boudinhon discusses the question: Can the Pope appoint his successor? and answers: Yes, theoretically; but No, practically.

(15 Aug.): Mgr. Dubois' pastoral letter is printed in part; he says the mission of a bishop in the twentieth century is not to condemn the erroneous so much as to teach them the truth by charity. P. Guibert makes some suggestions as to the necessity of both solicitude and prudence in "the education of purity." The Dominican Father Ser-tillanges declares that all who have made discoveries or progress have collided with—if not dogmas, at least some defender of dogma; and when we reflect on our blindness we must pity those of us who think they already possess the integral truth.

(1 Sept.): P. Bricout declares that after having thought for years that France possesses too many priests, he now thinks she has too few.

Études (5 Aug.): P. Prélôt writes on the prevailing disregard for the principles of the Concordat of 1801. P. Le Bachelet explains that the promise of a happy death to those who receive Holy Communion on the First Friday of nine consecutive months is not infallibly certain, but that it depends upon the individual's faithful accomplishment of the essential duties of the Christian law. P. Prat writes on the signs that are to precede the end of the world. P. Noury declares M. Huysmans' new book, *Life of Saint Lydwine*, to be more astonishing than edifying and not likely to increase its author's reputation.

(20 Aug.): P. Roure says hypnotic treatment, though not a panacea, may in certain cases be valuable. P. Dudon sketches the work of the French missionaries in America.

Le Sillon (10 July): A. Léger writes upon the new French translation of Bishop Spalding's Essays.

(25 July): Lambda publishes a very complimentary notice of M. Georges Goyau.

La Croix (18 July): Cyr, commenting upon Bishop Foucault's instructions to his clergy, draws attention to the fact that "they are to abstain from political action *in the exercise of their pastoral ministry.*"

Revue de l'Institut Catholique de Paris (July-Aug.): J. Paquier declares that the definition of papal infallibility and the new situation produced by the invasion of the Pontifical States have not yet produced their full effect; when the temporal affairs of the Papacy have been duly arranged, the temporal power will be reconstituted on quite a different basis from the old one. When Northern Europe is better represented in the general government of the church, there will be an end to those misunderstandings and race jealousies which have done so much to foster Protestantism. And the dogmatic authority of the Pope being placed beyond dispute, the administrative lines may be slacked and national churches be given a certain autonomy without any risk of weakening their attachment to the centre of unity.

La Quinzaine (1 Aug.): Henri Welschinger reviews and criticises Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon: The Last Phase." Jean Lionnet, reviewing M. Huysmans' *Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam*, states that it is "an edifying book in the profoundest sense of the word, a book useful to souls." P. Fonsegrives, writing on Senator Béranger's new Society of Sanitary and Moral Foresight, insists that the education of purity is necessary, but that it must be conducted with a prudence and delicacy which this society seems to lack.

(16 Aug.): Henri Joly reviews the work of the last "Congress of Social Economy and Femininism," and allows to women certain concessions in view of necessities laid upon them, such as labor, etc.; but if it is attempted to

"push 'emancipation' to a positive transformation of marriage into a revocable union, of which divorce will be the 'fundamental' law," he answers "Non possumus."

L'Art et l'Autel (Aug.): A letter from P. Birot, vicar-general of Albi, advocates the establishment of a department of religious art in the Catholic Institute at Paris and the various religious establishments, since philosophers and theologians would assuredly gain advantages by habitual contact with æsthetic associations.

Le Figaro (24 July): M. de Narfon declares that the French Oratorians will demand and probably will obtain government approval for its existence, for it is unlike the religious orders in its ideal, which favors liberty and restrains authority so far as is compatible with social usefulness.

La Voix du Siècle (25 July): P. Dabry places the root of all the evils afflicting the French clergy in the fact that they have had so much to do with politics; leading devoted priestly lives will gain more for the church than taking part in elections.

Le Correspondant (10 Aug.): Apropos of the Zionistic movement that has agitated one part of the Jewish nation, namely, to reconstitute a Jewish state in Palestine, M. Paul Allard writes on Julian the Apostate as a precursor of Zionism.

(25 Aug.): P. Ragey reviews the Religious Situation in England at the succession of Edward VII. He claims that the Anglican Church, though solid and imposing in appearance, "in reality is tottering on her foundations, and her situation has become very precarious." He regards "the disunion between High Church and Low Church" as the "most formidable among all the causes" of her disruption. "The naturally religious spirits . . . are compelled, in spite of and unknown to themselves, to search in Catholicism for the satisfaction which reclaims the noblest and most imperious aspirations of our nature. Although atheism has advanced much, "Catholicism has made during three-quarters of a century, and continues to make, most consoling progress."

A. Hue writes on the rôle which Ruskin "assigns to woman towards herself and towards the state; and what education ought to fit her for this double duty." R.

Peyre declares that if the Lives of the Saints are in disfavor as reading the fault is in the biographers, and he praises such recent efforts at improvements as "The Saints" series issued by Lecoffre, of Paris.

Revue Générale (Sept.): P. Castelein, S.J., declares the leading idea of the recent Encyclical on Christian Democracy is that all Catholics should unite in a social policy for the benefit of the people. M. Coz presents a most interesting incident concerning the intimacy of Rousseau with the Genlis family and how it was broken.

Revue de Lille (July): Baron Cavois writes in defence of the study of the classical languages. P. Griselle, S.J., presents a study of the character of Bourdaloue drawn from his exhortations. V. Vansteenbergh summarizes very thoroughly M. Turmann's book on Social Catholicism and tells of the controversies which divide the Catholic parties.

Revue de Deux Mondes (1 Aug.): M. Faguet remarks on the incoherency of the Declarations proclaimed by the French Revolution.

L'Université Catholique (15 Aug.): M. Germain describes the condition of Catholics in the United States.

Bulletin de la Société Générale d'Éducation (15 Aug.): M. de Resbecq demands reforms in primary education; subsidies for private schools, and religious instruction to all children whose parents wish it—to be given preferably by the clergy.

L'Univers Israélite (16 Aug.): R. T. declares that all the rabbis are agreed that it is necessary to reform the Jewish law of divorce, which allows the liberty of separating for cause to men but never to women.

Annales Religieuses des Pères Prémontrés (Aug.): P. Aubraye says that P. Laberthonnière's presentation of "the method of immanence" in apologetics shows it to be the same as that used by Bougaud, by Pascal, by the Church Doctors and Fathers in all ages.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (7 Aug.): P. Cathrein remarks how Kant, who was once considered thoroughly heterodox, is now regarded by many as the great spokesman of Protestantism. P. Kneller concludes his sketch of Ampère. P. Wasmann presents a retrospect of the development of the science of biology during the last century. P. Dunin-

Borkowski reviews the German translation of the Life of Prince Kropotkin, Revolutionist.

Rivista Internazionale (Aug.): L. Chiappelli writes that, despite progress made during the present century, we are still far from having largely explored the vast fields of the history of mediæval juridical literature. Dr. Cantono insists on the duty of opposing the tendency to Marxism by a vigorous Catholic social movement. E. Costanzi finds some defects and some prejudice along with real merit in the new Bridges edition of Bacon's *Opus Maius* issued by the Clarendon Press of Oxford.

Civiltà Cattolica (3 Aug.): A criticism of liberalism in France and Italy, with the prediction that some day its promoters will turn to the Papacy for salvation. A study of Christian democracy as taught in the recent Papal Encyclical. A critique of the sceptical idealism of the Neo-philosophers.

(17 Aug.): Praises Dom Cabrol's Book of Ancient Prayer and promises a series of liturgical studies. Answers an attack upon the moral teaching of St. Liguori.

Studi Religiosi (July-Aug.): B. Teloni states and examines the chief results of the studies of Assyriologists. U. Fracassini sums up the positions taken by modern critics concerning the origin of the Gospels. S. Minocchi describes an old Vatican MS. relating to the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Baron F. von Hugel writes to insist upon the great honor and gratitude due to the Abbé Loisy for his biblical labors.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN this number of the magazine we have begun a serial story, and it will continue through the greater part of the year. It has been our policy for many years to exclude the serial, though in earlier years of the magazine it found a place in its pages. A story that is well written, that is full of a living, throbbing interest, that deals with the hopes and aspirations of the people we meet in every-day life has a thrilling interest for every one, and though a month is a long time to wait between the various instalments, yet it may not be found so long that the continuity of interest will not be maintained. We believe, then, that the rise and fall and the redemption of "Joyce Josselyn, Sinner," will command the interest of a host of readers. Particularly will this be the case inasmuch as the story is related by the facile pen of Mary Sarsfield Gilmore. Miss Gilmore has already earned an enviable name for herself as a story-writer. We have found that all her short stories have been read with eager interest, and it is also noticed that her name attached to a story is an open sesame to all the weekly Catholic papers. All her short stories heretofore published in this magazine have been copied extensively in the weekly press. "Joyce Josselyn, Sinner," is a story that will rank among the best of contemporary literature.

There has been a great deal of sentiment expended over the assassination of President McKinley, and justly so; but we have watched with no little interest for some statements from the leaders of the people that will go beyond sentiment and touch the real cause of the national difficulty. There is an Episcopal minister in New-York City, Rev. W. Montague Geer by name, who has had the courage to strike the keynote and to sound it loud and long. In an address delivered in St. Paul's Chapel, before the New York Society Sons of the Revolution, he made use of the following words:

"This dreadful calamity looks very much like a visitation upon us of the wrath of the Most High. The nation must realize that it is alone with

an angry God. We must get back to the foundations, back to the guiding principles of our forefathers, to find out wherein we have offended Him. God expects much from us. He probably expects more than from any other nation on the globe.

“The acts of God do not always work out to our understanding. We know that we have not sinned or erred in twice electing to the Presidency the great and good man in whose honor we have gathered here. We must look elsewhere for the fault that has led to this manifestation of the wrath of the Almighty. The sin of slavery we have expiated and wiped out. The sin of intemperance we can master and are mastering. The sin of allowing the abomination of our city government to continue here in New York rests with the citizens of this municipality. It is not national. Is there, then, any evil in this land so widespread as to call the wrath of God down upon us?

“Our Godless system of education is a far worse crime than slavery or intemperance. I believe that the United States are suffering from the wrath of God to-day because our people have consented to the banishment of Jesus Christ from the daily lives of our children. If to-day Christ were on earth and should enter almost any public school-house in the country the teacher, acting on his instructions, would show Him the door. If, on the other hand, He were to enter any of our private schools, He would be worshipped by teacher and scholar on bended knee. To see the awfulness of this comparison and its significance we have only to realize that the private schools of the land are the schools where the sons of the rich and well-to-do are educated and the public schools the nurseries of the poor. Do the children of the rich need religious instruction more than the children of the poor? Why does Christian education come so high that it is beyond the reach of the children of the poor? Here is the sin—here the fault. And close upon it follows the speedy and appalling decline of religious life in the home.

“The question now is, to what extent can we remould and remodel our educational system? To solve this problem we must put forth our best energies. Almost any system is better than the present one. It were infinitely better to divide up the money received from the school-tax among the various Christian denominations and the Hebrews than to continue the present irreligious system.”

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

NUMEROUS representatives of the Catholic Reading Circles were to be found at Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain, during the nine weeks of the decennial session which closed September 6. The attendance was far ahead of all former sessions, an increase of between twelve and fifteen hundred names being noted on the registry books, making a grand total of near five thousand people who have sought instruction and recreation among an assemblage of members of their own faith.

But there are other ways of gauging the success of an institution than merely by its popularity, particularly one like the Summer-School, which aims to attract only those who are eager to avail themselves of the striking opportunities afforded by the high standard of its social, intellectual, and religious life.

Always charming and characterized by that indefinable something which has been called the Summer-School spirit—a spirit that urges every one touched by its compelling influence to share with the rest the abundance of friendship and helpfulness, the social life at Cliff Haven is one of the features that quickly captivates the new-comer, and that by its vitality and progressiveness is a surprise to those who watch the growth of the school.

At no session have so many and such distinguished lecturers appeared in the Auditorium. During the larger portion of the session five lectures and study-classes each day were the centres of attraction for great numbers of the students. From the Catholic University of America have come the rector and five of its most distinguished graduates and professors to give the results of their labors in education, law, theology, religious history, metaphysics, and political science.

The Educational Conferences must not be forgotten. The number of brilliant men and women, all practical workers in the Social Settlement Charity, Sunday-School and Reading Circle work, gathered here for these occasions, gave to these conferences a tone of authority which will make them a centre of power.

The tenth session of the Summer-School was brought to a close after a short address by the Reverend President, Father Lavelle, in which he commended the work that has been done during the present session, thanking all those who had aided in any way toward making it the grand success that it was, and begging all to take to their homes the spirit of the institution—the determination to carry on by lecture courses, Reading Circles, and Study Clubs the intellectual work of the school, and to cultivate to the fullest extent those Christian virtues which were the very foundations of life at Cliff Haven. By these and other means he used them to promote the good work in their homes, to bring it to the attention of their friends and acquaintances, encouraging them by every means possible to give their assistance to the cause. He then declared the session of 1901 closed, and bade godspeed to all in attendance and wished them success in their work during the coming year.

Just on the eve of the closing up of the work there came to the patrons of the school a particularly opportune and felicitous blessing—the Apostolic Benediction of the Holy Father, in a cablegram from Cardinal Rampolla. It was in response to one sent from Cliff Haven :

*To His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.,
Rome, Italy :*

The Catholic Summer-School having successfully completed the course of studies in Christian Democracy according to the spirit of the Encyclical of your Holiness, begs the Apostolic Benediction.

M. J. LAVELLE, *President.*

Answer :

The Holy Father gladly imparts the desired benediction.

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

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Reading Circles can do much to repress gossip and to cultivate the art of conversation, which is quite distinct from public speaking. Even among men, and more often among women, some are found able to entertain their friends by the discussion of current events and recent books, who never would attempt to speak to an audience from a public platform. A recent writer has proposed a question, whether taciturnity is due to an over-supply or an under-supply of ideas. Men of large responsibilities are often disposed to be silent, prompted by business prudence. A very learned man may be interested only in special subjects, and thus be unable to shine in society, because he has not acquired the skill of touching lightly the ordinary topics of conversation. A certain class of people seek only pleasure in society, and show little appreciation of intellectual progress. Others, again, are too learned and rarely get down to the common level. Yet it remains true that the conversation of clever people is most delightful, and that taciturnity is a great misfortune. It has been observed that at Cliff Haven, N. Y., during the recent session of the Champlain Summer-School the number of brilliant talkers was far above the average. Some of the veranda discussions were quite as enjoyable as the lectures.

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A most devoted friend of the Columbian Reading Union, Eliza Allen Starr, the famous artist, art critic, and poet, died at Durand, Ill., on Saturday, September 7, after a protracted illness. She was born of Protestant parents in Deerfield, Mass., August 29, 1824. On her father's side she was descended from Dr. Comfort Starr, of Ashford, County Kent, England, who in 1634 settled in Cambridge, Mass. ; on her mother's, from the "Allens of the Bars," prominent in colonial history.

She had the best school training of the New England girlhood of her time, and the still greater advantage of a refined and cultured home. She was as a young woman of remarkable personal beauty—indeed, she retained much of this to the end—and was a favorite in the best society of Boston and Philadelphia. In the latter city she became acquainted with Archbishop Kenrick, who lighted her way, so to speak, into the Catholic Church. Here, too, she began her literary and artistic career.

When her family removed to Chicago she accompanied them, and enlarged

her circle of Catholic friends, who were quick to recognize her great gifts. In the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Father-General, and the two communities of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Ind., Miss Starr found especial appreciation and encouragement. With the celebrated Mother Angela Gillespie, she founded St. Luke's Conservatory of Art at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame. She became also a frequent and valued contributor to the *Ave Maria*.

Early in the '70's she established herself permanently in Chicago, in a pretty little home on Huron Street, which she called St. Joseph's Cottage. Here she had her studio and her art-pupils, and here she gave her inimitable art lectures to audiences who came with fresh delight season after season.

In 1875 she made a prolonged sojourn in Europe, visiting all the art centres, and on her return published, in two volumes, one of her greatest books, *Pilgrims and Shrines*. This was not her first book. Her *Patron Saints*, published in 1867, already had a wide popularity. Her other books are *Songs of a Life-Time* (a collection of poems), *Christmas-Tide*, *Christian Art in Our Own Age*, *What We See*, a book for children, *Three Archangels in Art*, and finally, *Della Segnatura, or the Three Keys*—a notable work which brought her a medalion and a letter of appreciation from Pope Leo XIII.

By request of the late Father Hecker many articles from her pen have appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE and in *The Young Catholic*.

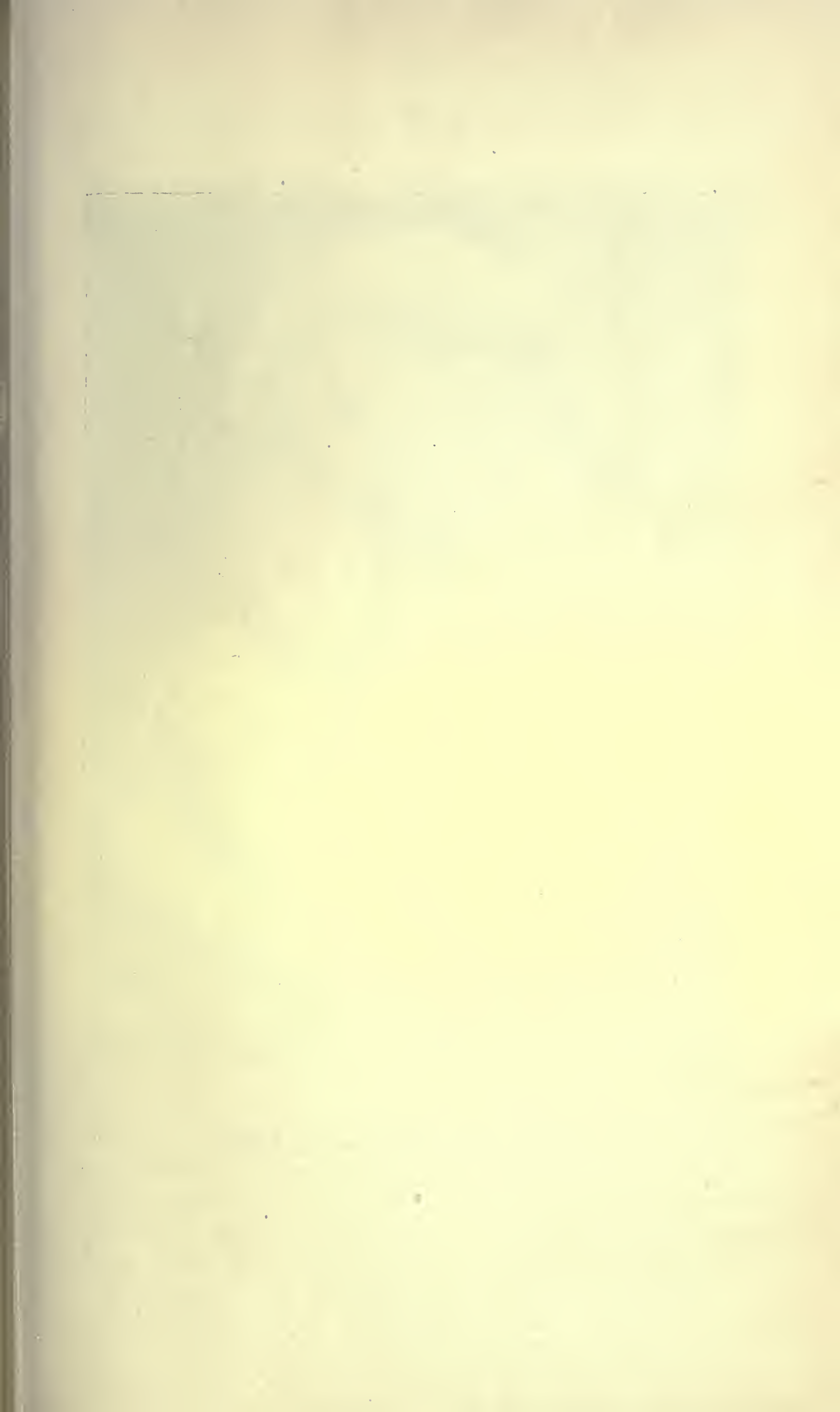
Miss Starr was very successful in the lecture field, giving art talks in the great cities, East and West, until about two years ago. She was ever active in the movement to honor Queen Isabella in connection with the Columbian World's Fair, and wrote for this purpose A Long Delayed Tribute to Isabella of Castile, as Co-Discoverer of America. She was deeply interested in the Catholic Congress and one of its most admired speakers.

The late Father D. M. Burns, of the Oblates, Lowell, brought Miss Starr to that city for a course of art lectures in 1888. She lectured in Boston the same season, under the patronage of the Children of Mary of the Sacred Heart.

Miss Starr was probably the finest art critic—especially in the domain of sacred art—in our land, and she was not surpassed in her specialty in the lands of English speech.

Notre Dame University honored her with its Lætare medal, and she had many evidences of appreciation as artist and woman, without regard to religious affiliations. She led a very holy life, being for many years a daily communicant. May she rest in peace!

M. C. M.





Gabriel Max's Madonna and Child.

(See page 157.)

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AN EPISCOPAL BID FOR A REUNION.

BY J. WILLOUGHBY BRATHWAITE.

HE Triennial Convention of 1901 in the Episcopalian Church has become a matter of history. The delegates have convened on the other edge of the continent, have spent many days in wordy discussions, have passed a few resolutions, and have adjourned to meet three years hence. On the great vital questions that affect the life of the church they have done nothing. The delegates gathered in San Francisco represented as scholarly a body of men as may be found in any denomination, and for social influence they probably will rank higher than a representative body in any other church; but attentive perusal of the proceedings of the convention convinces one that they are hopelessly disunited, and they find it an utter impossibility to agree on the great vital questions of church polity. Having spoken much, they have said nothing. There is an old negro down South who has a great reputation for learning among his own people. One of his acquirements is, as they suppose, the knowledge of Latin, and when any one throws a doubt on his classical education he rolls off a string of genitive plurals in a most sonorous voice: *bonorum, filiorum, optimorum, singulorum, studiorum*, and then every one about bows in recognition of his great learning. Having spoken much, he has said nothing.

The Episcopalian Convention is not in any sense to be compared to the classical negro. There was much wisdom displayed during the sessions. Some practical measures were arrived at,

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
OF NEW YORK, 1901.

especially the advisability of studying the Labor Question and some others. But there is one thing that they did not come to, and with exquisite tact they carefully avoided, and that was a unanimity in doctrinal teaching. Their ideal is not a united church but a *comprehensive* church. It is no longer desirable that the church shall teach the same thing everywhere, but rather the end to be attained is the kaleidoscopic beauty of ever-varying statements of an ever-differing belief. "How do you receive the Thirty-nine Articles?" said a prelate to a young Episcopalian deacon about to be ordained. "I receive them so as not to contradict the rest of the Prayer Book," was his answer. "Quite right," said the bishop, "and moreover you should know that it is the General Convention which imposes the Articles on you, and in this august body you will find Churchmen of every doctrinal belief, from the group which are at the portals of Rome to the many who breathe the atmosphere of Geneva, and the few who will not acknowledge the supernatural in baptismal regeneration, and the vicarious redemption of the God-man." He was made a deacon, and went his way rejoicing because he was allowed such a range of opinion.

Some one has very facetiously called the Episcopalian Church a hospital for broken-backed theologians, but we do not like to use the term because there is a bit of irreverence in it. We would rather say that to be an Episcopalian theologian it is not necessary to have any backbone at all. In fact, the less of a vertebrated animal one is the better Episcopalian he may be.

Two subjects of considerable interest to the outsider were dealt with in a fairly frank and radical manner. These were the question of divorce and the question of what may be called the "open door."

SUMMARY OF THE WORK.

Dr. Huntington, a distinguished divine of New York City, brought forth a motion to amend the constitution of the American Episcopal Church to the extent of allowing it, under a small proviso, to take into its fold Christians of all denominations. This is what has been referred to as the "open door" amendment. As Dr. Huntington gave a fairly broad hint that he desired to extend the invitation to the Catholics of this country to enter the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in fact that his amendment was mainly for the purpose of reach-

ing the Catholics, there is no apology needed for dealing here with this question in detail.

On the subject of divorce it was clear that dissatisfaction existed regarding the present arrangement in the Episcopal Church for dealing with divorced persons who propose to remarry, and that the majority of the more authoritative members of the convention—the House of Bishops—favored the proposal to come as close as possible to Catholic procedure in the matter.

This question of divorce, however, was not, for the convention, an ecclesiastical one, but rather a matter of expediency and public utility, and it is not clear that the resolutions adopted, one way or the other, would, to any extent, modify the existing conditions. As a matter of fact a decision by an Episcopal clergyman to refuse the celebration of the marriage of divorced parties, whether the parties had filled the *rôle* of the guilty or the innocent in the proceedings that had brought about the divorce, would probably result in driving the divorcées to seek remarriage, if they wanted it badly, either by civil magistrate or a clergyman of other than the Episcopal denomination, without thereby ceasing to be in the communion of the Episcopal Church, or to enjoy any of the privileges thereof.

Besides these two supreme questions, the convention also undertook for discussion a number of topics which were considered of major importance—the problem of capital and labor, anarchy, the sanctity of the family, and the training of youth in the public schools. All these points, it will be noticed, have been the subjects of encyclicals by Pope Leo XIII. It is highly satisfactory and encouraging to note that the leaders of the Protestant Episcopal Church have chosen to realize the importance of topics which have been so much insisted upon by the leaders of Catholic thought, and to do what in them lies to further the good work of effecting practical results from their discussion.

But of all topics discussed at the convention that which appealed most strikingly, not only to the Catholic mind but also to the general public of every denomination, as was evinced by the discussion aroused on the matter in the public press, was the question of the “open door.”

THE "OPEN DOOR" AMENDMENT.

On October 7 the Rev. Dr. Huntington, of New York, brought forth his proposal to take into the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church congregations not in union with that church, and using forms of worship different from the one in vogue in that church, but who should be willing to accept the oversight of the bishops of the diocese or missionary district. Dr. Huntington held out his hand to persons of all other denominations, and practically said: "Come and accept the oversight of an Episcopal bishop, and you may go ahead and practise whatever form of worship you choose." Not any word was said about the change in profession of faith and it was given to be understood that none would be required.

The reverend gentleman, it appears, has devoted several years of his life to thinking out this proposal, and it certainly is of a novel and radical character. As a bid for the reunion of the churches, nothing that has preceded it in history is more remarkable or startling. As soon as you accept the oversight of one of our bishops we shall pay no attention to your doctrines, or to your ceremonies and practices, seems to be the import of the resolution.

Now, the oversight of a Protestant bishop does not seem to imply any very onerous obligation. Within the Protestant Episcopal Church itself there is a variety of denominations, high, low, and broad. Some of these, in practice, show no very particular zeal for the oversight of bishops; in fact they keep their bishops as far away from them as possible, and there are on record cases of High-Church clergymen, on rare occasions when they tolerated the presence of a bishop amid their congregation, actually rebuking that bishop for strictures he passed on their form of worship, and actually delivering an ultimatum to him regarding the form of worship which he should adopt while making his official visitation, with the alternative of retiring and leaving them to conduct their services as they chose.

THE ULTIMATE PRACTICAL RESULT.

What, then, might be the ultimate practical result of the Rev. Dr. Huntington's motion? In the matter of doctrine, the cardinal principle of Protestantism is the right of private judgment. The leaders of the Reformation declared that every man should

be his own judge in spiritual matters. This has sometimes been explained to mean that a man owes allegiance to his own conscience. In that sense it may be akin to Catholic doctrine; but the leaders of Protestantism certainly went beyond this, and applied the principle of individual competency to cases in which qualifications of great learning and ability were necessarily demanded; and completely ignored the claims of authoritative teaching. This was the introduction of ultra-individualism into religious matters in modern times, and owing to a variety of circumstances it found wide acceptance. Protestantism is now, admittedly, a religion in which individualism is strained beyond its just bounds. Within its fold every man is his own pope.

The principle according to which the Catholic Church proceeds, which sets small store by private judgment, and which, in constitution, history, and tradition, is opposed to anarchy in doctrinal matters, has been rudely set aside; and yet many of the delegates would pose as Catholics, and they esteem it a happy moment when some little recognition of a so-called Catholicism is given to them. There was a desire on the part of many of the delegates to expunge the word "Protestant" from the name of the denomination, so ardent is their desire for recognition as Catholics. Yet first, last, and all the time the Episcopalian Church is Protestant to its very core. Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his essay on "The Education of the World," plants himself squarely on the fundamental Protestant principle of which rationalism is necessarily the legitimate fruit. The ultimate basis for religion, he claims, is to be found only in the "inner voice" which should guide every man; there is nothing external which can be authority over him; the Bible is not such an authority, neither is the church. "The Bible," he says, "in fact is hindered by this freedom from exercising a despotism over the human spirit. This principle of private judgment puts conscience between us and the Bible, making conscience a supreme interpreter whom it may be a duty to enlighten, but whom it can never be a duty to disobey." Again, he says, "when conscience and the Bible appear to differ the pious Christian immediately concludes that he has not really understood the Bible." That is, his private judgment must be right and the Bible must be made to conform to it. This reduces religion to pure individualism; makes as many religions as there are individuals to hold them; as many Protestant

popes and infallible authorities as there are members of that church.

As Matthew Arnold phrased it, the maxims of the middle class in England, the great representatives of trade and business, are "Every man for himself in religion, and every man for himself in business."

Dr. Temple would very probably have rebelled against the application of this principle to the law of the land. Yet this is precisely what Bakounine, Krapotkin, Réclus, and other leaders of anarchist thought have done, a line of action which has caused the amazing spread of anarchy which we have seen in the past quarter of a century. But applied to religious doctrines it shows clearly that Protestantism gives right of asylum to any tenets, however extravagant, provided only that they be labeled with the title of Christian sentiment.

There is no reason why the outcome of Dr. Huntington's amendment should not be that Jew and Buddhist and Confucianist, and fetich-worshipper of the South Sea Islands, while continuing to practise their own rites and ceremonies, would be admitted to the fold of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, provided only that they put themselves on record as admitting the shadowy and ethereal supervision of a bishop.

A DIRECT INVITATION TO CATHOLICS.

But this, unquestionably, was not the intention of the reverend gentleman in proposing his motion. One may read between the lines of his discourse on the occasion that his invitation was addressed chiefly to members of the Catholic Church. Dr. Huntington said: "Great fear has been expressed of the Roman Catholic Church. I bestow great praise upon the Roman Catholic Church; I believe it has done great things in this country. But a great change is coming about in the Roman Catholic Church; I believe that the yoke of the Papacy will be thrown off; then shall we be ready to welcome them on the right."

These remarks were followed by the applause of the assembly, and the fact causes one to sit back in amazement. Here were gathered a number of selected Episcopal clergymen and laymen from various quarters of the country, men of culture and scholarship, undoubtedly, and men thoroughly versed in the amenities of life—educated gentlemen, in a word. The supposi-

tion that they were not taking themselves seriously must, consequently, be excluded, even though this intensifies the amazement of the Catholic reader as he takes note of the incident. How could scholarly men of the world imagine for a moment that the proposal, even if voted and adopted by the convention and finally incorporated in the constitution of the Episcopal Church, would be the means of bringing a single Catholic within their fold? Can it be that they are totally unaware of the sentiments of the greatest religious organization of the country in which they live? Can it be that they are ignorant of how the Catholic Church regards the question of reunion, and what it has done in the past and is doing at this hour to promote reunion, or can it be that they are totally misinformed on what the Catholic Church is in itself? The point is worthy of a brief explanation for their benefit.

THE IDEA OF A CHURCH.

The Catholic Church, to begin with, is an organism, and an organism is a living body. A plant or an animal is an individual organism. Organism means inherent life. There are at least three different societies possessing that self-contained vitality which constitutes them organisms. They are: the family, civil society, and the Church of Jesus Christ. The word church occurs only twice in the gospels, its usual name either being the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Heaven, or merely the Kingdom. The Kingdom of God is likened to the mustard-seed, which, though when sown is less than all the seeds that are in the earth, yet groweth up and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches so that the birds of the air may dwell in the shadow thereof.

Additional parallelism regarding the organic growth of the Church is found in the Scriptures and in the writings of the Fathers. St. Paul defines the Church as the body of Christ. St. Augustine says: "What the soul is to the body of man, that the Holy Ghost is to the body of Christ, which is the Church." The little society which Christ had gathered about him on earth became an organism on the day of Pentecost. Christ, speaking of the future mission of the Holy Ghost, compared the Apostles to a woman in labor, whose sorrow is changed to joy at the birth of the child. On the day of Pentecost the joy of the Apostles was complete. The Holy

Ghost descended upon them as he had descended upon the Blessed Virgin to form the body of Christ. As the body of Christ formed in the Blessed Virgin is a divine organism animated by the divine life, so the body formed at Pentecost is a divine organism animated by the divine life. In the acts of the Apostles we can see the development of this organism. First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. All necessary powers were provided in the beginning, as the acorn virtually contains the oak; but the exercise of these powers came gradually according to the operation in the measure of each part under the guidance of Him who, through the Holy Ghost, is still with the Church.

PROTESTANTISM IS NOT AN ORGANISM.

Now, the basis of Protestantism in all its freedom lies in a negative proposition that the Church of Christ is not an organism. Protestantism necessitates the fiction that the Church considered as one body is invisible. Protestantism means an ever-decreasing dependency of part on part; organism means an ever-increasing dependency of part on part. Protestantism means individualism; organism means assimilation of individuals in the life and through the government of one body. Protestantism means that truth and grace come directly from God to the individual without the intervention of a divinely constituted church proposing the truths and ministering the grace through the sacraments. The divine organism, on the contrary, means that revealed truth and grace are lodged primarily in the whole body as such, and that thereby God enlightens and sanctifies the individual; in a word, that organic unity is the appointed condition and means of our receiving the privileges of the gospel.

How, then, could it be for a moment imagined that the Catholic who holds these doctrines as the fundamental basis of his religious belief should possibly think of coming into the communion of the Protestant Church, where the radical opposite in the matter of doctrine obtains? The Catholic, as a matter of fact, already holds certain deeply rooted convictions regarding the Protestant Church. He is aware, for instance, that Lord Salisbury is on record as declaring that the Protestant Church of England may be exhaustively divided into those who are fit to be bishops and do not want to be, and those who want to be

bishops and are unfit to be. And even though he will probably hold a far higher conception of the Protestant Church in America than is thus given by the English premier of its great prototype, nevertheless he is aware that the Protestant Episcopal Church has a rather heterogeneous form of hierarchy; that, for instance, besides the clergy there exists in it a reinforcement, for church governing purposes, of the great "Black Brigade," who are parsons in everything but the title and the neckband.

IDEALS ARE RADICALLY OPPOSED.

The Roman Catholic cannot conceive of a church without a hierarchy and of clergy without orders, and yet even at this present convention he notes that the body of men who undertook to reform the constitution of the Episcopal Church are of three estates: Laymen, ministers, and bishops. He is aware that here there are virtually three co-ordinate bodies having equal power of veto; he knows that the idea of the founders of the Episcopal constitution was to form an organism on decidedly mundane lines. He has also noted that the deputies in their speeches during the present convention, as in past conventions, have clearly shown that there are certain things which they might permit the bishops to do, and other things which they would never allow them to do. Though there was no clash between the two houses, there was a clear insistence on the equality of the houses and an obvious determination to show that any increase of power of the bishops would be resisted. All this would be impossible in the Catholic Church. It would be regarded as fulfilling the metaphor of standing the pyramid on its apex. Those whom Christ sent to bind and to loose, to teach and to govern the faithful—that is, the bishops in succession to the Apostles—would be no longer the solid foundation of the church.

The American Catholic is also well aware of the great work that has been accomplished by his own church in the United States. Dr. Huntington, in his now famous speech, paid it the tribute of saying, "I believe that it has done great things in this country." As a matter of fact, the Catholic Church has played an important part in the development of the United States, and is undoubtedly destined to play an equally important part in its future progress. It is, numerically, the largest body in the country, and its members are largely from the laboring

class of society. Remove the Catholic Church from the United States, and the strongest religious force operating in American society to-day would be eliminated. No religious body has been called upon to perform a task of similar magnitude to that which was relegated to the Catholic Church in this country, and it may not be invidious to claim that no other religious body could have accomplished that task so successfully.

The fathers of the Republic invited the oppressed of all nations to come and settle on our shores. None of the fathers appreciated the magnitude or the difficulty of the work that they were undertaking. Statistics of immigration show that no fewer than 16,000,000 whites came to this country in one century. To make a well Americanized people out of such a vast number, differing in language, customs, and racial characteristics, was an experiment which had never been tried on a scale so vast.

CATHOLICISM A BOND OF UNITY.

The first step in the process came through the Catholic Church, and the first bond of union was a common religion. The work of Americanizing the foreigner was accomplished, in great part, through the church. The results have been astonishing, and the experiment has been successful. History affords no parallel to the great American experiment of the past century, and the part taken by the Catholic Church in this work is as great and honorable an achievement as any recorded in her history.

The only legitimate explanation of the fact that this cultured body of men could seem for a moment to deceive themselves into the belief that they would ever bring a body of Catholics within the fold of the Episcopal Church would appear to be supplied by a remark of the Rev. Dr. Huntington. He said: "A great change is coming about in the Latin Catholic Church. I believe the yoke of the Papacy will be thrown off." And the rest of the convention applauded. Obviously it was a statement which they would like to believe. But it was a statement so palpably at variance with the observable facts that the secular press of the country promptly warned Dr. Huntington that he was in error.

ADHESION OF CATHOLICS TO THE PAPACY.

It is the very opposite to what Dr. Huntington stated, the

astonishing adhesion of the Catholics to the Papacy, that is the incontrovertible truth, and it is astonishing that Dr. Huntington, part of whose time must be devoted to study and observation, does not actually stand amazed at the fact that there is no tendency anywhere to stampede from papal authority even by the smallest aggregation among the hundreds of millions of Catholics now living in the world. Any casual observer, whose judgment is not warped by preconceived notions regarding the trend of the world's religious thought, will tell Dr. Huntington that one of the most striking facts about the Catholic Church is that it is one, and that the Catholic is one and the same Catholic whether he be selected for observation in France, or Abyssinia, or Japan, or the New Hebrides. Every unbiassed student of existing conditions is also aware that while the Catholic Church has revealed elasticity enough to permit the use of rites and ceremonies that best harmonize with the genius of certain races and peoples, it has never made compromise of any kind regarding doctrine or the body of essential matters of religion. Even fairly recent events that one would suppose must have come home to the Rev. Dr. Huntington revealed the serene confidence of Leo XIII. in the unswerving fidelity of Catholics to the Holy See, and also the attitude of the church which, aware that it is the custodian of the true religion, cannot for a moment harbor or entertain a suggestion of half-way arrangement.

The occasion was opportune five years ago when the Anglicans made a proposal to Rome to recognize their orders, with a view to furthering early union with the Catholic Church. Leo XIII. was aware that in the world around him souls were asking the vital question, on what terms might they hope for reunion with Rome. In discharge of his duty to these souls he neither waited nor made evasion. Had the Holy See been wily and crafty, as its enemies assure us it is, it was here in presence of an excellent opportunity for reaping a harvest through cunning. The Anglican movement making for reunion must of necessity turn Romewards, and Leo XIII. might have contented himself with allowing the ideas of reunion to work their way and might have trusted to the results. But Leo XIII. spoke out promptly, clearly, and unmistakably. The Anglicans were sharply brought to a realization of hard facts. If reunion is to be effected, it is the other side that must come in and make complete submission to the Catholic Church. The

Catholic Church could never for a moment indulge such an idea as Dr. Huntington proposed: that the doctrines of the church be broadened out so as to admit congregations holding what were heretofore heterodox tenets; for this, in fact, if one thinks it out, is what the "open door" proposal amounts to.

Gladstone, the great layman, who had more influence in the English Protestant Church than a multitude of its bishops, entertained the project of reunion, and it is quite conceivable that the great layman who is keenly interested in the internal affairs of the American Episcopal Church, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, would regard the union of his church with Rome as an achievement of far greater moment than the combining of many steel companies or the consolidation of all the railways of the earth.

But how the Protestant Church can encourage itself to entertain hopes of effecting a reunion which it is itself to dominate is not easy to explain. For, even leaving out the Catholic Church, the two other great churches of the world, the Greek Church and the Russian Church, take up the same attitude as the Holy See. Each of them regards the Church of Christ as an organism, each of them fails to conceive of a church without Holy Orders, and each of them has refused to recognize the validity of the orders of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Anglican Church had exhausted every means of endeavoring to enter into union with the Greek Church before it began to make overtures a few years ago to Rome.

CATHOLIC BASIS OF REUNION.

Nor should it be supposed that the Catholic Church is other than eager for reunion. The Pope prays for it every day, and prayers for the same intention are part of the liturgy of the church. For years Leo XIII. has been working on detailed plans for bringing dissident bodies within the fold of the church, and with a marked measure of success. A brief survey of the two great sections of the Catholic Church will help to show how matters stand and to what extent the Catholic Church has been liberal to communities within its fold.

Special rites, discipline, and liturgy are the privilege of the Oriental churches which, being in communion with the Holy See, hold the same doctrinal faith and the same principle of authority as the Latin Church. In the Western or Latin Church the liturgy of the Mass is that used by the Roman Church with a

few exceptions, among which may be mentioned the Ambrosian liturgy, which is peculiar to the Cathedral of Milan, and the Mosarabic liturgy, which is restricted to the city of Toledo, in Spain. In the East to-day the chief liturgies in general use are those prepared by St. John Chrysostom and St. Basil the Great, and, to an extremely limited extent, the liturgies ascribed to St. James the Apostle and to St. Mark. Mass is said in nine different languages: Latin, Greek, Syriac, Chaldaic, Slavonic, Wallachian, Armenian, Coptic, and Ethiopic. These languages as used in the liturgy are quite different from their modern forms. The various rites of the Oriental churches are: Coptic, Ethiopic, and Abyssinian; Greek with Ruthenian, Roumanian, Bulgarian, and Malchite subdivisions; Syrian with Chaldean, Maronite, and Malabaric subdivisions. It not infrequently happens that bishops of both Latin and Oriental rites, or of different Oriental rites, reside in the same city and exercise jurisdiction practically over the same territory. No clash or interference ever occurs.

DIFFERENT LITURGY BUT IDENTICAL IN BELIEF.

In the year 1895 Leo XIII. established in Rome a special commission of cardinals to work for the reunion of dissident churches. In the same year he gave the Copts a regular hierarchy with a patriarch, styled "Patriarch of Alexandria of the Copts," and two bishops. Formerly they had been governed by a vicar-apostolic. In 1896 he constituted a hierarchy for the Syro-Malabaric Church. Question of reunion, it is said, is at present being entertained by the schismatic Armenians and the schismatic Copts, whose chief heresy is that they believe in but one nature—the divine—in Jesus Christ. Hope is held out that they may at no distant date make their submission to Rome in a body, as did over a million Græco-Roumanians in the year 1700. The basis of all reunion is, however, an identical doctrinal life. To those acquainted with the facts regarding the Catholic Church there is humor—unconscious humor, undoubtedly—in what is implied in Rev. Dr. Huntington's proposal. Protestantism has always allowed contradictions to exist side by side, and it might be rather late in the day to now attempt to make restrictions in this matter of liberty. Again, the power that makes can also unmake, and proposals of "open door" and the like adopted in the constitution this year, might when new delegates with new opinions meet in the next triennial con-

vention be thrown out bag and baggage. Even though Catholic phraseology be more generally adopted, and even though the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States should henceforth, as proposed, call itself the "American Catholic Church," the fact remains that such uncertainty of belief and such fundamental differences exist within its integral parts that the result must continue to be the resultant first principle of all Protestantism—negation.

How shocking would be the effect were some miscreant to carry off over night from the vestibule of the ritualist church of St. Ignatius those tracts upholding transubstantiation, sacramentals, and the Immaculate Conception, and to place them, say, in the church of Rev. Heber Newton, whose recent article expounding his profession of faith was interpreted as denying original sin, the mystery of the Incarnation, the Trinity, and the inspiration of the Bible! How the congregation of this latter clergyman would raise their hands in dismay!

After all, the final question of Christian faith resolves itself into this: is there or is there not an infallible teacher? If there is, then it is hard to see how there is room for the Episcopal Church. If there is not, why then the only logical end is that to which so much of modern thought outside the Catholic Church is rapidly drifting—agnosticism or pantheism.

By the way—since Dr. Huntington has set the example of blunt remarks—it would be eminently instructive as well as interesting to know the result in percentage figures, if a count of heads were taken, of the number of those adhering to the Protestant Episcopal Church who actually believe in the mystery of the Incarnation or in the divinity of Christ. Would it be in double figures, or in a single figure, or merely in a decimal? But this opens up another field of thought and argument which cannot here be entered into.



POND-LILIES—PAST AND PRESENT.

(Suggested by a recent gift.)

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

WHEN I was a child they were dearer to me
Than blooms of the garden, the hill, or the lea;
Not lifelessly lovely as blossoms they seemed,—
They were friends for whose coming I yearned
and dreamed!

Till a herald breeze whispered: "They wait you beyond—
The white-lady lilies have come to the pond."

I pictured them ladies, all placid and pale—
On the floor of the waters their white robes a-trail—
Their golden eyes always with welcome a-light,
And 'twas their gentle bidding that speeded the sprite
Who bore me the message so lovingly conned:
"The white-lady lilies have come to the pond."

Years sped and I stood on a prosaic shore,
Where the voice of the herald might echo no more—
For the fays may not stray from the Island of streams;
Yet sometimes a whisper would steal through my dreams.
"Accushla," it sighed, "are you lonesome beyond?
Do you miss the white-ladies who wait on the pond?"

Ah! that same murmur echoed, methinks, in an ear
Attuned as mine own, fairy whisperings to hear;
For lo! a mere mortal, who knew not the child,
Nor the days, nor the ways where the white-ladies smiled,
Sends these as a token. 'Midst fern and frond
They nestle as once on the brim of the pond!

By their cheeks' lovely pallor, their eyes' golden gleams
They are kin to the beauties that people my dreams;
Oh, would my kind fairy were near me to teach
The soft Celtic magic of welcoming speech;
That sweet were my "*Faithes*" as now they are fond,
For sake of the kin on the old Irish pond:

For sake of the days and the ways that are past—
Of the child o'er whose spirit their glamour was cast—
Of a far Irish home—of a fair Irish scene,
Where the skies bended gray and the hills lifted green,—
Of a young love that chose for its symbol and bond
The pure, fragile blooms of the dear Irish pond.

My heart's haven now lies not over the main,
But above—past the breakers of sorrow and pain;
And of Earth's passing boons only this would I crave—
To rest where the spring breezes croon o'er my grave,
When her greenest of gowning the old land has donned
And her white-lady lilies are thronging the pond.





ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN ARTISTS OF THE MODERN GERMAN SCHOOL.

THE PAINTINGS OF GABRIEL MAX.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.



WHEN the "Preraphaelites" began their school of painting, in 1810, they met in Rome, full of enthusiasm. Peter von Cornelius, of Düsseldorf; Friedrich Overbeck, of Lübeck; Philip Veit, of Frankfort, and Wilhelm von Schadow, of Berlin, were responsible for the art revival of the early part of this century. They were filled with the noble thoughts and high ideals of youth; and desiring to return to some of the pristine purity and religious feeling shown in the art of the great masters, they banded themselves together as "The Brethren," each taking a vow to "shun all tricks of color and handling, and try

to fill our hearts with the old fourteenth century faith and devotion."

From the work of these men have grown the schools of Munich, Düsseldorf, and Berlin. In 1820 Peter von Cornelius became the founder of the Munich Art School, decorating the city's new Pinacothek, Glyptothek, etc.

Kaulbach, Defregger, Bodenhausen, and Plockhorst are followers of his method, yet all these artists are superior to their master in one respect. He is wholly intellectual, and his work appeals to the head rather than to the heart. The reverse is the case with his followers, as their work appeals to the emotions; especially is this true of Gabriel Max, one of the best known and most popular of the modern German school.

Gabriel Max was born in Munich in 1840, and the greater part of his life has been spent in that delightful art centre. Herr Max, as portrayed in a painting by Wilhelm Rohr, has a strong face, not handsome but rugged and full of determination. The round head, thatched with curly, dark hair, is almost that of a peasant; the under jaw is heavy, the chin almost dogged, but the forehead is intellectual and the eyes, deep-set and dark, glow with the fire of genius. It seems scarcely possible, however, that Herr Max can be the painter of so much that is delicately beautiful in the portrayal of the gentle loveliness of womankind. He looks as one who should have painted Hercules, Samson, or St. Michael, yet these heroic subjects have never interested him. He is perhaps the best known of any living painter of women, and his women have a grace and a beauty equal to Sichel's, and an intellectual life far surpassing the work of any of the modern painters.

His "Faust and Marguerite" is one of his most carefully studied works, and extremely clever from an intellectual point of view. He has chosen the moment when Faust meets Marguerite in the garden, that Eden-like bower where

"The ivy, veined and glossy,
Is inwrought with eglantine,
And the wild hop fibres closely,
And the large-leaved columbine
Arch of door and window mullion
Does right sylvanly entwine."

Although the face of Gretchen is coyly hidden, one can



MIGNON'S SWEET FACE LOOKS OUT FROM A DARK BACKGROUND.

easily imagine the shy blush upon the white cheek, the dawning happiness within the cornflower eyes, so soon, alas! to be dimmed. The roses, the arbor, the quaint costumes of the pair are all charmingly handled, and though neither face may be seen, so fully has the artist told his story that there needs not another stroke to show us the least passing emotion, the faintest expression of the two figures. It is a picture tragic in its fore-shadowings, and of it a critic has said: "It shows forth the whole experience of Marguerite both in this world and the next; it is a wonderful conception, marvellously carried out."

Equally artistic is Herr Max's painting of Tannhäuser, and "The Lion's Bride" is even more wonderful. It is too painfully realistic to be pleasing, but it is superbly conceived and strongly executed. The lion is a very king of beasts, and the figure of the captured girl perfectly pictures the complete relaxation of a person in a faint. Constant says that the morbid tendency of Max's paintings makes them better suited to public exhibitions in galleries than to drawing-rooms, and this is true of some of them. "The Lion's Bride," "The Melancholy Nun," "The Christian Martyr"—all are paintings so sad that, while one would admire their art and the wonderful mechanism of the artist's work, one would scarcely desire to retain them. Others of his paintings, however, have the same artistic quality and much charm. Mignon's sweet face looks out from a dark background, her features framed in loosely confined golden tresses, bound with a dark silken scarf. It is a simple picture, and one of the artist's best. The rounded chin rests upon the white hand; the deep, dark eyes gaze thoughtfully into the distance; there is a sweet languor and dreaminess about the girlish face, as if she thought of the "*pays de la citron et la palme*."

There is never a lack of character in this artist's paintings. He shows always power and originality, and in "The Last Token" his genius is at the full. The picture is a sad one, yet full to the brim of that true sentiment and feeling which make a picture lasting and cause it to linger in the mind. In a corner in the amphitheatre are grouped the savage lions of the arena, quarrelling among themselves, their snarling faces hungry and half starved, ready for the meal awaiting them. In the midst of them, for one last agonizing moment, stands the little Christian martyr, a pitiful little figure clad in white. She is but a slip of a girl, this little Christian maid—a St. Agnes or a St. Lucia; half blinded, thrust from the darkness of her prison cell into the bright light of the arena; girlish, almost childish, yet how much of womanliness has the artist painted into the sweet face! There is a trace of fear in the great, dark eyes—human fear, bodily fear, natural and haunting—yet there is courage in the firm lips and exaltation in the whole face; a face which would have been merely that of a pretty child without the inward light of exalted purpose which covers it. Upon the ground at her sandalled feet lies a rose, a beautiful flower, the "last token" of love flung there to comfort her with the thought that some one is



A FLOWER IS THROWN TO HER AS THE LAST TOKEN OF LOVE.

waiting and watching there, some one who loves her and is praying for her. While the wild beasts tarry for a moment, snarling together, she glances quickly up, hoping to catch a gleam from the loving eyes, yet almost fearing, too, lest the safety of the one she loves should be endangered by her glance.

In the matter of expression Gabriel Max shows greater power than any of the artists of the modern German school, especially in a certain tragic intensity. It is interesting to note how a mere difference of expression will change the whole personality of an individual. In the two paintings "Magdalèn" and "Cor-

delia" both figures are taken from the same model: the features are identical, there is the same glory of magnificent, sunny hair; yet how different the pictures! Cordelia's

"Azure eyes dark lashes hold in fee.

Her fair, superfluous ringlets without check

Drop after one another down her neck,

As many to each cheek as you might see

Green leaves to a wild rose."

Her face is painted more in profile; the lines are strong, the expression firm and proud, the mien dignified. The Magdalen, veiled in the superb curtain of her waving Titian tresses, with clasped hands and eyes turned heavenward, has a look of sorrowful resignation upon her features as of one who stood "ashamed before the world."

Another instance where the artist has used the same model with widely differing results is in the paintings of "Joan of Arc" and "Evangeline." The Maid of Orleans is represented as bound to the stake, at her feet the fagots and straw which were to light her funeral pile. In the distance are the gabled roofs of quaint, mediæval houses, and stately Rouen's superb cathedral towers, vaulting heavenward. The maiden's hands are clasped in prayer; already the clouds of smoke float about her. Raised heavenward are the magnificent dark eyes, and her expression is intense, earnest, lofty, as of a soul lifted above this poor world and its miserable happenings into an exalted realm of purer air and higher thoughts; of one who saw—

"The bright procession

Of skyey visions in a solemn dream,

From which men wake as from a paradise,

And draw fresh strength to tread the thorns of life."

This picture shows the work of Herr Max at its best: full of power and intensity; the conception is tragic, the execution spirited.

Wonderfully different from "Joan of Arc," considering that the model was evidently the same in both pictures, is the artist's painting of "Evangeline."

According to his conception she is a dark, pathetic-looking French maiden.



HIS EVANGELINE IS SWEET AND DREAMY.

“Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside:

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!”

Her prayer-book in her hand, the deep shadow of all the Acadian tragedy upon her face, Evangeline is sweet and dreamy, her features and expression showing a wonderful amount of character. All the suffering,

“All the hope and the fear and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain and constant anguish of patience,”

expressed in her face is pitiful, and tells the tale of "Evangeline" as well as Longfellow told it in poetry.

The same figure appears again in Max's wonderful painting of "Nydia," the beautiful blind girl of Pompeii. This is one of the most pathetic figures ever painted. The girl stands in a balcony, her slender figure perfectly outlined against the dark background of the wall; the beautiful dark head is in bold relief against the brilliant patch of sky shown between two fine columns. Robed all in white, she carries in her hand a basket of exquisite roses, from which a shower of rose-petals has fallen to the ground. There is something unspeakably pathetic in the expression of blindness which pervades the whole figure. The hesitation, uncertainty of the graceful pose, the way one foot is pushed forward and one dragged back, all indicate the timidity of blindness. The expression upon the lovely face is sweet and sad, and while the features are the same as those in the paintings of Joan of Arc and Evangeline, they are more tinged with delicacy, and the expression is so entirely different that only careful scrutiny convinces one that the painting is from the same model.

In quite a different style is the "Angel Gabriel," one of Herr Max's paintings which has attracted considerable attention. It is a curious study of the painter's angel patron, and very like some of Rossetti's works, yet with an originality of the artist's own. The eyelids drooping over soft, dark eyes, the fringe of curling, dark hair, the wistful curves of the pouting red lips—these are quaintly artistic and remind us of the lines:

"Guido might paint his angels so,—
A little angel taught to go
With holy words to saints below,—
Such innocence of action, yet
Significance of object, meet
In his whole bearing, pure and sweet."

Gabriel Max's Madonnas are perhaps more earthly than divine, but they have a charm of their own. In one of his pictures, a "Madonna and Child," the flesh-tints are exquisite, and the mother—slightly Jewish in type, brown-haired and very sweet—is holding her Boy with a clasp tender and close, an expression of sweet motherliness in every line of her rather full

figure. There is much of human love, but there is, too, much of the superhuman in the face of this

“Seraph of Heaven! Too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath the radiant form of woman
All that is insupportable in thee;
Of light and love and immortality!
Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse!
Veil'd Glory of this lampless universe!
Thou harmony of Nature's art.”

The face of the Baby is not at all that of the ideal Christ-child. It is chubby and kissable, with a wondering expression in the dark eyes; but it is but baby wonder at this “strange round ball, the earth,” and there lurks no trace of the divine in the childish little face. The anatomy in this picture is somewhat at fault, an unusual circumstance with the artist, whose drawing is usually exceedingly correct.

In his purely religious paintings Max is, perhaps, not at his best. His genius seems to lend itself to sentiment and tragedy, rather than to illustrating the great truths of religion. When a theme has a thread of tragedy running through its sentiment, the painter's genius seems to be “poised on wings of swiftest flight.” This is evidenced by a painting of St. Julia, little known, but remarkable as one of the finest conceptions of this artist. The picture represents the martyr at the moment described in the following poem:

“The keen sea breezes swiftly blew
O'er Corsica's wild shore,
The darting sea-birds swooped and flew
Across the foam, and o'er
The rocky headlands bleak and bare
A silence brooded in the air.

The pagan games are ended; then
The throng poured forth in glee;
The bravest one in all the land,
A warrior wild and free;
His forehead was with laurel bound,
He victor of the games was crowned.



CHRIST HEALING THE SICK CHILD.

The concourse pausing suddenly,
Their noisy clamor still,
Waited in awe before a cross
Upon a lonely hill.
Upon it hung a martyr-maid,
In majesty of death arrayed.

Then forth the victor came and laid
His laurels at her feet.
'Julia!' he cried, 'thou hast displayed
Valor and courage meet.
Oh! beg thy God to grant to me
The wondrous faith so dear to thee.'"

The dignity and grace of the beautiful martyr as Max has portrayed her are marvellous, and this painting combines religious sentiment and artistic perfection to a great degree. To many it may be painful, yet the pure little girl saint scarcely seems like a suffering maiden. So replete with majesty is she that her form seems like "God's calm angel standing in the sun," and her face that of one sweetly at rest from all earth's turbulence and strife.

Herr Max's aptitude for paintings combining tragedy and sentiment is evidenced also by "Christ Healing the Sick Child," one of the finest of his works. The scene is the time when "the Master had come over Jordan," and, as the old rhyme says,

"He is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger they say."

Within the shadow of a wall our Lord stands, His robe wrapped about Him, one hand clasping it, the other outstretched to the suppliants at His feet. There crouches a woman, her hair dark as night and dressed in splendid braids which reach nearly to her feet. In her arms she clasps her son, a boy of about ten years, his thin, emaciated form wrapped in a white garment, his little head drooping wearily, an expression of childish weakness and lassitude upon the pitiful little face. But the interest of the picture centres in the face of the mother. It is wonderful! All the eagerness of hope, the uplifting power of faith, the intensity of mother-love is stamped upon her features as she gazes adoringly at the face of the Master,

"As He laid His hands on the baby
And blessed him with tenderest love."

This is a picture with a story to it, and so intensely vivid does Herr Max make the story his brush tells, that one is absorbed in the tale told, and sighs with relief that our Lord



THE ELEMENT OF HOPE IS ALWAYS IN THE TRAGEDY OF MAX'S PAINTINGS.

could heal the little sick boy, and assuage the terrible anxiety of that mother heart.

The element of hope is always in the tragedy of Gabriel Max's paintings, and—painful as some of them are—they never make one feel that there is in life nothing but tragedy, and in death naught but the grave. He makes one feel that the high thoughts and earnest endeavors which have left their mark upon his characters will in time lead to a brighter, fuller fruition beyond.

In his picture of the Crucifixion Herr Max has shown genuine religious feeling. Upon a dark cross is stretched the "King of the Jews." The slender body is tense with agony, the cords stand out; the weight is all from the hands and the body drags down from the arms, instead of being gracefully disposed upon the cross, a mistake in anatomy frequently made by artists. The thorn-crowned Head is bowed; the Face is somewhat in shadow, yet there is light enough to show the clear features, the veiled eyes, the expression of agonized endurance. At the foot of the Cross—a strange conception, yet one pregnant with meaning—are seen Hands upraised to the Maker of the world, bodiless hands of men and women, their supplicatory attitudes plainly indicated by their clasped hands. The figure of the Christ is wonderful, humanly speaking; a remarkable portrayal of the human nature of the God-man, yet it is divine as well. The artist has marvellously well executed this conception of the world's greatest tragedy. The picture is one of the finest of the modern Crucifixions, equally as well drawn as Tissot's famous work, and with far more tragic intensity and religious feeling. Indeed, more than any of Gabriel Max's religious paintings it shows the artist's genius, and his adherence to the Preraphaelite tenet, to return to the early earnestness of faith and religious devotion.

"When we come to Gabriel Max," says an art critic, "we find a genius. Mental grasp and imagination and technical ability give him easily the first place in the Munich school, and artists and public are alike agreed upon the surpassing character of Max work."

Technical ability is a desirable adjunct, mental grasp is a *sine qua non*, and imagination makes a picture glow with beauty; but it is *heart* which most of all aids the painter, and in his paintings Gabriel Max combines a gentle, sympathetic heart with a keen intellectual faith—a rare combination in this day of cold-hearted scepticism.

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.




PART II.

IN THE RAPIDS OF YOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER EIGHT YEARS.

ENTREVILLE, like a New-World Rome, was a hill-city overlooking picturesque suburbs threaded by a river spanned by uniform bridges of massive stone. It presented the cleanly and primly neat appearance characteristic of New England's representative towns; and boasted wide streets laid out at right angles with a geometrical regularity distressing to the artistic eye, a prosperous business district, and detached private residences whose scale of social eminence and domestic luxury ascended with their sites. Therefore the acme of Centreville wealth and fashion was represented by Carruthdale,—the great stone house whose solid towers pinnacled Centreville's highest hill-top, from which its spacious and naturally beautiful grounds sloped down to the river's edge.

It was appropriate, indeed, that Carruthdale should be in evidence as the cynosure of Centreville and its environs; since in truth, as more than one eloquent city father episodically proclaimed from the civic stump, Centreville and its college should have been known as Carruthville and Carruth College, had Centreville's deceased benefactors been honored as they deserved. For Centreville had been a comparatively poor and unknown town when the pioneer Carruths of a previous generation had organized

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

a company buying up and working the sandstone quarries and proximate mineral-lodes hoarding their wealth in the virgin land across the river; and these had made not only the Carruth fortunes, but also Centreville's industrial life, thus giving the town its original commercial impetus.

The estate of Carruthdale had been the birthplace and dear familiar home of Maintown's Father Martin Carruth, whose conversion and vocation, however, had resulted in a disinheritance to which he had submitted without legal protest; practising as well as preaching the Christian gospel of non-resistance of evil, save by return in good. With the story of Father Martin's disinheritance the history of Carruthdale was indissolubly associated.

At the date of Father Martin's birth, his father, for whom he was named, was the elder of two brothers who were the sole surviving representatives of the Carruth family; and by him the homestead of Carruthdale, with the lion's share of the Carruth patrimony, had been inherited less by right of primogeniture than because of his steadfast, industrious, conscientious character, to which the weak and pleasure-loving nature of his younger brother Richard was an unfavorable contrast. Somewhat late in life Richard had married, or rather had been married by a dashing New York widow, a Mrs. Morris; encumbered by a precocious young daughter Imogen, valuable property recklessly mortgaged to full value, and a feverish craving for the New York social career to which she had been born and bred.

Disregarding the more conservative Martin's warnings, the infatuated Richard had uprooted himself from Puritan soil, and transferred his solid New England fortune to the insatiate quicksands of social Gotham, which speedily engulfed both it and him. A panic in Wall Street, to whose speculations he had been incited by his wife's ambition, involved the residue of his fortune even to the last dollar; and the shock of his financial ruin resulted in his sudden death. Then Mrs. Carruth, mercenarily wise in her second widowhood even as she had been in the first, promptly descended upon Carruthdale, bag and baggage, debts and daughter; demanding that the financial duty to her and hers, which Richard Carruth had assumed by his marriage, and failed in so inconsiderately dying insolvent, be fulfilled by his rich brother Martin, if Carruth honor survived.

Martin, meantime, had been for many years a widower; and

realizing that the youth of his motherless son could not but be benefited by intimate association with refined womanhood, he welcomed his brother's widow as a providential mistress for the once famously hospitable Carruthdale. Since his bereavement he had become more or less of a social recluse, indulging his intellectual tastes without regret for the social life sacrificed; and cancelling the debt he owed to fellow-humanity by a local benefaction surpassing even Carruth traditions. To his father and uncles, Centreville owed its imposing court-house of stone from the local quarries, the splendid stone bridges spanning the river, the Methodist church, the beneficent bronze fountain assuaging the thirst of man and beast in the central Square of the town; and last, but far from least, its crowning mansion, Carruthdale! But to their more intellectual descendant it had been left to make Centreville a college-town, by grace of his free gift of ground, and a modest yet sufficient endowment; and at about the date of his brother Richard's death, when his own son and namesake, Martin, was of age to profit by his father's benefice, Centreville College,—the glory of Centreville,—was already in its prosperous 'teens.

At this critical era of the boy's life, the advent of the widowed Mrs. Carruth and her ultra-refined young daughter as household permanencies, seemed favorable to his social welfare and domestic happiness; and neither father nor son suspected that the handsome young Imogen had invaded Carruthdale with precocious designs upon its heir presumptive, her mother having convinced the girl of the supreme desirability of the speedy evolution of Imogen Morris into Mrs. Martin Carruth. Yet as time went on, it had not been a difficult but only a delicate task for the women of the world to inspire the simpler masculine nature of Carruthdale's aging and invalided master with their own matrimonial ambition. Impressed by Imogen's vivid and effective personality and inoculated by the clever mother with a haunting distrust of mercenary or unworthy alien influences, the fear of his heir's mesalliance little by little became a mania with the paternal Carruth; and when Martin was graduated from Centreville College, his father commanded the alliance which, though lacking financial advantage, yet by virtue of Imogen's beauty and social position, pleased his family pride.

But God disposed of the proposal of man and woman during Martin's European tour, which followed his graduation. A

social "fling,"—a wild-oats period bridging the transition from youth to maturity,—was what his father had supposed to be implied in his son's desire for travel: but the junior Martin's ideals, even in his immaturity, had been neither of society nor license. He was intellectual, spiritual, conscientious, and supremely earnest. Convictions seemed to him inclusive of the concomitant courage of them; and the strongest conviction of his college-life had been spiritual, versus the worldly and material;—religious, versus the irreligious free-thought miscalled "intellectual," since irreligion is the irrational, illogical creed of sophistry,—the antithesis of true philosophy, even in an exclusively intellectual sense! But perhaps it was the history of the Oxford movement that first definitely challenged Martin's splendid intellect; which, in turn, eventually inspired his soul's response.

After a visit to Oxford, he tarried in London, haunting the Oratory and Farm Street: whence he passed on to Rome, which he left not only a baptized Catholic, but already facing the vocative revelation of a call to the priesthood. The violent opposition of his father, whose broken health seemed to justify filial compromise, induced him to defer his theological studies; but he made no secret of his ultimate intention; effacing himself socially, and sternly repudiating all suggestions of matrimonial possibilities. Meantime Imogen's mother died; and in pique and ambition, the girl not yet out of her 'teens married in haste James, popularly known as "rich Jim" Raymond, a Californian capitalist whose national railroad interests had brought him in recent business association with the senior Martin Carruth.

Then, with a malice almost superhuman in its cleverness, the disappointed master of Carruthdale visited a subtle vengeance upon his son. For many years his financial speculations had been consolidated in local railroad investments which had multiplied their original values as prosperous Centreville attained eminence as a New England railroad centre. His wealth, hitherto in greater part hoarded intact for his son and heir, he began suddenly to expend so that all its fruition should be reaped in his own span of life, already measured by the advancing stages of an insidious but fatal disease. A lavish marriage settlement upon his favorite Imogen, inaugurated a systematic course of benefactions civic and educational, and likewise specious-

ly religious and charitable,—within conservatively anti-Catholic lines! Eventually he died in the odor of philanthropical fame and puritanical sanctity; conditionally bequeathing to Imogen, in case his direct heir persisted in his intention of becoming a priest, the family-seat of Carruthdale; but with specious justice and apparent paternal devotion, leaving the rest and residue of his estate unconditionally to his beloved son, Martin: which residue, however, to universal astonishment, proved only a modest competence,—the mere corner-stone of the great fortune which, part by part, had been transferred legally to divers alien hands.

To no one was the paternal vengeance such an overwhelming surprise as to Martin himself, whose simple nature and filial devotion had never questioned his father's actions, trusting implicitly to his integrity, honor, and love. But his dignity and reserve betrayed no sign of disappointment, nor did a word of protest suggest just resentment. Therefore, denied the choice scandal upon which it had counted, the frivolous world, after its nine-days' wonder, surged past the doors of the Theological Seminary, and forgot that within them the dead rich man's son aspired to the vow of life-long poverty! His ordination, indeed, caused a transient flicker of memory;—but a distant curacy soon extinguished it. Later, as the pastor of Maintown, his Centreville associations were unknown to any member of his parish save Joyce Josselyn; to whom, inadvertently, Father Martin had mentioned the name of his college. His reticence was penitential in its humility. His sensitive conscience convicted him of sin justifying its retribution. He told himself that he had been deprived of material means for God's glory as a lesson of the fallacy of concession to the human, when the service of God is at stake!

Such had been the history of Carruthdale up to the time of its inheritance by Imogen Raymond; since when it had been occupied but transiently by her and her husband, the exigent local conditions of whose national railroad enterprises necessitated nominal homes in more than one city along his "roads." Inheriting her mother's social ambitions and passion for worldly pleasures, Imogen had always regarded Centreville as a desolate land of exile; and she valued her inheritance of Carruthdale chiefly as a public revenge for Martin Carruth's indifference,—a

hurt to her vanity which her petty and ungenerous soul could never forgive. It was her husband's delicate instinct, not her own, that impelled her to open Carruthdale during Centreville's gala seasons, and extend its hospitality to the college faculty and favored students, who not unnaturally regarded the brilliant young heiress of Centreville's founder as a social queen. Of recent years her reign had been shared by a girl cousin of her own, on the Morris side;—a beautiful and fascinating but erratic young artist, by name Mina Morris, whose elder brother Stephen, shortly after Imogen's marriage, had become Raymond's private secretary;—an honorable and highly responsible position, considering the "wheels within wheels," political as well as financial, revolving about the Californian financier. But in addition to Mrs. Raymond and Mina, Carruthdale's present season added a third "fair woman," in the person of the motherless daughter of Raymond's deceased friend and business-associate in large financial enterprises,—Boyle Broderick; whose only child and heiress, Gladys, ending at last her prolonged school-days, now joined the Carruthdale household as Raymond's legal ward.

Awaiting in the drawing-room, a few days after Gladys' arrival at Carruthdale, the announcement that the family-dinner was served, Mrs. Raymond in a subtle yet effective fashion, was acquainting her guest with the fact of her lack of enthusiasm for her Morris kinsfolk. She had never welcomed Stephen as a resident-member of the family; and Mina's informal visits she regarded as superfluities. Raymond, restlessly pacing the room with the impatience of a hungry man, smiled somewhat protestingly at his wife's desultory confidences. Towering at his six-foot height, a big, bluff, mature Californian, a typical and social contrast to young and haughty Imogen, he impressed Gladys as a monotint in brown,—brown-haired, brown-eyed, brown-moustached, and healthily brown-skinned, with the fresh, hearty look of a man whose familiar atmosphere is of sunshine and open air. His hands were fine, and he wore his full-dress with the air of a man unconscious of it; yet the experienced worldling would have questioned if Jim Raymond had been to the manner born.

"What's the matter with affiliating the fallible relations?" he inquired, with a teasing up-tilt of his wife's dainty chin, as he interrupted somewhat abruptly the disloyal diatribe by which she was seeking to prejudice Gladys against the absent Mor-

risses. "Kinship too remote for 'blood,' and too near for 'water,' seems prolific of misunderstandings; but as I have suggested before, little woman, with Stephen and Mina as our son and daughter—"

The sudden faltering of his resonant voice betrayed the disappointment of childless Raymond's paternal heart; but no responsive tremor softened his wife's cold, cultured tones. She was a sensitive woman only, with the superficial sensitiveness of the pampered flesh, whose bed of life must be of uncrumpled rose-leaves. The self-abnegation of maternity did not enter into her personal possibilities of life.

"I confess that I should hate a daughter," she admitted, calmly. "Think of loving the usurper of one's own lost beauty and youth! But if I must adopt any one, let it be not Mina Morris,—but this dear Gladys; whom, as an heiress of high degree, I welcome with open arms!"

"There's honesty for you, Gladys," laughed her guardian, mirthlessly; but Gladys did not echo him. She did not understand her hostess, and already divined that her dear guardian was not quite happy. Not to be happy seemed a spiritual tragedy to Gladys. The gentle nuns of her convent-life, who in their own episodes of human heartache left the chapel with faces luminous behind their woman-tears, had taught Gladys that happiness lurked even in death's sweet sorrow, if one but took one's pain to God.

She was a flower-like girl, with a blush-rose face, and eyes whose changeful tints concentrated in hazel. The simple arrangement of her pale brown hair revealed temples whose blue-veined tracery accentuated the transparency of her pure, fair skin. She was too slender for her graceful height, and the oval outline of her cheeks was insufficiently rounded; yet her delicacy was of the ethereal type that has little in common with physical weakness, suggesting rather the supernatural strength of a spiritual nature.

"Who is Mina,—if I may ask?" she inquired impulsively. The diminutive name suggested girlhood; and a sudden surge of loneliness revealed to Gladys that she missed at Carruthdale the simple, light-hearted girls of the convent in which only a few days previously she had completed the three years' private post-graduate course which had been her father's arrangement for her, as he lay on his bed of death. For "lucky Boyle Broderick"

had bequeathed to his motherless only child the most perilous, because the most seductive responsibility of life,—a newly-acquired fortune; and he felt that her soul must be matured and strengthened before exposing her youth to the world. While he lived, her intellectual culture had been stimulated by extensive vacation-travel both American and European;—travel under its happiest auspices, shielded from deprivation and hardship, yet never devitalized by superfluous luxury. But on the verge of leaving her alone in the world, he had confided her jointly to the unworldly women who loved her, and to the man of the world who loved him;—Raymond, his friend since the days when both young Californians had fought for fortune's first favors side by side, and whose financial interests, as his life-long business-associate, were identical with Gladys' own!

"Say, Mina's all right," Raymond had hastened to assure his ward, with a man's natural prejudice in favor of lovely maidenhood.

"Mina," Mrs. Raymond explained to Gladys, ignoring her husband's assertion, "is Mina Morris, Stephen's sister; and in consequence my own cousin, though not in first degree. But do not imagine her, therefore, to be only a mere human girl, for Mina is a fairy-changeling. She is a nymph, a sylph, a genius of the lost art of grace. To know Mina is to study from life the legends of your convent-mythology!"

"Why, how lovely!" exclaimed Gladys. "But, dear Mrs. Raymond,—what *can* you mean?"

Mrs. Raymond, preferring the poetical to the prose explanation, secretly anathematized her ingenuous guest's simplicity.

"Mina," she admitted, "is the dancing daughter of a young French dancer whom a romantic Morris married and took from the stage in the blush of her first season! In her youth and absorption in her artistic study, she is at present, indeed, an ideal! But her brother and Mr. Raymond make the vital mistake of believing her phase of transition a permanent attitude. Bohemian blood is certain to triumph. If Mina lives, she will be a stage-dancer!"

"A stage-dancer?" echoed Gladys, in ethical perplexity. In spite of her girlish, almost childish looks, she was nearly two-and-twenty, though as an heiress still a minor, in consideration of her wise father's will. Therefore she was not unaware that a justified prejudice against the *ballet* obtained in social as well

as religious circles. Yet her heart, inspiring her to championship of the absent Mina, suggested an ingenuous tribute to the dancing art, in its primeval phase of innocence.

"We had such a pretty dance at the convent," she mentioned, conciliatorily: "a Maypole-dance, given by the first *cours*,—the little children, you know."

Mrs. Raymond laughed satirically.

"Mina is nineteen,—a childishly youthful nineteen, as a girl,—an antiquely mature nineteen as a genius," she said; "and the Maypole-atmosphere of her fancy dances, though characterizing them up-to-date, I admit, will scarcely survive the footlights."

"Oh, draw it mild, Imogen," protested her husband, meeting his brows over his brown eyes. His frown was a sign of his rare displeasure, and Mrs. Raymond subsided. "Here is the 'French dancer's' innocent story, Gladys," he said. "I have heard it not only from Stephen, but also from his aunt, dear old Mam'selle, quite a hundred times! Mina's mother was the younger of the Delacroix sisters,—two gifted young French girls of a family long identified with the Muses. Financial misfortune followed the death of their parents, and their uncle and guardian transplanted them from their convent to his own conservative school of the professional dance. The sisters' graceful genius was a Delacroix inheritance; and after a short interval they passed to their first and last engagement, as 'angels' of a Noël spectacle,—the Parisian equivalent of England's Christmas Pantomime. Young Morris, an 'American abroad' at the time, had chanced to be a famous impresario's guest upon the opening night of the production: and falling in love at first sight with the younger débutante, achieved through the impresario a presentation, and married her out of hand. Meantime, a stage-accident had cut short the career of the elder sister; and the generosity of noble Steve Morris in offering her a permanent home, providentially provided a devoted protector for his orphans when his wife's death at Mina's birth, nearly twelve years later, and now nearly twenty years ago, was soon followed by his own! Now, that is the story, the whole story, and surely not the very shocking story of the 'French dancer'! And the French dancer's daughter is even more of an innocent than her innocent mother! Little Mina is a dreamful child,—to be spoken of only tenderly!"

Mrs. Raymond disdainfully shrugged her shoulders at the implied rebuke.

"Between my rational judgment of Mina, and your own and Stephen's blind infatuation, Gladys shall decide for herself," she said, "as Mina, of course, joins the Carruth-clans that assemble for Centreville's Class-Day!"

Even as she spoke, Stephen emerged from the adjoining library,—a manly figure attractive to Gladys from the first, with the natural attraction born of affinity of character.

By a whim of heritage, Mina, the dancer's last-born, was solely and exclusively her mother's daughter; while her brother Stephen, her senior by ten years, was even more characteristically his father's son,—inheriting the earnestness and strength of character which had led the fashionable bachelor of the previous generation to give his hand where his heart dictated, in defiance of social tradition. Standing slightly below average manly height, yet with a muscular, powerful physique more effective than mere tallness of stature, his stern, pallid face softened only by kindly gray eyes, Stephen reproduced physically as well as spiritually his dead father's type. His black hair waved back from a high but somewhat narrow forehead, already furrowed by frowning thought. Yet his smile flashed with transfiguring sweetness, as his cousin's announcement reached him.

"Mina coming for Class-Day, is she?" he exclaimed. "The little witch has written me not to expect her! Only her usual mischief, I suppose."

As dinner was announced, Mrs. Raymond gestured to her husband to offer his arm to Gladys; but laughingly linking her own instead, he sent the young people in together. He delighted to defy artificial conventions, and called ceremony bosh and nonsense. Socially, therefore, he was a thorn in his worldly wife's side;—a rift in the lute of matrimonial love, which his primitive nature regarded too lightly.

"You are very fond of your sister, Mr. Morris," Gladys remarked, taking her seat opposite Stephen in the spacious dining-room opening on a deep veranda. There was a wistful note in the lonely girl's voice. She was thinking that Mina was happy, indeed, in the fondness of such a brother.

"Fond of little Mina?" he cried. "Pray do not start me on a dangerous topic, Miss Broderick. They tell me I am an enthusiast about Mina. But my theory is, that a sister cannot be spoiled!"

"And Mina's theory as to a brother?" inquired Mrs. Raymond, with suave malice.

"Oh, Mina spoils me far more than I deserve," evaded Stephen: but the brightness of his face was suddenly shadowed. Mina's heart, in truth, was still unawakened to strong human affection. The youth of the artist, dreaming of ideals, underestimates realities.

Raymond, meanwhile, was consuming cold consommé with the air of an amiable martyr. The amber jelly was a fad of his wife's summer menu which his masculine appetite resented. In defiance of the thermometer he would have liked a strong bouillon, or the thickest of purées, or such a creamy bisque or sustaining chowder as was served at the Yacht Club; or, if trifling consommé it must be, indeed,—then at least a consommé boiling hot, with a generous dash of Madeira in it! Yet in all save physique, he was finer than his wife, since he suffered not only with Stephen, but for him. Raymond's sympathy was born of suffering akin. He, too, knew the cold clutch of love's ache at the heart, when repulse is the requital of service.

"Mina's enthusiasm upon her first appearance at college, at the age of six, when Stephen figured in his initiatory Freshman entertainment, is a Centreville tradition, Gladys," he recounted, with kindly tact. "At that remote date, I, of course, argued myself unknown in not knowing the Morrisses; but I tell you the story as 'twas told to me! Mina was proud enough of her brother then,—eh, my boy?"

"Jealous enough, you mean, sir!" exulted Stephen, radiantly responding to the reminiscence. "Would you believe, Miss Broderick, that the ambitious tot mounted her chair as I stood on the stage, and ruined my maiden-effort by her rival announcement, '*Bruvver Stephen, bruvver Stephen, Mina wants to dance her dance!*' It was Martin Carruth who took her in his arms, and hushed her. She often says that she has loved him ever since!"

"Yes!" assented Raymond, serving himself to rock-cod at the ratio of whitebait. "Poor Martin! I wish he could be induced to come up this year; but Dr. Castleton tells me that his regrets have been received with unfailing regularity, since Martin has become Father Martin, the priest! Even his favorite young Josselyn, his Maintown protégé, cannot induce him to honor his final Class-Day, though he has been living in fond hope for four years!"

Stephen's gray eyes flashed mischievously.

"Where Joyce Josselyn fails, we, indeed, leave hope behind," he laughed. "It is '*Veni, vidi, vici*,' with the handsome Joyce, even with invincible cousin Imogen!"

"He is such a beautiful boy," admitted Mrs. Raymond, with the pretty maternal air which dignified her Centreville favoritisms: "and such a deliciously complex character,—as unsophisticated socially as a baby in arms, yet shrewd in self-interest as a man of the world, and passionately ambitious for fame and fortune. I think that as a man, *I* should have been much like him!"

"Ah, there, Imogen," laughed her amused husband, "expect us to believe anything rather than that by any possibility *you* could have been unsophisticated, under any circumstances whatever!"

"Nevertheless, Jim," responded Mrs. Raymond with unusual amiability, "I repeat my statement; which explains my otherwise incomprehensible interest in Centreville's crude but promising graduate. I want to follow his future, in natural womanly curiosity as to my own possible achievements, if only I had been born a man! Therefore I have volunteered to solicit your patronage for him, now that the world is his oyster! I knew I could rely on your kindness, Jim. You will not fail my promise, will you?"

She called her husband "Jim" only in her most gracious moods, when invariably she had a selfish end to attain! But simple Raymond did not analyze his handsome wife's graciousness. He accepted the rare boon gratefully, as a starved dog jumps at a bone.

"Oh, if the young fellow wants a berth on the Ranch, I suppose I can make him a cow-puncher," he said, jocosely. "Or he might take one of the roads, as stoker;—or go on the staff of '*The Pioneer*,'—as devil! Ranch, railroad, or newspaper,—which shall it be, Imogen?"

But Mrs. Raymond's graciousness had evaporated. She flashed an indignant look at her husband, and Gladys covered the embarrassing silence by a question which had been hovering on her lips ever since her guardian's passing mention of Father Martin.

"'*Father Martin*?' " she echoed, with eager interest. "Oh, who is Father Martin, please?—I seem to do nothing but ask intrusive questions!"

"I thought that a Catholic prejudice obtained in favor of silent consent to its priesthood," parried Mrs. Raymond, cleverly hinting that Father Martin was not a subject for discussion.

"If you mean that we do not criticise our priests unfavorably, you are right," faltered Gladys, after an instant of perplexed hesitation. "But how could we, with truth? They are such a noble class of men, you see,—'living miracles,' my dear father used to call them,—so spiritual, and intellectual, and sacrificial,—"

"You are answering your own question, Gladys," interrupted her smiling guardian. "You describe Father Martin exactly."

Mrs. Raymond's face, as Gladys glanced at her for corroboration, was cold and unresponsive. The entire conversation seemed to her in worst taste. Reminiscence of Mina's sixth year naturally implied her own more mature recollections of Centreville at that "remote date," as her tactless husband openly avowed it: and she did not feel it necessary to be confidential to this young heiress concerning the period of her mother's and her own indebtedness to Martin Carruth, during which time Stephen Morris, with other young kinsmen, had drifted to Centreville College. Moreover, her step-cousin Martin not unnaturally had been a delicate subject since his failure to respond to her matrimonial overtures. Even though mercenary self-interest had been Imogen's dominant sentiment, the manly and handsome young student whose splendid character attracted in awing her, had not been without romantic charm for her girlish years; and though her heart had escaped enduring hurt, her pride still resented its humiliation.

Recognizing an antagonism to which she had no key, Gladys sensitively shrank within herself, perplexed and embarrassed by a recurring uncertainty as to when her hostess spoke in earnest, and when in jest;—which perhaps was to Mrs. Raymond's advantage, since it gave her the benefit of the doubt! Of her liking or dislike for her guardian's wife, Gladys was equally uncertain; but of her admiration, at least, it consoled her to realize that there was no uncharitable question! Mrs. Raymond was a woman who compelled admiration, being magnetic rather than strictly beautiful, though she achieved the effect of beauty. She was tall and full-figured, yet triumphantly youthful with the youth perfected but not matured: a vivid brunette of the lustrous-eyed, heavy-haired, peachy-skinned type, with a graceful

head, the small, fine, delicate nose and short upper lip giving an effect of supreme pride and superlative refinement to any face that combines them,—and a baby-like chin softly rounded and dimpled, blending exquisitely the lines of cheek and throat. She gowned herself artistically, and emanated the subtle yet resistless fascination of the born and bred *mondaine*, scintillating with alien brilliance against the background of the New England college town; for her ancestors on both sides had been typical New-Yorkers, and in spite of Puritan and Californian affiliations, the wine of New York's dashing social atmosphere glowed unchilled in her Morris blood.

Raymond, recognizing Gladys' interest, but blissfully dense to his wife's virtual interdict, had pursued the subject of Father Martin, contriving, as the courses progressed, to give his ward a comparatively clear account of the Carruth father and son, and explaining to her, with ingenuous pride, the Carruth benefactions to Centreville. What details he had omitted, the girl's sympathetic fancy supplied, till her soul yearned towards the absent priest in whose ancestral home she felt an interloper; though the passing of Carruthdale to Imogen, had not seemed unnatural even to unmercenary Raymond, since Martin was to become a priest. But to Gladys the usurpation seemed the culminating wrong and insult to the rightful but defrauded heir; and she was relieved by Mrs. Raymond's chance mention that Carruthdale was occupied only fitfully, save when college-functions were in session. Then it developed that there were alternative Raymond homes in New York and Philadelphia, while Raymond's own favorite headquarters was his California ranch by the Pacific, to which his private car made frequent runs, carrying as large a family-party as his hospitality could assemble. More often than otherwise, however, his wife, at the last moment substituted the sociable journey by a solitary voyage to Europe. She was one of the patriots who extol America as "the best of all countries—not to live in!" and in London, Paris, Monaco, and the German Spas, Mrs. Raymond was already a social figure.

Where was Gladys' vocative part in this restless life? What active work could she accomplish, tossed on the waste of the world like a ship without haven or anchor? She listened in distressed silence as Mrs. Raymond's revelations went on. For Boyle Broderick had taught his daughter to regard herself as the steward of her wealth, rather than its idle and self-indulgent

mistress; and for the service implied by active stewardship, the girl's way no longer seemed clear. She rejected the luscious melon oozing frozen champagne from its hollowed centre, with a sudden revulsion from a luxury foreign to her more ascetic ideals. Moreover, the epicurism of the Raymond régime impressed her as inharmoniously alien to Carruthdale's original spirit of simplicity, still evident exteriorly in the architecture of the great stone house, and the dignity of its natural surroundings.

With a fine reverence for the old estate's landmarks as memorials of Carruth-generations deceased, Raymond had opposed the innovating greenhouses and fountains his wife had suggested as substitutes for its flower-gardens of older fashion; and with a shrug of her shoulders she had dismissed the indifferent matter, being too contemptuous of Centreville in general, to waste serious thought upon Carruthdale in particular. But its interior, while still preserving the artistic unities, now was redolent of the sumptuous atmosphere always characteristic of Mrs. Raymond's proximate environment, however occasional or transitory. She revelled in glowing warmth of atmosphere, in the soft depths of luxurious cushions, in material pleasures refined, yet never spiritualized, by a delicate fastidiousness more perilous to the moral life than coarser indulgence, from which the soul revolts. Even Mrs. Raymond's toilette of old-gold crêpe, silken yet lustreless, achieving the effect of simplicity by an artistic elaborateness becoming to its wearer as unadorned simplicity was not, and glowing with jewels half-veiled by the laces of her corsage, was in harmony alone with the modern Carruthdale; while Gladys, in her modest black chiffon and natural violets, seemed gently suggestive of the simpler traditions of the Carruthdale of the past.

Absorbed in the complex thoughts born of the hostess' revelations and her own confused yet vivid impressions, Gladys had not heard the crunch of swift wheels on the gravel, as a carriage whirled up to the door: and Mrs. Raymond, whom nothing escaped, sipped her Turkish coffee as leisurely as though no arriving traveller and baggage invaded the great central hall, dividing the drawing and dining-rooms on the one side, from the reception-rooms and library, on the other.

It was Gladys who faced the portières, and therefore her eyes were the first to be startled by the sudden apparition

against their background of a dainty girlish figure. She realized a confused impression of a poetic young face under a coquettishly tilted sailor-hat,—of haunting dark eyes and vivid lips and soft young cheeks of the tint and texture of a magnolia-blossom, propelling themselves towards unconscious Stephen, who was seated with his back to the door.

"*I want to dance my dance,*" laughed a soft, deep, rich contralto voice. And then, by the transfiguration of Stephen's love-illumed face, Gladys knew that he was welcoming—Mina!

CHAPTER II.

MINA.

"Mina," Mrs. Raymond was remarking to Gladys, as the men rejoined them, "has one redeeming vice. She gowns herself perfectly."

"Too perfectly to please cross old Stephen, who checks my bills," pouted Mina, with a flash of her small white teeth.

"What about my allowance, you extravagant little monkey?" demanded Raymond, pulling her ear. His sudden intelligent glance at Stephen covered a multitude of thoughts. He knew, now, why in spite of his generous salary, his secretary seemed always so short of money: why he denied himself lawful luxuries that were almost necessities in his station of life. The older man's kindly heart reproached him for long injustice. He had been tempted to despise Stephen's apparent parsimony, which under the circumstances he had thought in bad taste; sometimes questioning if it were not forced upon his notice with deliberately mercenary intention. Now he knew that the young man had sacrificed his pride as well as all self-indulgence; for he had endured occasional hints of reproach in unprotesting silence. And Mina was to blame for it all,—thoughtlessly selfish Mina, to whom, as yet, realities were the only unreal things of life!

"But your allowance, *cher Monsieur Bountiful*," Mina was answering airily, in the pretty French idiom caught from her aunt, "provides *pauvre petite moi* with the material needs of this poor human life,—the tiresome daily necessities, to which

Mam'selle attends! In her grace before meals she prays for you always, as '*Monsieur, notre bienfaiteur!*' "

"And your Morris patrimony,—not extravagant, indeed; yet doubled by Stephen's quixotic renunciation of his heritage?"

Mrs. Raymond's voice was unresonant, responding to force of will rather than impulse of heart. Her family-pride was hurt at the revelation to Gladys that a Morris was her generous husband's debtor.

But Mina had no such unsimple sensitiveness. Unlimited fortune, of course, was what one must have while one lived. Therefore God provided for her, even as He raimented the field-lilies, and fed the birds of the air. If Stephen and Raymond chanced to be His human instruments, why not they as well as another? Mina felt no burden of indebted gratitude. Love's munificence was a matter of course!

"My own little income, most practical Imogen," she admitted, lightly, "represents my small luxuries,—my classic marbles, my celestial paintings, my daily flowers, my little journeys into the heart of Nature, the soul of the Art-world, without which I could not live! But this *résumé* of my resources must be *ennuyant* to Miss Broderick,—*mais non*,—it shall be—Gladys!"

"I was just envying your happiness, Mina, in being surrounded by so much love!"

Gladys' delicate assertion was sincere. Of a sudden her independent fortune seemed a joyless heritage to the lonely orphan. She longed to be again the dependent of love's sweet bounty; again the beloved daughter whose tender happiness the fatherless heiress had surrendered for ever. Mina flashed her a look of sympathy, but her delicacy risked no response in words.

"Is any one expected to-night, Imogen?" she inquired, remotely. "If so, I must make myself presentable. Mam'selle implored me, with tears of despair in her eyes, to be attired always '*comme il faut!*' "

"Let strangers slide for to-night, Mina," interposed Stephen. He looked suddenly pale and wan, and was nervously twisting between his fingers a letter from Mam'selle, recently delivered by Mina, with a defiant little laugh. "The library is ours for the long private talk you know we must have at once, dear!"

Mina tapped her small foot restlessly. A long talk in the library with good, stupid, practical Stephen? *Peste!* Long

talks with Stephen meant questionings and scoldings. She knew that she was extravagant, and wilful, and art-centred! Did not Mam'selle reproach her every day, and tell her that the Lord had made her, indeed, only a little human humming-bird; but that the bird was more than the butterfly, and that she must rise to the height of her mission? But Mam'selle's scoldings were different from prosaic brother Stephen's; for even though Mam'selle was old, and said prayers for ever, and scolded her, Mina, for a soulless little pagan, a brainless butterfly, a heartless egotist,—yet Mam'selle, too, beneath her veneer of codes and conventions, had the impassioned soul of the artist born and bred! Oh, to be back with Mam'selle in their own little villa, where the river purled in front, and the hills loomed behind, and the wonderful woods swayed between! For Mam'selle understood! She, too, saw the spirit of the wind hovering mystically in the starlight,—heard the viols of Nature pulse their soft tunes in the waters,—watched the wild dance of the tempest as the lightnings wreathed the tree-tops,—loved the grasses' undulations, and the grace of the flowers poised on fluttering stems! Who but she and Mam'selle responded to these marvellously beautiful phases of Nature, the keynote of human art? Not Raymond, good, kind, generous Raymond;—not her cold, hard, handsome cousin Imogen;—not dear, dense Stephen, to whom art was a sealed book! But this pure-faced girl from the peaceful cloister,—Gladys, with her delicate temperament and sensitive intuitions,—she looked like one to be played upon by art, as the winds play on an æolian harp!

“Oh, an informal reception is probable, in honor of Gladys,” Mrs. Raymond had admitted. “Already she is the pet of the faculty, from President Castleton down; and a few of the boys have been—failing—to spoil her. Had I known your date of arrival, Mina, we might have indulged in an impromptu dance!”

Mina frowned. When would her philistine cousin understand that the dances of society were abominations to her? But to this girl from the convent, perhaps, the permitted “squares” represented the acme of social enjoyment.

“I am sorry to have deprived Gladys of any pleasure,” she apologized.

“Oh, no, indeed,” Gladys assured her. “Will it be discourteous to confess that I do not think it is in me to love the ball-room? My father, who held human life to be a most ‘real’

and 'earnest' thing, regarded a 'dancing-man' as a living paradox:—a discrepant and grotesque figure: and my own ideal of the dance, quite uninfluenced by him, is confined to children, and to the world of art. The beautiful natural grace of the little ones,—the classic dances of the old nations, as revived not only by the living Terpsichore, but also as music, sculpture, painting, literature, preserve them for us:—the dances of religious Israel,—of artistic Greece,—”

Mina sprang to her feet.

“You are right,” she cried. “You have the artistic soul. The dance of the little ones, yes,—that is the dance of Nature in its human expression: but the dance of the artist,—ah! that is the finer rhythm of the harmonious spirit, struggling to attune the discordant body to the music of the spheres. The stars circle in their courses, and the tides sway forward and back with the original rhythm of Creation. The birds' flight is graceful by instinct, and the pines swayed by storms are the tragedies of motion. Human life alone is jarring and awkward, because the flesh has lost tune with its keynote,—the beautiful life of the spirit. Readjustment works two ways,—outward from soul to body, inward from body to soul! Yours is the soul-way,—mine the body's! Let me show you my way, to-night!”

As she ran from the room like a gleeful child, Stephen seated himself by Gladys.

“Miss Broderick,” he said, “may I venture to suggest that as the girl-friend her erratic life has lacked, you would do all the good in the world to my little Mina? On account of a peculiar delicacy of health, she was taken from school as a little child; and conventional social life she rejects; while the bohemian circle with which her art brings her closest in touch, yet startles and repels her idealism. The dear Mam'selle,—who is old,—and I, who am inartistic and depressingly serious, represent poor little Mina's human circle. She is too lonely for her years, too self-centred for her noblest development, and too purely the artist for her happiness as a woman. You see I am venturing to speak very frankly to you; but a letter from Mam'selle has made me desperate. She says the little one is getting beyond her,—that she fears for her future, since she despairs of awakening either her religious soul, or her human heart,—and with these still dormant, she stands on the brink of the professional chasm, like a child on the edge of a precipice.

An operatic impresario is pursuing her,—think of it! Loving her as I do, yet rather a thousand times would I see her dead than embarked on a public career!”

“I shall be more than happy if your beautiful Mina will make me her friend,” replied Gladys. “I, too, Mr. Morris, am lonely. But as for Mina’s ‘unawakened soul,’—forgive me, but the Mam’selle is wrong! In her own way, Mina strains Godward.”

“As a Catholic, do you believe in her way, Miss Broderick?”

“Catholicism is very broad, Mr. Morris, accepting good-will, when light goes no further! But to be a practical Catholic is, of course, life’s highest happiness. At dinner you mentioned that Mina loves Father Martin Carruth. His influence would be for her truest welfare. Could it not be solicited quite naturally, while she is here in his old home?”

Stephen’s face brightened marvellously.

“The very thing!” he said enthusiastically. “I never thought of it before, though Mina and I were both baptized in the Church, as a concession to my French mother’s faith, in which the dear old Mam’selle still lives like an angel. But I have n’t seen Martin since his father’s death. He would scarcely come here for me, Miss Broderick!”

“He will go anywhere for God,” promised Gladys, with sublime assurance. “But here is Mina, Mr. Morris. Oh, what a dear little vision of perfect loveliness she looks!”

As Mina flashed back in dancing-costume, she beckoned Gladys towards the music-room, where the others followed, Stephen somewhat reluctantly bringing up the rear.

“Play my yellow-flower-set!” she commanded him, pointing imperiously to the piano. “You know my daisy, my primrose, my golden-rod dances! Then, my butterfly-dance,—the one in the sunshine! Everything must be golden to-night, since G stands for Gladys!”

Her Grecian gown, falling about her in classic folds just escaping the floor, was of white silk embroidered with gold-thread blossoms, beneath which her gilded sandals glanced like fluttering, fallen petals. A yellow cloud of accordion-plaited chiffon enveloped her exteriorly,—its loose, full draperies adapting themselves to the wonderful flower and wing formations which were the characteristic features of her dance. Her hair, loosened about her face, and carelessly coiled high on her graceful

head, was crowned by a golden butterfly, swaying on glittering wings.

As the prelude began, she paused in perfect repose for an instant; then, as if inspired by the soul of the music, the light in her eyes deepened, her illumined face lifted, her throat quivered and swelled, her head poised like a flower, her arms slowly opened like the wings of a bird,—and her dance was begun!

Mina's dance was ideal,—the music of pantomime, the melody of motion. She was the despair of theoretical teachers, the rapture of Mam'selle, the responsive instrument of her own genius,—self-unconscious, art-dominated. Her art was not artifice, but nature. It was the art of the winds, swaying through aerial realms,—of the bud poised tremulously on its lissom stalk,—of the sea-waves undulating on the surface of the tides,—of the skylark soaring in unison with its soul's upstraining song! It was of the winds and the flowers, of the waves and the birds that Mina thought, as she swayed and whirled and glided and pirouetted, bewilderingly enveloped in her cloud-like chiffon, deftly moulded into a legion of fluttering shapes. Her dance was the dance as a sinless Paradise might have preserved it,—the impulse of Eve through the beauty of Eden,—the fluttering through ether of visible spirit. It suggested the rhythm of a virginal creation, rather than the faltering footsteps of fallen humanity!

But reaction had its inevitable hour when her dance was ended: and it was the woman, not the artist, for whom Mam'selle and Stephen were beginning to fear.

"Your dance is a vision," quavered Gladys, breaking the silence that always succeeded Mina's dances. "In it, you are not only both 'child' and 'artist,'—but something more. I think it is an angel, Mina! Perfect 'poetry of motion' must have been born in heaven with its sister-art, music! What a beautiful soul you must have to inspire you,—since inspiration comes only from God!"

"*Oui*,—my way, too, is of the soul! Did I not know that *you* would understand?" exulted Mina, flashing a triumphant glance towards Stephen. "Now it is your turn to teach me your way, Gladys! Who knows but our extremes meet?"

The announcement of guests sent her running from the room, laughing lightly at Raymond's mischievous attempts to

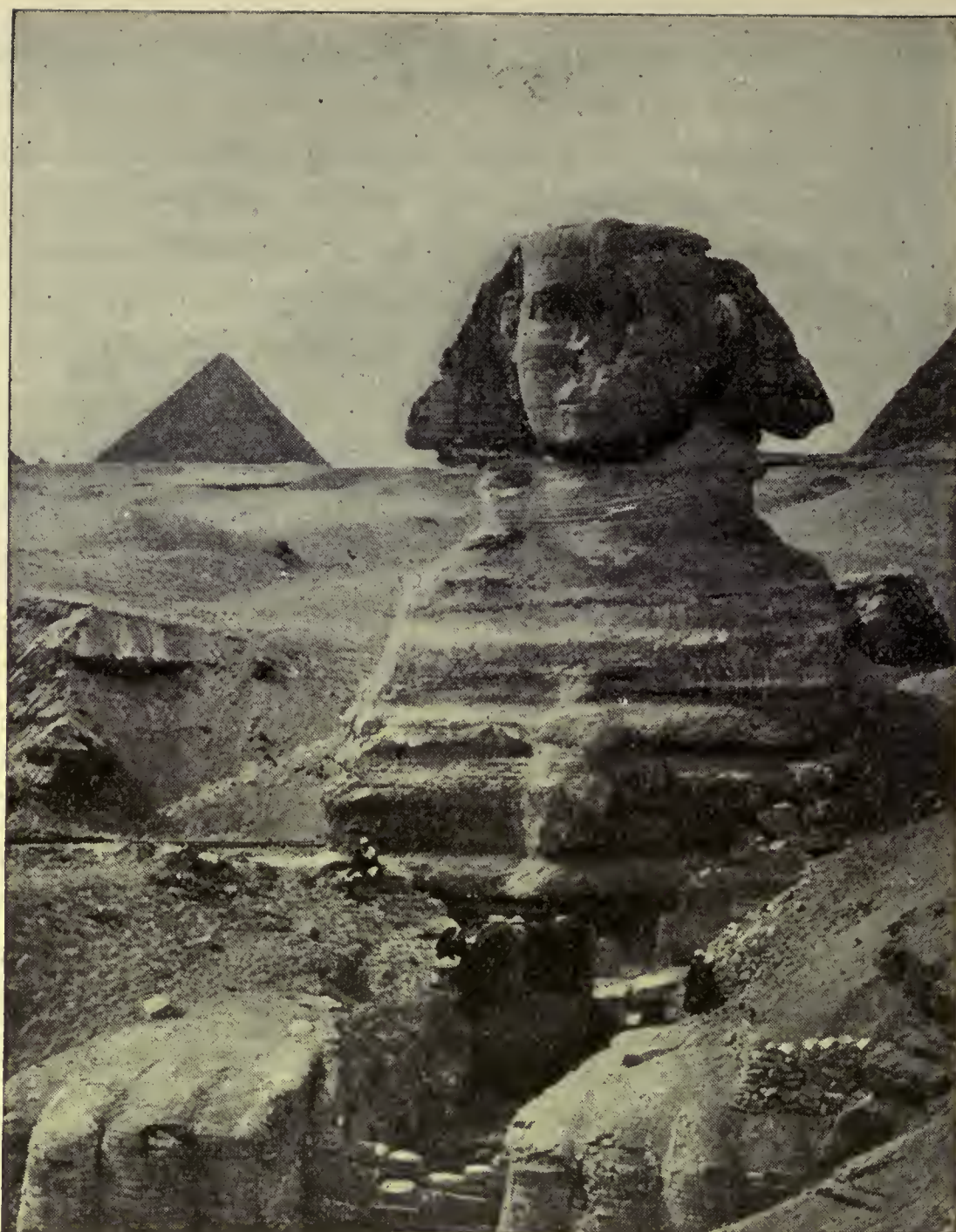
detain her. Her artistic temperament demanded not as a luxury, but as an inevitable necessity, a harmonious setting for her dances; yet she shrank in proud shyness from the scrutiny of strangers, and confined her dances, as yet, to the limited audience of her few favored intimates; reluctant, with the sensitiveness of genius and the reserve of maidenhood, to unveil her artistic dreams. Yet of late the momentous thought had begun to haunt her, that it was individual and not collective humanity whose atmosphere embarrassed her; and that the glow of the footlights and the strains of the orchestra must inspire and impassion her art.

As Mina escaped Raymond's half-jesting pursuit, the guest first announced entered with simple ease, like one confidently assured of his welcome. He was tall and blond, with a still boyish face of uncommon beauty strengthened and ennobled by intellectual development, yet subtly lacking the supreme refinement of the chastening spiritual chisel. As other youths followed, Mrs. Raymond called to Gladys, who was talking to Stephen of Mina.

"Gladys," she said, "in advance of Class-Day, let me present to you our valedictorian, Mr. Josselyn. My husband's ward, Miss Broderick. And by the way, you two visionaries have a hero in common in my cousin Martin Carruth, whom you both idealize as—'Father Martin!'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





SHOOTING THE NILE CATARACTS.

BY F. M. EDSELAS.



OUR course along the upper Nile led through Nubia, giving the sight of many ruins—the temple at Abu-Simbal proving the most noted object. In fact there were two of these rock-temples, built by Ramesses II., the inscriptions in Greek dating from 502 B. C., telling that when Psammeticus came to Elephantine the writers—giving their names—also went to that place by way of Kerkis. But far more grand and imposing was the one that met us at Abu-Simbal, being cut from the solid rock, or rather, built into its steep face. The façade itself is formed by cutting away a square space of one hundred feet, having a cornice of seated

cynocephali—truly, a magnificent setting for so imposing a structure. The entrance is flanked by four colossi of Rameses, while over the portal, in a niche, stands the Sun-god Ra, towering in majesty above the others. One can form an idea of their size by saying that one big toe-nail of Rameses afforded me a very comfortable seat. The figures are well preserved, one figure alone being minus its head and arms. From the many photographs so accessible the benignant and life-like expressions can be readily recalled.

Equally so are the faces looking forth from the eight Osiride columns in the entrance hall, on which are sculptured the memorable deeds of the great Rameses. In rooms leading from this grand vestibule are always seen mural sculptures similar to the preceding. A smaller pillared hall opens into another, bringing to view what seemed a sanctuary. Here were seated statues of Amen, Ptah, Borus, with Rameses the Great, or Sesostris. Various lateral chambers and halls are ever and anon seen, all with their historic sculptures telling in mute language of the long buried past, rousing wonder and admiration as we trace the footsteps of that ancient people, walking the earth centuries ago.

The excavation for this magnificent temple reaches a depth of two hundred feet. Others still are much larger; but being built of stone, in blocks, excite less wonder than if hewn from the solid rock. We climbed through deep sand to its summit, and were abundantly repaid for the toilsome ascent by the magnificent view up and down the river, illuminated by a gorgeous sunset.

Forty miles beyond looms up the second cataract, but being regarded as too perilous for passage, no boats are furnished for tourists; so here was the terminus of our journey in this direction. Before leaving, however, we climbed the rock of Abou-seer, giving us a fine view of the second cataract, while trying by vision to penetrate that land beyond, which can only be traversed by camels. Then, taking a farewell of the famous temple just described, as it loomed up in solitary majesty, its only companions being the two tall cliffs on either side, we retraced our course to the landing. Here we found our boats had undergone a real change of dress, which made us think another craft had been substituted for our former *dahabeah*, a small sail taking the place of the large one, preparatory to our downward trip next morning.

Let us stop, while waiting transportation, to look at these Nubian women, in the main resembling those of the lower Nile, possessing traits both attractive and repulsive. In their tall, graceful, willowy mien they resemble the general type of women in the Orient. So far, well and good; but alas! we at once ask, why mar this charming appearance by such a positively disagreeable style of dressing the hair? It is in the free use of castor-oil as a pomatum, and this not always of the best and freshest, while the elaborate plaits are adorned with gold filigree, or some bright tinsel, the ends being secured with balls of mud, hanging about the face. Imagine the effect, since so much time is required in dressing the hair that it is renewed only once in several weeks, the oil meanwhile dripping upon the shoulders.



NAVIGATION AT THE CATARACTS IS FULL OF DANGERS.

Companionship with these women for these reasons is far from being agreeable.

But a striking contrast was afforded by a young sheik, strolling along the shore through his fields, clothed in flowing white robes, his bearing being that of a person of culture and refinement. Coming on our boat, he was, at Adli's suggestion, invited



EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIERS.

on deck to smoke a chibouk and take an infinitesimal cup of coffee.

But let us hasten on to Assouan, where we meet again the first cataract, where we encountered our earliest exciting experience.

For the benefit of those not experienced in oriental travel I would advise, first, last, and always, to take an extra supply of patience and sweet forbearance, since they are qualities greatly in demand here.

While waiting for our Arabian escort we strolled afoot, or on the ever-faithful donkey, to see some ancient quarries a few miles distant. These were of red granite, furnishing most of the material for obelisk and pyramid thousands of years ago.

Our party was enlarged by some friends from New York, who in their *dahabeah* had often fallen in our way, adding much to the pleasure of the trip. Besides donkeys, a camel was added to the equipage, each of us in turn giving it a trial; but that proved more than sufficient, so that the donkeys were decidedly in demand.

On the way we passed a huge structure of brick and mortar, which was placed over the remains of a rash Englishman who boasted that he could swim down the cataract without a log, this being a favorite device of the natives to amuse travellers, who thereby collect not a few piastres. These solitary graves, often seen on the broad expanse, are sad reminders of what may be the fate of other travellers as well.

At the quarry we saw an unfinished obelisk, 90 feet long, roughly hewn out and partially raised from its bed; abandoned, no one can tell when or for what purpose.

Returning from our trip, we were told to be ready for an immediate start to the cataract; therefore we made preparations accordingly. But alas for our hopes! Promise is one thing, doing is quite another, at least among these people; it is always to-morrow, to-morrow which never comes! At first all promised well, as we passed at once within the so-called "gates," a narrow passage enclosed by high rocks, which led to a broad river filled with huge black rocks; around these the waters dashed furiously, making a very difficult channel for boating.

Here an entirely new command awaited us: four "captains," having the entire charge, with their motley crew of wretched-looking creatures. These, however, did not put in an appearance for two days, so we were virtually tied to one of the rocky islands during that time. In such cases no amount of persuasion or threats can move these "slow coaches" until they feel so inclined.

However we did not fare as many others, who after fairly starting are kept in the cataract for two days, although a few hours generally suffice for the passage.

The passage of these cataracts is anything but pleasant unless one considers fear one of the desirable elements of travel. The turns are so sharp and currents so swift that there is continual danger of falling back or being jammed against the rocks.



AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN ASTRIDE THE DONKEY.

Starting at last, ropes are stretched from the boat to the rocks in turn as we move slowly along, the men in and out of the water as may be necessary, thus acting as so many "tugs," with occasional assistance from the sail, if the treacherous wind happens for a minute to be in the right quarter.

Added to this novel and decidedly risky mode of boating, we are the more bewildered by the constant gesticulating, jabbering, and yelling from the three hundred on shore and in the water, who try thus to help in order to be the more clamorous for backsheesh when all is over. A motley assemblage indeed are these sons of the desert, in and out of every costume ever conceived by man. One comical figure was an old man, barely covered with rags, frantically waving a stick, though for what purpose could hardly be guessed. The most

useful among them had all they could do, since they must be here, there, and everywhere at the same instant, meeting any emergency, so liable to happen even when least expected. They must spring from rock to rock while carrying a rope, or dive to detach it, remaining so long under water that it seemed that they could never come out. Others must take to the small boats if the distance is great, so as to bring us round at just the right moment.

Near the so-called "Big Gate," where the rush of water is greater, the men and boys, on palm logs, launch out for our amusement—and their pecuniary benefit too! Here we are pulled up—that is, our boat—by ropes as large as your arm, amid great excitement, and not a little alarm, thus crossing the first cataract, when we go sailing on towards the beautiful island of Philæ, bringing into view an immense temple. So wonderful is it that we pay a visit, both going and returning, by daylight and by moonlight.

In one of the villages we visited we met a caravan encamped, with loads of goods to be shipped to the nearest market after a long and wearisome journey across the desert, just as in ages long past.

Returning to our quarters, we find the crew displaced again by the lords of the cataract, the former not daring to lift a finger. Here they are—four "captains," so called. The first, very dignified and commanding in person; well dressed and wrapped in a camel's-hair shawl. Alas! for the others; one, ragged and dirty and barefooted, runs frantically across the upper deck to the helm, and back again, blustering all the while, though why no one knows; while the remaining two merely fill the quartette of officials.

All proved devout Mussulmans, for they were at their devotions already, the impress of the sand being still upon their foreheads. Now begins the grand struggle with our young Niagara. Coming to the critical bend, two sailors at each oar row mightily against the deluge of waters; in a twinkling almost the turn is made skilfully and safely. This is followed by a general hand-shaking and congratulations, in which we too gladly join. Then, taking their instruments, the sailors join in playing, singing, and dancing, producing such a pandemonium that even now the echoes resound in my ears. We, however, silently and fervently returned thanks to the good Master who



CARAVAN CROSSING THE DESERT.

had carried us safely through this great peril. An intensely hot night followed, giving the first taste of the "hassia," or warm wind, attended by flurries of white sand, insensibly—or rather very sensibly—pervading everything.

After a short sail we are again delayed by an unfavorable wind. However, a pleasing episode varied the usual monotony of these tie-ups, in the acquaintance formed with young Abboo Alli, the five-year-old nephew of the reis here. It was wholly impromptu on both sides, as he came literally lugging his sister of only two years, named Fatima, thus showing traces of their ancestry, presenting her with boyish pride. Frequent meetings followed this surprise, resulting in sincere attachment between guests and hosts.

As often as we came near the village where our hero lived, almost invariably he appeared, dressed in his long white robe, fastened with a red sash, a white skull-cap completing the simple costume.

At one of these tie-ups three of us took a long walk around a field, and were much surprised by meeting a man, riding a donkey, who dismounted, advanced, and saluted by kissing our hands. Our attendant, Ahmed, being unable to speak English, could not explain this unexpected greeting; but on



our return, having informed Adli, the latter laughingly told us that the man had mistaken us for priests. So much for our attire of long black skirts, close-fitting jackets, and broad-brimmed hats!

The methods of work are quite as primitive now as in ancient Bible times as we frequently had occasion to prove. One day, when passing through a village, we found a man weaving on a rude loom some brown cloth of the natural color of the sheep, a hole being made in the earth for the feet to work the loom, while the reels at hand were ready to wind the yarn.

I must here give the men credit for being quite as industrious as the women, seeing them often spinning the yarn with their fingers on a spindle, while walking, and also knitting. Yet the drudgery still falls to the lot of the latter, as bringing water, grinding grain, and working in the fields. We saw some very nice needle-work in the hands of the women at the street corners, also stitching and embroidery.

All the people are very superstitious, believing in charms. One of the maids in a party of travellers crossing our route went with their steward for milk; but she was not allowed to see the cow, fearing the girl would give her "the evil eye."

Our last landing was at a point where we took donkeys for a ride over the site of old Memphis. Little, however, remains

of the far-famed city save a statue of Rameses, prostrate on its face in a hollow, which at high Nile is flooded. At this time it was partially exposed.

Thus could I continue recalling the events of this Egyptian winter, a pleasure with which few of life's memories can compare. Though so widely separated from those charming scenes, still the pictures recur not less vividly than when they were to me veritable realities. However, having far exceeded the limits at first proposed in these reminiscences, I must now turn my back on Alexandria, bidding adieu to that charming country, to that sea, with its iridescent, ever varying play of colors in most exquisite shades, and to that delicious air as if redolent with heaven's own breath.

With our steamer's prow turned westward, our quickly beating hearts respond to the glad refrain:

"Home again, from a foreign shore."

GEORGE H. MILES.

BY THOMAS E. COX.



AIL to the bard whose peerless song
On duty, beauty, love, and truth,
Though read at first in careless youth,
Rings still in memory clear and strong!
That bard I'll praise. His heaven-sent flame,
His genius, ardor, art, and skill,
Though he is gone, all linger still
And plead for him his right to fame.
I've read Christine with tears and smiles,
And learned to praise the poet Miles.

WARNINGS AND TEACHINGS OF THE CHURCH ON ANARCHISM.

BY THEODORE L. JOUFFROY.

IN a circular letter sent to the clergy of the Archdiocese of New York on receipt of the news of the death of President McKinley, Archbishop Corrigan requested them to impress upon the faithful the constant teachings of the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., against the errors of Socialism. "In this way," he said, "we will contribute, modestly it is true, yet not without fruit, to strengthen and intensify public opinion on this most important subject."

"Pope Leo XIII. denounced the pest of socialism and anarchy in his very first encyclical letter, and on many later occasions."

"These teachings of the Sovereign Pontiff are directed to the working classes and to peoples of various nationalities. They are all based on truths of sacred Scriptures, on the lessons of sound philosophy, and the results of human experience. With our enjoyment of great liberty we need also the chastening restraint of authority, of respect and reverence for our rulers, remembering 'there is no authority but from God.'"

The appalling crime which cast the entire nation in mourning was the result of a forgetfulness, more or less proximate or remote, of the fact that "there is no authority but from God." Anarchy, in fact—as has been pointed out by Pope Leo XIII. in several of his prophetic encyclicals, wherein he invited with surprising and seemingly unnecessary insistence the attention of the nations of the world to the plague-spot with which modern society is menaced—has its root in the so-called liberalistic doctrine which extols human liberty to a species of autonomous power, determining for itself its own rights and its own duties, with a complete independence of any law superior to human nature. In a word, the basis and foundation of anarchy is in atheism.

Anarchy or anarchism, in political philosophy, may be defined as the theory which proclaims the superiority of that form of human existence which is based upon absolute individual liberty and freedom from all direct government of man by man.

The most noted expounder of this theory was Pierre Joseph Proudhon, who lived in the first half of the last century, and whose views were adopted with various modifications by many agitators.

ANARCHISM AN ORGANIZED MENACE.

It is only in the present generation, however, that anarchy, or anarchism as it is understood in its specific sense, nowadays, came into being. The anarchist in this sense is a person who advocates the absence of all government as the political ideal, and who is willing to see all constituted forms and institutions of society and government, all law and order, and all rights of property overthrown by violence, with no purpose, however, of establishing any other system of order in their place. This anarchism draws its origin from Russian nihilism. It was Bakounine who brought it into being in the organic form in which it now exists. He likewise drew up for it a theoretical and practical method in his sadly celebrated "Revolutionary Catechism." Here are some samples of its doctrines drawn from the first chapter of the Catechism:

"First, the Revolutionary is vested with a sacred character. Personally he has no possessions, neither interest, sentiment, property, nor even name; all in him is absorbed by one object, by one thought, by one sole passion, the Revolution.

"Second, in the depths of his being he has broken in an absolute manner every bond with all the civil existing order, with all the civilized world, with all the laws, customs, and systems of morality; an implacable adversary, he does not live for other motives than to procure the destruction of these.

"Third, the Revolutionary is full of contempt for the doctrinary system and for all modern science; he knows but one thing well—destruction. If he studies mechanics, physics, chemistry, and sometimes even medicine, he does it for the sole purpose of educating himself to destroy. And for the same purpose he dedicates himself to the study of living science, to the study of men, of their character, and of their present social condition. But his desire will always be to arrive in the promptest manner and with the greatest possible surety at the destruction of the actual and ignoble state of society.

"Fourth, the Revolutionary despises public opinion and simultaneously hates and despises morality as it is practised in all its various manifestations. For him all that favors the triumph

of the Revolution is legitimate, and all that opposes it is immoral and criminal."

This doctrine is the basis on which modern anarchism is constructed, and the error which has been committed, even by legislators in our own day, is the misunderstanding of the fact that anarchism really represents an organized system of theoretical doctrine and of practical action, and that it represents an organization of persons avowed to such theory and practice.

It has been somewhat commonly supposed that the anarchist, on account of his placing individuality and individualism as the chief objects of his worship, thought and acted alone, independent of any community or interest with his fellows. The ever-regrettable incident at Buffalo on the 6th of September ought to be the cause of all sensible and civilized men at length heeding the warning of Pope Leo XIII. on this very point, and adopting his advice for the suppression of the social evil with which this country is now clearly shown to be menaced. A brief review of the history of anarchy would seem to be a necessary preliminary to the right understanding of the evil and the right interpretation of the means of coping with it.

HISTORY OF ANARCHISM.

Anarchism has been said, by one of its most cultured exponents, to follow from the equal and inalienable rights of the individual to happiness and to the free development of himself. This right, it is claimed by the anarchists, is opposed by such principles and institutions as centralized power, religion, family, ownership of property, militarism, patriotism, and the like. If the individual, and his right to happiness and to free self-development are the ideal, then these obstacles must be warred down by him.

In proving the adage that there is nothing new under the sun, it is easy enough for those who love to devote themselves to mere speculation to go back and find in history instances that seem to show the early existence of anarchistic doctrines. There were mystic sects, for instance, in the Middle Ages, who seem, when they had fallen away from obedience to rightful authority, to have become enmeshed in these fallacious anarchistic theories and to have tried to follow out that principle of anarchism which lays down that it is possible and just that a state of communistic and fraternal conventions should replace the existing state of oppressive and unjust laws. Doctrines of

this kind were expounded by Rousseau and other philosophers of the eighteenth century. Later on Proudhon adopted the name Anarchy, and then Bakounine became the father of the modern system.

It will be noted that Pope Leo XIII. in his encyclicals dwells upon Socialism as a great evil and treats anarchy as one of the offshoots, and as the most outrageous and deplorable product of the genus Socialism.

BAKOUNINE AND HIS DISCIPLES.

As a matter of fact modern anarchy had its origin in Communistic Socialism. The Russian, Bakounine, had differentiated his system from that of the German Marx, upholding radical individualism as against socialistic authority. It was at the socialist congress at The Hague, on September 29, 1872, that Bakounine broke away from his fellows. He promptly found supporters among the Latin races, and in the following year at the Peace Congress at Berne he exposed a systematic doctrine and formally organized the International Federation of the Jura. Thus in Switzerland was started for the first time an organized system of anarchy.

Bakounine did not live long. Krapotkin and Réclus then became the leaders of the movement. These three were men of marked intelligence. Élisée Réclus, the Frenchman, is claimed to be the greatest geographer that the world has yet known, and the claim indeed cannot easily be refuted. Krapotkin, also, is a man of talent of a high order. These men, however, soon found that the proselytes whom they made were not likely to remain satisfied with the doctrine as they taught it. It was a theoretical and philosophical species of anarchism with which they indulged themselves, but their less cultured followers promptly demanded something more practical and even intelligible to themselves. Then came the subdivisions of anarchism, and this system of political philosophy degenerated into the most awful menace with which society has ever been concerned. The uncultured anarchists, godless, discontented, and disinclined to work, demanded action.

The ideal being the abolition of all government, and one of the principles being that the adoption of legal means for this purpose would be the abdication of the rights of the individual, it almost follows of itself that the so-called propaganda-by-action must ultimately be introduced. As a matter of fact, at

the congress held at Freiburg in 1878 it was decided to proceed to action, and in that very year several attempts were made against sovereigns. France, Italy, and Spain promptly furnished converts, and the matter was taken up a couple of years later in Germany when a struggle between the socialists and anarchists began. In 1881 an Anarchist Congress was held in London, and the rapidity of the development of the new theory may be seen in the following resolutions which were then adopted:

RESOLUTIONS OF THE LONDON ANARCHIST CONGRESS.

"The Revolutionaries of all countries unite to prepare for Social Revolution. They form an International Association of Revolutionary Socialistic Workmen. The seat of the association is to be in London. Sub-committees will be located in Paris, Geneva, and New York. Sections, with an executive committee of three members, will be created wherever a sufficient number of adepts are found. The committees of each country will maintain relations between themselves, and there will be a head committee to render account of the state of things and to facilitate informations. They will have money at their disposal in order to buy poisons and arms, and will endeavor to discover the most suitable locations where, the occasion occurring, mines can be laid with which to blow buildings into the air. In order to reach the desired goal—the annihilation, namely, of sovereigns, ministers, nobility, clergy, great capitalists, and other such rascals—every means is licit. On this account a special application to the study of chemistry and to the construction of explosive materials is suggested, as these are the most powerful weapons which we choose.

"The head committee will have at its side an executive committee, or bureau of information, charged with the correspondence and with the execution of decisions reached by the head committee."

Thereupon anarchism began to make itself effectually felt in the world. In 1882 came the troubles at Montceau-les-Mines, and explosions at a theatre and at a military barracks in Lyons, and then, after some minor incidents of the same kind, came, a few years later, the anarchist trouble in Chicago. After this followed what has been called "the literary development of anarchy," in which able writers, such as Krapotkin, Élisée Réclus, Amilcare Cipriani, Jean Grave, Milato, Sebastian Faure, and Louise Michel figured prominently.

In 1892 Paris was thrown into a panic by numerous explosions, which were followed by the arrest and execution of Ravachol; and in the following year a bomb was thrown by the anarchist Salvador in the crowded Liceo Theatre in Barcelona, killing fifteen persons on the spot and mortally injuring two score more. A little later came the bomb-throwing by the anarchist Vallaint in the French Chamber of Deputies, when over eighty persons were more or less seriously injured.

After this attack the French Parliament, on the initiative of the Casimir-Perier ministry, passed four laws which were aimed at the anarchists—three of these laws modifying the existing laws on the press, on explosives, and on associations; the fourth putting at the disposal of the Home Office a credit of 820,000 francs destined to supply special secret service and police surveillance over the anarchists.

STRIKING AT CROWNED HEADS.

Heretofore the militant anarchists had devoted their attention to what they called "striking in the heap," viz. : throwing bombs where a number of persons would be liable to be injured. From the year 1894, however, a new period in the anarchists' propaganda-by-action was inaugurated, their method now being to attack the individual and to strike at crowned heads or the chief authority in the state.

The first victim was President Carnot. Following his assassination a law was passed by the French Chamber of Deputies creating a new crime, namely, that of anarchist propaganda, and a very violent effort was made to suppress anarchy in France. But anarchism seemed only to grow and to wax strong under legislative repression. Italy soon became a hotbed of it. A startling anarchistic attack was made in Liège, Belgium, by Muller, and then symptoms of the social evil in its new form soon became discernible in Austria, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and England. In Greece the banker Francopulis was assassinated at Patras by Matialis, who confessed the crime and boasted of his affiliation with the sect. In 1896 a bomb was thrown by the Spaniard Ascheri during the Corpus Christi procession at Barcelona, with the result that eight persons were killed and forty seriously wounded. Then the Spanish prime minister, Canovas, was murdered at Santa Agueda, and later on came the crimes of more recent and more conspicuous character which shocked the civilized world: the assassination of Empress

Elizabeth of Austria, of King Humbert of Italy, and, most recently of all, the assassination of President McKinley.

Significant proof of the wide spread of organized anarchism may be discerned in the fact that at the anarchist congress at Zurich were found a delegate from Australia, two delegates from Brazil, and three from North America.

WOMEN ARE VIOLENT VOTARIES.

Particularly shocking to all endowed with any sense of religion and true morality is the fact that among the most violent votaries of the anarchist sect are to be found women. Russia is the chief field of female anarchistic endeavor. Women of even the most elevated social rank in that country, such as Natalia Armefeld, Barbara Batinskowa, Sofia Perowskaia, Sofia Loeschern de Herzfeld, are willing to condemn themselves to labor in the fields and to working in factories merely in the hope of obtaining converts to anarchism; and these women are not to be confused with the utterly degenerate class of petroleum-throwing females who distinguished themselves at the time of the French Commune. These, on the contrary, are young women of culture and education, who, in most instances, have obtained university degrees. They are of the type of "free woman," who is now formed by the science which professes to despise religion; a type that boasts of equality with man, and, like man, handles the dagger and the revolver. These women despise death, renounce their families, and even go through a fictitious formula of marriage merely for the purpose of obtaining greater freedom. They become misled with a species of enthusiasm, and even delirium, for crimes of blood if committed in the interests of the revolution.

Some of the best informed authorities in Europe have long held that the United States was liable to prove a danger to the world in becoming a nursery of anarchists, and in neglecting to maintain rigorous surveillance over them. A warning which, irrespectively of the question of accuracy in detail, is certainly striking and impressive, was issued just two months ago by the *Civiltà Cattolica* on this subject. It said: "Although the anarchist propaganda seeks proselytes from the various quarters of the globe, nevertheless in no other place as in the United States has it been able to securely fix its centre of action. What fills the world with dread is the quantity of homicidal arms which come from America and are placed in the hands of the anar-

chists as the terrible instruments for their propaganda-by-action.

"In New York and Philadelphia infernal machines of every kind are constructed, and not rarely anarchists of all nationalities come in numbers from the United States after they have been chosen as the ministers of a new 'execution.'

"The newspaper which excites to assassination, the manufacturer who, for the sake of vile gain, knowingly furnishes the means of destruction and death, and the travelling anarchist with his infernal machine, ought all to be considered accomplices in the crime consummated by anarchy."

THE REMEDY MAY BE FOUND IN THE SPREAD OF RELIGION.

From what has above been said it must appear that among the important lessons that all law-abiding citizens must take to heart on the subject of anarchism is that an organization exists of a very effective and resolute character, and that against that organization the nation must band itself for its protection.

Pope Leo XIII. in his encyclicals has pointed out the only means of dealing with these terrible parasites and noxious microbes of the social body. Those in existence must be prevented from wreaking evil by isolation, by constant surveillance, and by swift and vigorous punishment whenever, despite the nation's watchfulness, they have succeeded in perpetrating crime.

The true preventive of anarchism is in the spread of religious sentiment. The climax of absurdity has been reached when certain writers on the subject of anarchism, such as the French Deputy Alexander Berard, claims that it is religion and religious education that lead to anarchy in the first instance. This statement is so inane that it needs no refutation, but is worth mentioning only as showing the obstacles to a true solution of the problem that can be opposed by the enemies of the church.

Leo XIII. clearly shows that religion is the only safeguard against the evil, and that such is the case must be obvious to every reflective person who realizes that anarchism, as it is admitted by the leaders of the sect themselves, has its radical foundation in a belief in the existence of no higher authority than man himself, and of no other end of human life than the pursuit of pleasure by the individual, and in the total ignorance or wilful forgetfulness of what should be the great dominant principle of all systems of political philosophy, that "there is no authority but from God."

THE ART OF PREACHING IN MEDIÆVAL TIMES.

BY REV. LUCIAN JOHNSTON.



DOUBTLESS many of our kind readers, in the intervals when their attention was not taken up by the aimless yet intent consideration of a particular fly "running his hands through his hair" (as Eugene Fields says), or of the nodding of a drowsy neighbor's head during the delivery of an unusually dull sermon, must have amused themselves with such conundrums as the following concerning the art of preaching in general. How is it, for instance, that the art never seems to grow better, not to mention perfect, considering how long the clergy have been at the trade? Or does the art have its periods of excellence and decay like other literary branches? What were the characteristics of the so-called great preachers of past times, even back in that dim mediæval age? What, in fine, is there in preaching that makes it such an apparent necessity of religious cult, that makes churches insist upon its exercise and all peoples run to it, despite the usual mediocre kind served up to them.

It was with a hope of finding an answer to some of these questions that the writer perused the two little and somewhat out-of-the-way books which inspired this writing.* Nor does he think his labor fruitless, for they clear up the difficulties, to some extent at least, by proving the intimate connection between good preaching and the prosperity of the church in general, and by indicating what would seem to be some of the essential characteristics of good preaching.

A MEDIÆVAL SERMON.

Let us begin with mediæval times, taking the term in its broadest acceptation as denoting the ages intervening between ancient and post-reformation periods.

* *Post-mediæval Preachers*, by Baring-Gould (1865), and *Mediæval Preachers*, by Rev. J. M. Neale (1856). See also *Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets*, by Edwin P. Hood (London, 1867); also a review of Baring-Gould's work in the *London Quarterly*, vol. xl.; an article on "Preaching before the Reformation," in the *Evangelical Review*, vol. xviii. All of these refer to various other works, both modern and mediæval, bearing on the matter. Some references can likewise be found in *Parish Priests and their People in the Middle Ages in England*, by Rev. E. L. Cutts (London, 1898, S. P. C. K.) Reference to the Patrology will give many mediæval sermons in the original.

It is not so easy as one might imagine to form an idea of mediæval sermons, even of those which have come down to us, because we cannot always be sure that we have them as they were actually delivered. Some may be only a concatenation of rough notes, as is probably the case of many accredited to St. Anthony of Padua. This fact would keep the reader well on his guard concerning the marginal references and after insertions common to such a note system. Some, too, were extemporary and hastily taken down by some ardent admirer of the preacher, and perhaps edited without his knowledge and correction, such as probably were many sermons of Augustine and Venerable Bede. In passing, it is to be noted that the Puritans were not, as has been supposed, the inventors of extemporary preaching; the practice was distinctly mediæval, and was stopped about the time of Elizabeth.

As to the language, we again meet with difficulties to determine which were in Latin and which in the countless dialects of the day, which so continually fluctuated, both as to the speaking and the writing, that it is a matter of wonder how the missionaries could, in many cases, have done the work they are credited with, unless we presuppose on the part of the masses a much greater knowledge of Latin than is commonly supposed.* This, however, would seem to be probable, namely, that the "*Sermones ad Populum*" of the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries were generally delivered in the vernacular, and extemporary, and afterwards translated into Latin either by the orator himself or some hearer.

CHARACTER OF THE AUDIENCE.

This brings us to the question of the character of the audience itself; for, in estimating the value of a sermon, it is necessary, of course, to know whether the audience be lay or cleric, unlearned or learned, etc. Those addressed to parish congregations would naturally be of a less learned character; they were, in fact, almost always based on the Gospel or the Epistle, whilst in England, at least, a no inconsiderable portion of preaching seems to have been devoted to the simplest explanations of faith, work which we nowadays relegate for the most part to the Sunday-school. The sermons to the clergy were, as they are now and probably always will be, of an admonitory and somewhat complaining character—a very important fact to bear in

* *Vie de Saint Bernard*, par l'Abbé Vaccaudard, i. p. 459.

mind in estimating the truth of such discourses as aids to either past or present history of clerical morals. So then, in the discourses pronounced at synods, episcopal visitations of the Middle Ages, we find the customary complaints against the clergy's remissness, negligence, degeneracy from the "good old times," etc.: thus St. Anselm in Normandy and Canterbury, St. Hildebert at Tours, St. Norbert at Magdeburg, and Peter of Blois. Were we to believe them, we would considerably modify the estimate of that person who, we are told, first formed his idea of the Middle Ages as a time of "holy priests, holy monks, happy people, holy everybody"; all the more so if we read much of the satirical literature of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries to be found in Mr. Wright's *Satirical Poets of the Twelfth Century* (R. S. 1872), *The Political Songs of England* (London, 1839), *Political Poems and Songs* (London, 1859).

However, the world is too sensible to look for history either in sermons or poetry, except indirectly. Therefore, bearing well in mind this as well as the other above-mentioned points of caution, the reader can proceed with more safety to a consideration of the sermons themselves—the matter, style, arrangement.

GRASP OF SCRIPTURE.

Now what will strike the average non-Catholic as so very strange, in view of the current opinion to the opposite, is the almost marvellous grasp of Scripture of the typical mediæval preacher, whether we consider the number of quotations, their variety, or the interpretation of the same. Neale estimates as ten to one the ratio between a mediæval sermon and that of a modern divine, as regards the number of texts customarily cited. The contrast is still greater when we turn to the manner of citation: the mediæval preacher citing naturally, easily, logically as one saturated with Scripture from its being his own daily spiritual food; the modern ill at ease, tacking on a quotation here and there, often uselessly, altogether with the air of a man who feels rather shaky when treating an unfamiliar subject; the one evidently read the Scriptures, the other only the concordance and index.

Our non-Catholic reader might, however, make an exception in the way of an objection to the mystical interpretation of Scripture characteristic of the mediæval mind as contrasted with

the modern more literal and doctrinal method. The objection is not without some justification. Vieyra, called the "last of the mediæval preachers," though living considerably after them, very warmly condemns this unnatural twisting of the plain sense of Scripture; long before him, St. Jerome and St. Charles Borromeo had issued a like warning.*

Still, with regard to this mysticism we should remember that Scripture itself warrants its use, as we see, chiefly in the letters of St. Paul.†

Mediæval preachers, therefore, had here ample justification for this mystical interpretation. Moreover, properly used, such a method is eminently powerful: for instance, what better exordium for a sermon on the beauty and necessity of corresponding to grace than the words "And Jesus of Nazareth was passing by"? The church herself, from the earliest times, has even partially based doctrinal truths upon allegorical interpretations, especially in the development of the doctrine leading up to the Immaculate Conception. However, allowing for the occasional abuses of such a method, there still remains enough in these mediæval sermons to prove how vast and deep was their acquaintance with Scripture, even on the doctrinal and historical side so assiduously and self-praisingly studied by us moderns, chiefly Protestant. Take, for instance, the *Concordantiæ Morales* of St. Anthony of Padua, a collection of texts for preachers, containing five books; for number, variety of appositeness, method and general grasp of subject, it will rank with any, and surpass most modern concordances; yet it was composed by a thirteenth century preacher, in an age when the Bible is not supposed to have been preached to the people. And so, in admiration for this and similar treatises, Protestants themselves speak with almost contempt of their own commentators, like the prosy Scott, who, "scorning the master expositors of early and mediæval days, go to the study of God's Word with the veil of their self-sufficiency on their hearts and become involved in heresy."‡

In connection with these observations on the use of Scripture in preaching a curious bit of information is the following,

* Here is a specimen of seventeenth century interpretation; the preacher proves that there is an *ecclesia docens* (clergy) and an *ecclesia discens* (laity), from "It is written, the oxen were ploughing and the asses feeding beside them." An irreverent listener with a touch of humor might well have suggested a more pertinent application of the asses.

† Cf. Gal. iv. 22-31; I. Cor. x. 1; I. Cor. ix. 9, 10; I. Tim. v. 17, 18.

‡ Baring-Gould, p. 235.

to wit, that the taking of a quotation from Scripture for the text of the sermon was not a requisite in mediæval times.

Frequently it was taken from an antiphon, a custom still in vogue among modern Russian preachers; sometimes also from a hymn or a popular verse.*

ADAPTABILITY TO THE PEOPLE.

The second prominent characteristic of mediæval preaching was its practical, common-sense character, especially when appealing to the masses. Their popularity with the latter would be sufficient proof of this assertion, even if we had not the sermons themselves to judge by.

Of Foulque de Neuilly, a celebrated preacher of the thirteenth century, we are told by a contemporary that "He excited to such extent all people, not only of the lower orders but kings and princes as well, by his few and simple words, that none dare oppose him. People rushed in crowds from different countries to hear him. . . . Those who were able to tear and preserve the smallest fragment of his dress esteemed themselves happy": † so much so, in fact, that to save his own wardrobe (none too extensive at best) the good man made the sign of the cross over another man, whose clothes the people immediately tore to rags as relics of the benediction.

The point here is that the preacher used few and simple words: and so did all the great preachers of those days, even the most learned divines, such as Venerable Bede, the great St. Thomas, and even the fulsome, conceited, though pious Peter of Blois, all of whom loved the people well enough to love to preach to them and intelligently enough to speak *at* them and not over them.

* Thus, Peter de Celles preached from the stanza

"Gloria tibi Domine,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Et nunc, et in perpetuum."—(Neale, xliii.)

So also Stephen Langton composed a sermon on the text from a dancing song of the day:

"Bele alis matin leva
Sun cors vesti e para,
Ens un verger s'en entra
Cine flurettes y truva,
Un chapelet fet en a
de rose flurie;
Pur Deu trahez vus en là
vus hi ne amez mie."—(Baring-Gould, p. 43.)

This looks like mediæval Salvation-Armyism.

† Baring-Gould, p. 11.

To come to particulars. One great point of difference between mediæval and modern preaching, as the result of the former's practical character, was that the mediæval preachers preached one great idea all through the sermon, going on the very natural and true presumption that uneducated masses are not capable of carrying away more than one great idea at a time. Hence Vieyra admonishes us that "a sermon ought to have one theme only, and to be of one material only. . . Jona in forty days preached but one subject; we in one hour preach on forty."* Many sufferers would feel inclined to add that forty were a small figure for the versatile sermons of some of our well-meaning but unfortunate fellow-clergymen who can speak of "all things and something else besides" after they have spoken their "lastly"; who cannot let go a sermon any more than the simple Margaret could let go the cat because "it had no tail to let go of."

With equal good sense our mediæval preacher avoided the use of recondite expressions and allusions. This, of course, does not mean that the long-winded and top-heavy sermon is a modern invention. Alas! it existed in the days we are speaking of, especially in the great university towns like Paris and Oxford, where the "university sermon" was such an important item in university life. Many a learned old Master or an ambitious young Bachelor must have gladly embraced these opportunities to display their theology or law for the benefit of a suffering audience. The audience, indeed, must have been driven to desperation when it enjoined through the university authorities, as at Ingolstadt, that these sermons must be limited to an hour and a half; at Vienna the preacher could go on for two hours.† No doubt, too, there were some with a penchant for classic metaphors and quotations in that wonderful twelfth century, which just barely missed being the Renaissance—thanks to Aristotle. Certainly if such men as cultured John of Salisbury and Peter of Blois, that twelfth century Polonius, or even "dear old Orderic," preached as they wrote, then surely they could not avoid the temptation to amaze their hearers with a text from at least Virgil, the favorite mediæval classic. However, these discourses must have been more on the plan of academic exercises. The sermons, however, properly so-called "*ad populum*," were,

* Neale, xlv.

† *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*, by Hastings R. Rashdall (Oxford, 1895), vol. i. p. 468.

as a rule, not stilted, but plain, easily comprehended, as their popularity testifies. The average preacher probably did not merit the rebuke bestowed upon a rather too ambitious young divine who in a sermon referred to Moses as the "son of Amram." "Who's the son of Amram?" asked a hearer. "Why, Moses." "Then," added his listener, "why in the name of common sense don't you say Moses?"

THE USE OF PROVERBS, ETC.

It must have been with the object of speaking at the people that induced these preachers to indulge so frequently in proverbs (more common to German and English), anecdotes, stories, similes from ordinary avocations, trade, nature, even jokes. Queer reading their sermons are in this respect. We involuntarily smile as, for example, we recognize the "*Qui me diligit et canem meum*" of Peter of Blois as the old familiar "Who loves me loves my dog," used by him in a sermon. So, too, we cannot repress a good-natured laugh at the comparisons which St. Anthony of Padua (the great master in such style of preaching) makes between sin and certain animals—not at the comparison so much as at the good saint's funny notion of these animals' make-up. See, for instance, his comparison of hypocrites to hyenas for the eighth Sunday after Trinity—surely wonderful hyenas they were; of like manner are the others of his spiritual menagerie, eagles (saints), elephants (penitents), ichneumons (the apostles), bees (penitents again), cranes (merciful men), hedgehogs (sinners), etc. However, though his natural history be grotesque, it served his purpose of carrying his thought straight to the minds of his hearers. So, too, the ludicrous was used when necessary. It would seem to have been a temptation to even great preachers to excite laughter by a witty turn; at all events, the greatest preachers have been the most successful in its use. The great Portuguese preachers of the sixteenth century, "whom perhaps as popular haranguers the church has never seen equalled, Simon Rodrigues, Ignacio Martinz, and others, were noted" for this disposition (Neale, liv.); so also the great Methodist revivalists, John Wesley, Whitefield, Cennick. Hence it is not surprising to find the great mediæval preachers evincing the same inclination. St. Anthony was himself no exception, so far as we can judge from the skeletons of his discourses; Peter de Celles, called the most popular preacher in north Italy towards the end of the twelfth century, apparently says things intended to raise a laugh;

whilst St. Robert of Arbussel, a veritable apostle in central France, often descended to what some of us might term downright buffoonery.

Even our classic Polonius, Peter of Blois, we detect cracking a pun in Latin, when he says that the human soul "*Vertit se in cœnum, non in cœlum.*" And most wonderful of all, the legal Ivo of Chartres commits the same atrocity in a sermon to the monks of a monastery noted for its dissensions, of which the abbot was the principal cause. "My brethren," he says, "it is the part of a Christian to imitate God. You are very much wanting to your duty here. Of God it is written *Pater noster qui es in cœlis*, but you have to say *Pater noster inquires in terris.*" We must add, for our own reputation, that most mediæval jokes have a rather sad look; almost lonely as out of tune with the seriousness of the age. There is plenty of wit, keen and merciless as that of Junius, as any one can see by the perusal of the various collections of satirical poetry that was so easy to the average mediæval scholar.* But of humor we can find few traces, perhaps due to the dignified seriousness of the Latin language, the vehicle of most mediæval literature accessible to those who have not mastered the various *patois*. The funniest mediæval book we ourselves have ever read is the *Chronicle of Fra Salimbeni*; and that is so funny largely because of the good frate's so frequent absence of humor, which makes him describe in the most serious fashion a ludicrous situation. However, humor is too relative and too delicate to stand time's changes, so we can be sure that our mediæval forefathers had no less keen a sense of the absurd certainly than some modern Englishmen, and that their preachers knew how to play upon it with good effect.

THE USE OF NATURE AS A MIRROR OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH.

But that wherein the mediæval orator was a past-master was the use of nature as a mirror of spiritual truths. Most people seem to consider that people in the Middle Ages were so taken up with the study of scholastic philosophy that they even forgot to eat and sleep. It is odd that even a critic with the reputation of Hamilton Mabie could fail to see how intensely the mediæval mind revelled in nature, and calmly tell us that "in English poetry it is not until we open the prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales' that we come upon . . . a deep and

* Wright's Collections; see above.

unaffected love of nature."* Our reason has led us (with all due modesty) to the opposite conclusion, and it seems to us that any one will come to the same who takes the trouble to study the mediæval's love of nature in his wood-carving, sculpture, and in those deep, sharp-drawn illuminations with which he adorned his very books. But as this would constitute an essay all by itself, we can here only refer to the same love of nature as evinced by the mediæval in the pulpit. The very mention of the subject immediately brings up the memory of the gentle Saint of Assisi, who was wont to call the larks his sisters and converse with the flowers; of the master genius of his age, the great Bernard, who said, "Believe me who have tried it: you will find more in the woods than in books; the birds will teach you that which you will learn from no master"† —a thought not unlike the "sermons in stones and books in running brooks" of another more familiar genius: of St. Anthony already mentioned, whose sermons would seem to have been chiefly composed of comparisons drawn from nature and everyday life, such as would only come from an observer of what was not in books, above all books of scholastic philosophy. It is true, we grant, that metaphysical philosophy was perhaps the dominant study of those days, but by no means the absorbing one. Because, not to mention its great rival law, which was the very soul of the second archetypal university, Bologna, as well as its numerous imitators all over Europe, the great universities besides had their Faculties of Arts, whose representatives, by the way, acquired control at Paris, the home of the most influential of all the mediæval universities as well as of scholastic theology; and though the empirical sciences were in their infancy, this fact is to be explained more by the contemporary inability to develop them with proper instruments than by any innate dislike for them. Aristotelian metaphysics is fundamentally empirical, and we therefore find its mediæval representatives, like Thomas Aquin, Albertus Magnus, earnestly investigating nature, howbeit by crude methods.

THE DELIVERY WAS INTENSELY DRAMATIC.

The third prominent characteristic of mediæval oratory, as far as regards delivery, was that it was intensely dramatic; *i. e.*,

* *Short Studies in Literature*, p. 97.

† It must be admitted, however, that Bernard eventually rid himself of this love of nature; at least enough to render his style unimaginative (Vaccaudard, vol. i. p. 473).

it possessed the power of placing historical facts, the great facts of the gospel and subsequent church occurrences as present before the eyes of the audience, and of investing doctrinal truths with life.

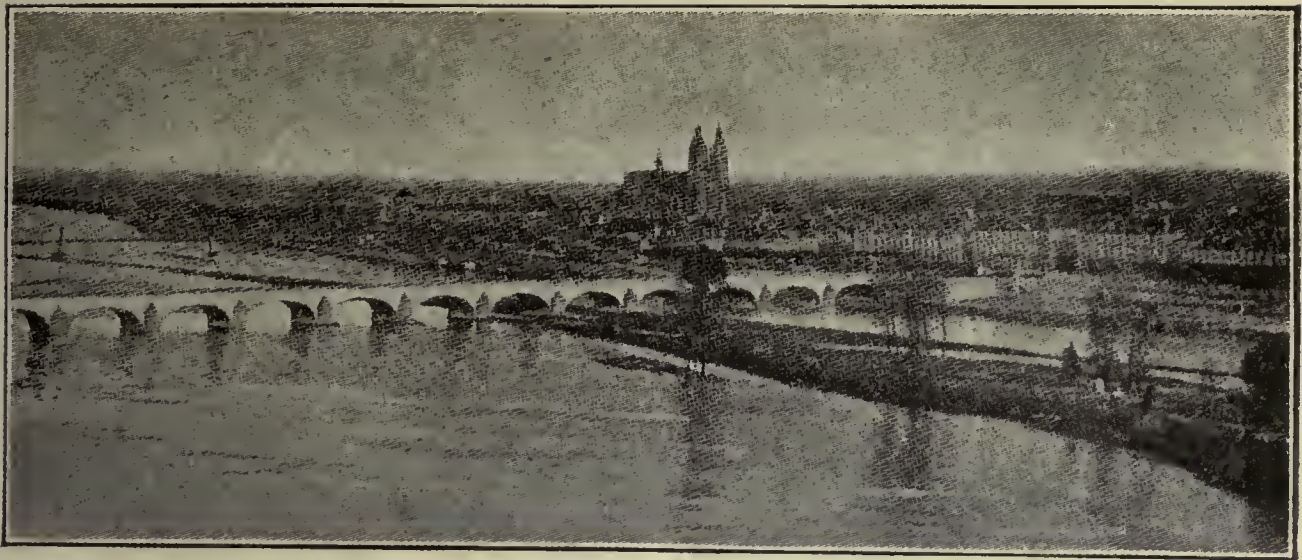
This is to be expected of a Catholic preacher brought up in the, so to speak, dramatic school of the church, which knows so well how to dramatize Christianity in her elaborate ritual. The Catholic Church certainly is a good stage manager. It is not surprising, therefore, to find her preachers adepts in the art. This can best be understood by a parallel quotation from a modern and mediæval preacher discoursing on the same subject, to wit, Christmas. "This forty-fifth psalm," says the former, "has for many ages made a stated part of the public service of the church on this anniversary festival of our Blessed Lord's Nativity. With God's grace, I propose to explain to you its application," etc. The latter: "Ye have come together, brethren, to hear the word of God. But God has provided some better thing for you. To-day you shall not only hear, but ye shall also see that Word, if ye will but go with me to Bethlehem and behold this thing which the Lord hath told and hath manifested to us. For God knoweth that the senses of men are incapable of things invisible, and hardly to be taught things celestial, and are not without difficulty to be persuaded to believe, unless the thing which they are exhorted to believe be visibly presented to the senses" (Neale, lx.) The reader will easily perceive that in one case the Nativity is referred to as a past event, to be reasoned about and explained, we fear, rather tediously in spite of "God's grace"; in the other, it is a present, visible picture, to be seen, admired, enjoyed. Of course, comparison is not altogether just. The mediæval preached, generally, before an audience that firmly believed his word and required little in the way of doctrinal proof. The eighteenth century preacher, however, faced a congregation largely composed of free-thinkers of the stamp of Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Voltaire, and the rest, whose insidious sapping of Christian belief led a certain reverend gentleman to this pessimistic conclusion: "It seems to be generally assumed by mankind that the Christian religion is an imposition which it was left to this age to expose." Even, too, in our own days, at the dawn of the twentieth century, we likewise find it necessary to indulge very extensively in dogmatic sermons, thereby losing in dramatic effect.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF A MÆVAL SERMON.

There remains to add a few words as to the arrangement of the mediæval sermon. On this point modern preachers would do well to consider; those, at least, who are afflicted with the mania for endless headings and other such minutiae of division; for firstlies, and so on to God knows how many other 'thlies'; who make up sermons as if by recipes—so much of Scripture mixed with so much Patristic garbage, metaphysical cream, historical nutmeg, all well shaken together and allowed to stand for several years, and then served up with a crusting of nauseating sentimentality; the exordium coming first like a visiting card, the body following after with its hundred heads like the classic monster guardian of the Golden Fleece; then the tail, called, for euphony's sake, conclusion or practical application, though it takes a patient woman to consider it a conclusion, and a learned man to discover any logic in the practical application.* Now, that there were tiresome mediæval preachers passes without dispute, but these same were not often sinners in this fashion, because few if any great mediæval orators were given to the system of divisions. For this reason authorities regard what pass for St. Anthony's sermons as only synopses for his own use, or that of his disciples, so utterly out of reason is it to suppose that he, a mediæval preacher, could have preached the same to his audiences in the shape in which they have come down to us. Of course there was a logical arrangement, but in general the favorite style seems to have been homiletic.

In this sketch of mediæval preachers the reader will observe that there is no mention of their faults. We trust he will not suppose us so taken up with the subject as to imagine these did not exist. The tiresome preacher, unfortunately, existed then as well as now; but it was foreign to our purpose to depict his faults, because on the whole preaching then was good, much better than that of some subsequent periods. The purpose of this article, therefore, is to show in what that same preaching excelled, what was the secret of its excellence, so as to enable the reader to understand the conclusions suggested by it concerning the nature of preaching in general and the intimate connection between it and the well-being of the church at large.

* A wit once defined a sermon as "An animal with an emaciated body, stretching out two heads one after the other, displaying two or three teeth, and dragging after it a four, three, or two-fold tail which feebly wags" (Hood, p. 227).



VIEW FROM SAINT-CYR.

TOURS WITH ITS ANCIENT MARMOUTIER.

BY MARY MACMAHON.



HE tourist wishing to wander by well-trodden by-paths through a country remarkable for its fine traditions, historical associations, and picturesque scenery, where at every step he drinks in sweet impressions and awakes to that sentiment of the beautiful inspired by Nature at her fairest, could find no better place for his rambles than through the most French of all the provinces of sunny France, the fascinating valleys of Touraine.

It is a soft and sensuous country—"where in spring love flies at large beneath the open sky; in autumn the air is full of memories of those who are no more"; a land of joy and laughter, of poetry and romance, of budding vineyards, rich orchards and green meadow lands, of fertile hills and sparkling rivers; a land where happy hamlets, whose gleaming church spires point heavenward, nestle at the feet of ancient monuments, around which legends cling as ivy to the crumbling walls.

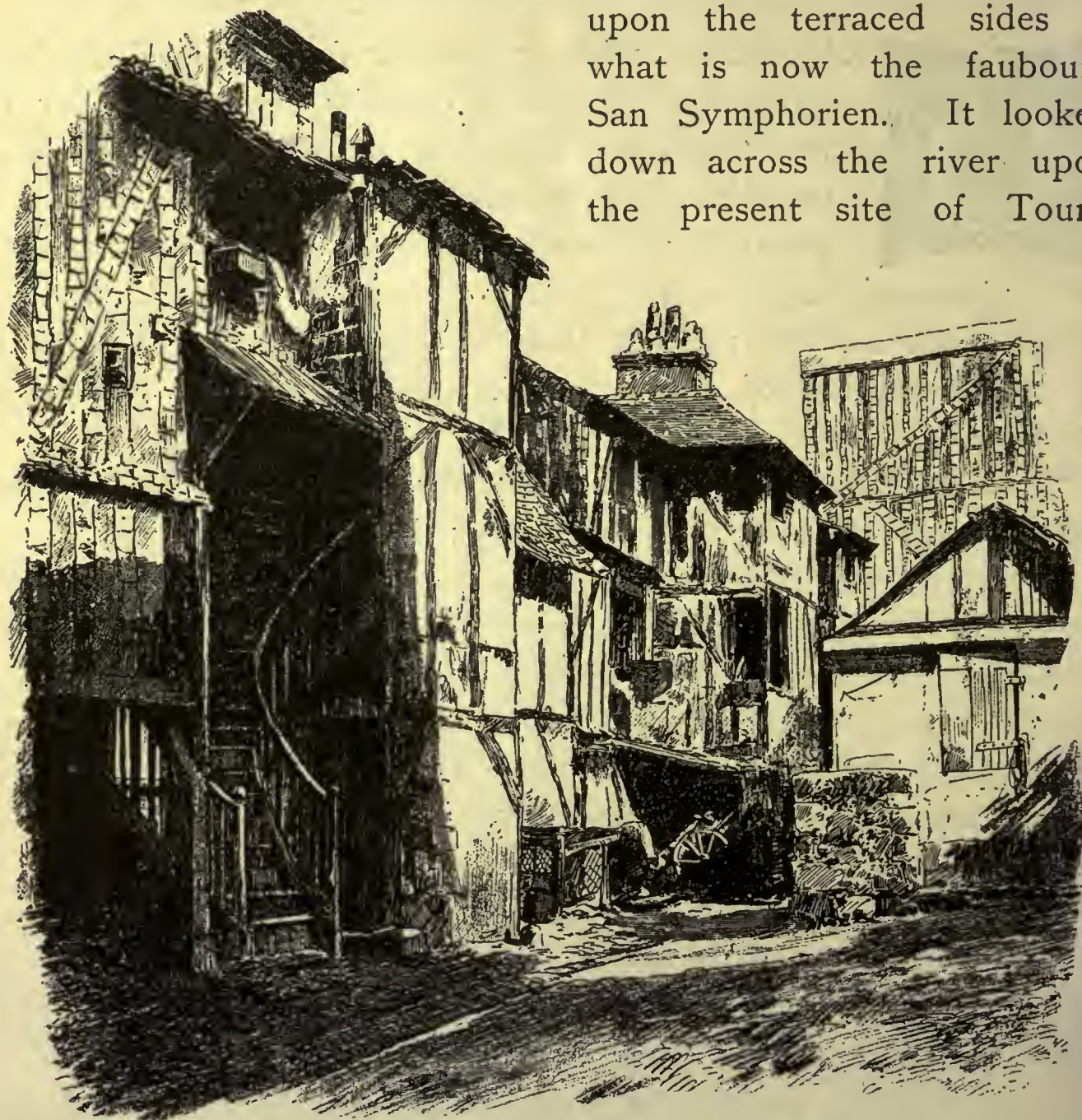
And in the heart of this bright province, seeming to have caught the essence of its fresh sweetness, is the gay, busy little city of Tours. It lies on the left bank of the historic Loire, which like a thread of silver runs swiftly over its sandy bed to the sea, passing under the stone-arched bridges, between the green wooded islands, by the long lines of poplars whose flutter-

ing lace sweeps its shining ripples at the base of the encircling hills.

There is something so sweet and sympathetic in this charming little town, something so suggestive of past glory and present happiness, that one wanders pleasantly through its winding streets, looking at the stately rows of houses whose portly fronts remind one of the stomachers of ancient dames, getting here and there delightful side-lights upon French life and character, and greeted at every turn by past memories grave or gay.

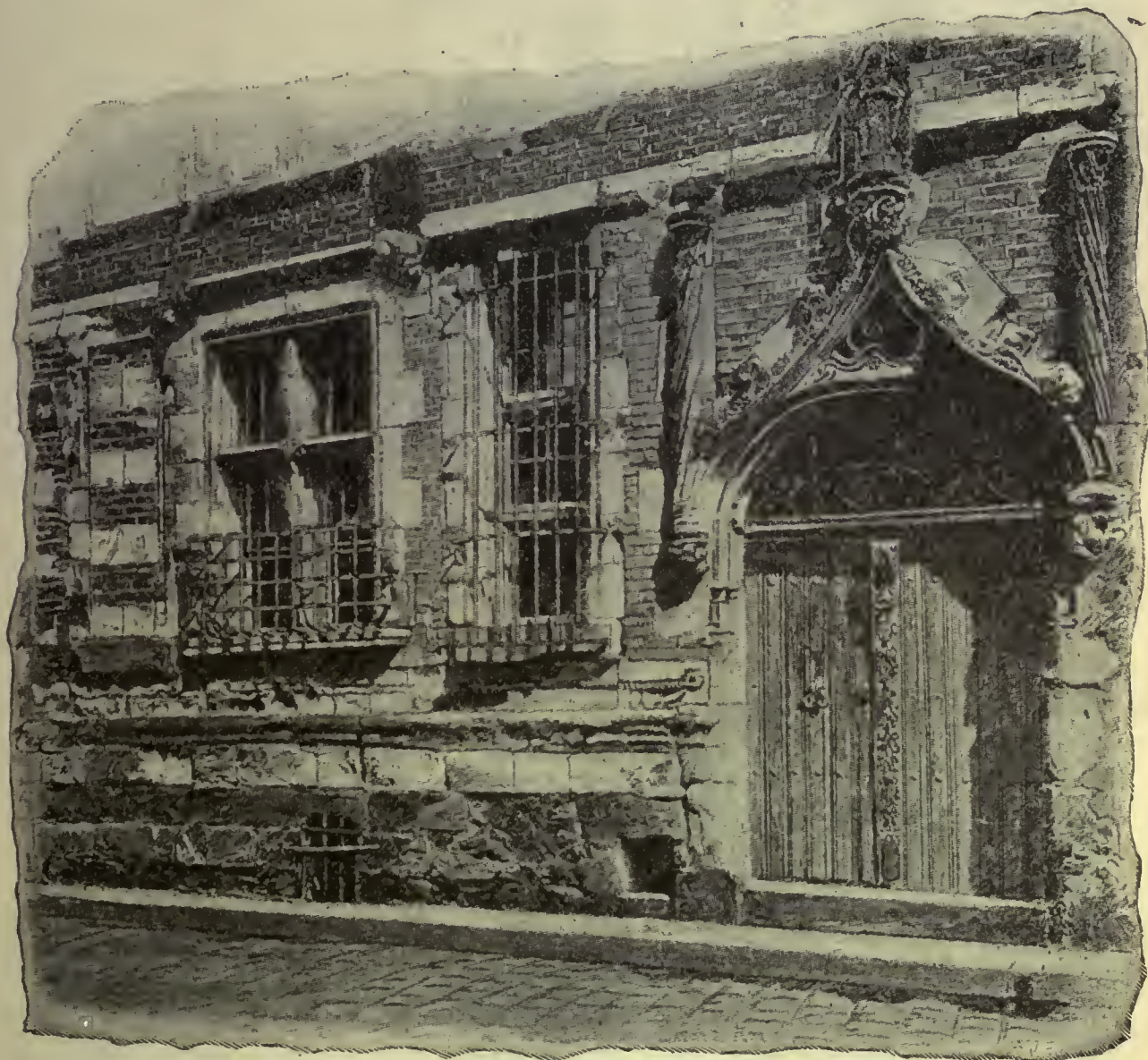
Should our tourist be of those privileged ones to whom the churchly monuments of olden times speak with deeper meaning since the faith that created them is his, then Tours will be to him a place of pilgrimage, for it is the city of St. Martin—the soldier Saint and Bishop of Touraine.

The primitive city centuries before the time of the saint rose upon the terraced sides of what is now the faubourg San Symphorien. It looked down across the river upon the present site of Tours.



IN THE OLD QUARTER.

Under the Romans it was called *Cæsarodunum* and was by them carried across the stream. It grew in power, and to it came early in the third century St. Gatien, one of the seven missionaries sent out by Rome to carry Christianity to ancient Gaul. He was followed some years later—when the city, passing from the power of the Romans, began to be known as



HOUSE OF TRISTAN L'ERMITE.

the City of the Turones—by St. Martin. This brave and kindly knight had left spear and hound, the glory and tumult of the Emperor Julianus' court, to enroll under the banner of the Cross, and become humble apostle of Gaul. He was shortly after made bishop of the town of Tours.

From all the country round the pagans flocked to hear his teachings and receive at his hands the saving waters of baptism. At last the good bishop retired to his little cell in the limestone rock of San Symphorien, where St. Gatien had lived before him. He looked down across the green sward to the river where later were to rise the lofty towers of the grand old abbey of



Marmoutier (*Majus Monasterium*), the most powerful abbey of the Middle Ages and first of the Western Church.

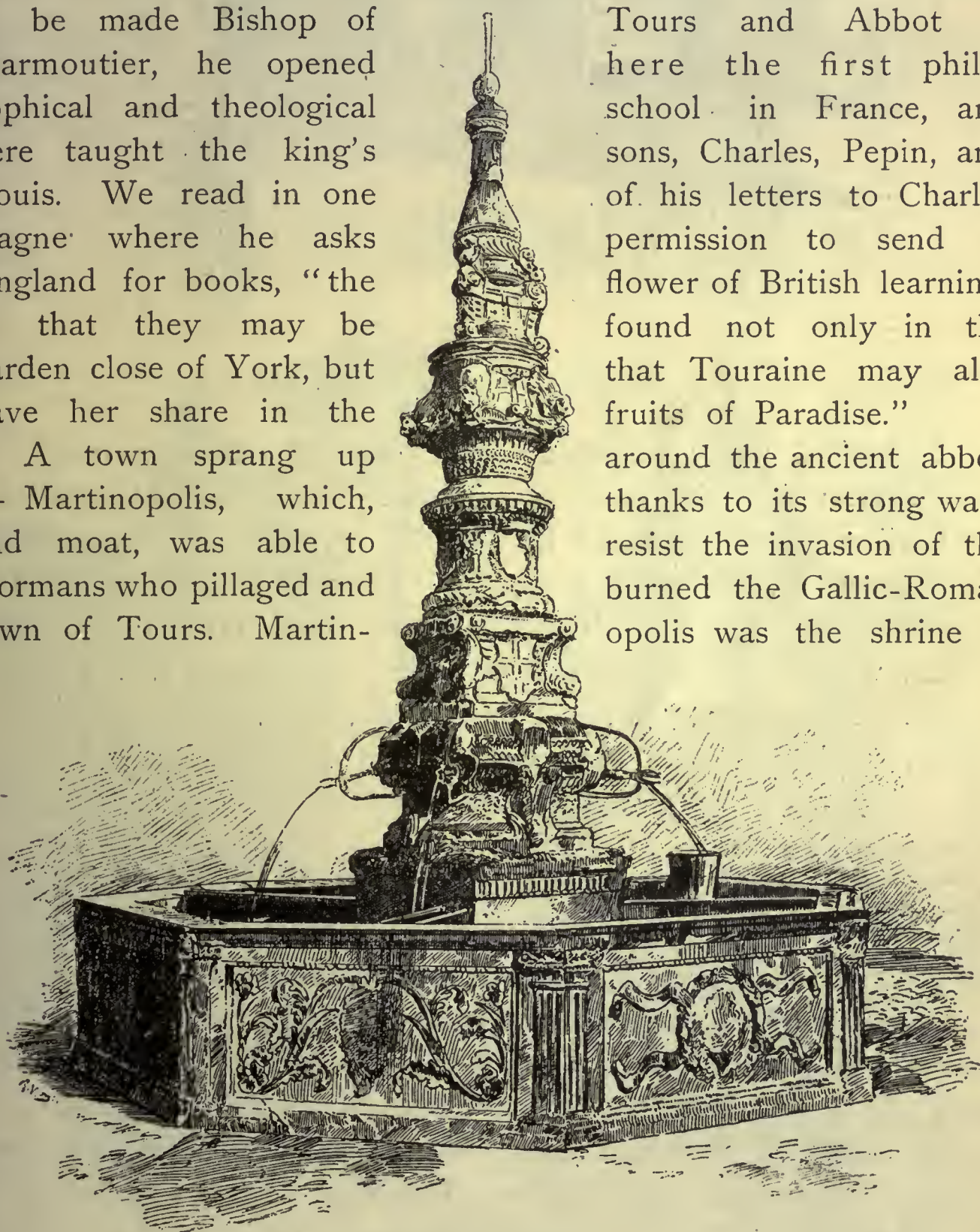
In the time of Charles Martel, whose great victory turned back the tide of "all-destroying Islam" and saved the churches of the West from sharing the fate of *Sancta Sophia* in Constantinople, St. Martin was in the height of its glory. A relic of the ancient culture and magnificence of the city may yet be seen in the library of Tours: a gospel written on vellum in letters of gold, used by the French kings when taking the oath of office.

Chief among the renowned men the old walls of Marmoutier sheltered was the famous Alcuin of York, pupil of the Venerable Bede. Recalled by Charlemagne from his studies in Rome to be made Bishop of Marmoutier, he opened a philosophical and theological school here, taught the king's Louis. We read in one of his letters to Charlemagne where he asks permission to send to England for books, "the so that they may be garden close of York, but have her share in the

A town sprang up — Martinopolis, which, and moat, was able to resist the invasion of the Normans who pillaged and burned the Gallic-Roman town of Tours. Martin-

Tours and Abbot of here the first philosophical school in France, and sons, Charles, Pepin, and of his letters to Charlemagne to send to flower of British learning, found not only in the that Touraine may also fruits of Paradise."

around the ancient abbey thanks to its strong walls resist the invasion of the burned the Gallic-Roman Martinopolis was the shrine to



BAUME FOUNTAIN.

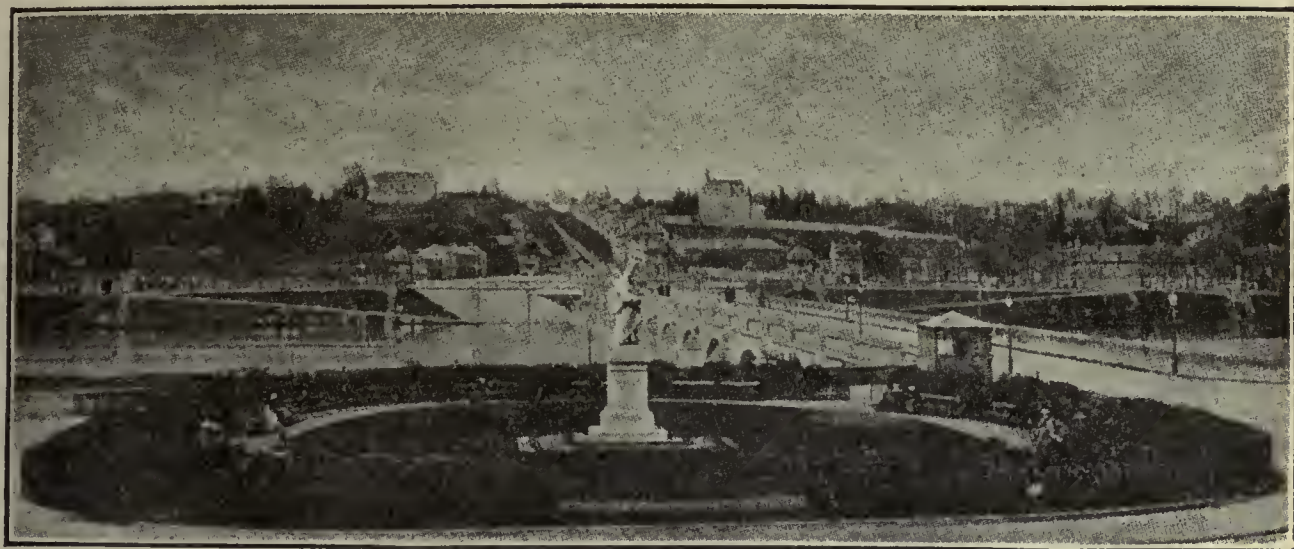


CONVENT OF SAINTE-CROIX.

which flocked many pilgrims; their grateful offerings made the little community rich and prosperous. But dangers from barbaric tribes often menaced it. In the writings of John, monk of Marmoutier, we read how one Tortulf, a Breton, bravely defended the valleys of Touraine from these terrible Northern pirates, who had rowed up the Loire to destroy St. Martin's Abbey. It was Ingelger, son of Tortulf, who, according to the legend, restored to its resting-place the sacred remains of the saint, removed during this troubled time to escape falling into sacrilegious hands.

The Abbey Church, one of the most beautiful monuments of old Touraine, was built by Étienne de Mortagne. As late as the sixteenth century an English writer says of it:

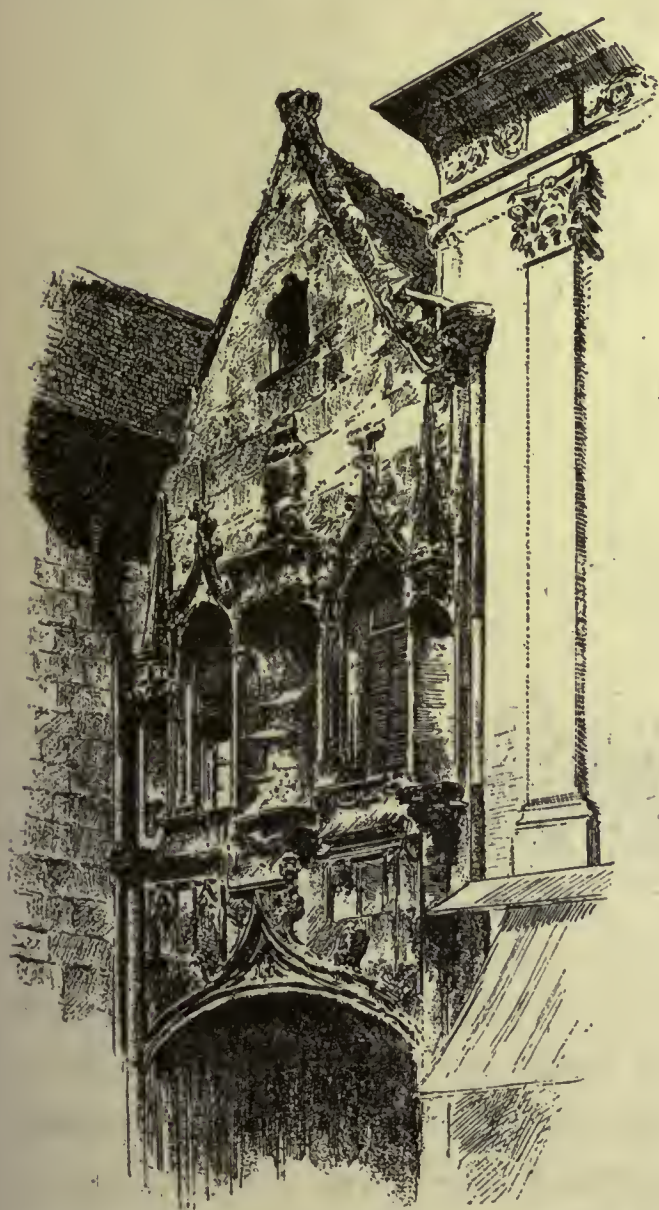
"Both the church and monastery of Martin are large, having four square towers, fair organs and a stately altar, where they show the bones and relics of St. Martin with other relics." It is interesting to note his remarks on Tours: "No city in France exceeds it in beauty and delight. The Mall without comparison is the noblest in Europe for length and shade, having seven rows of



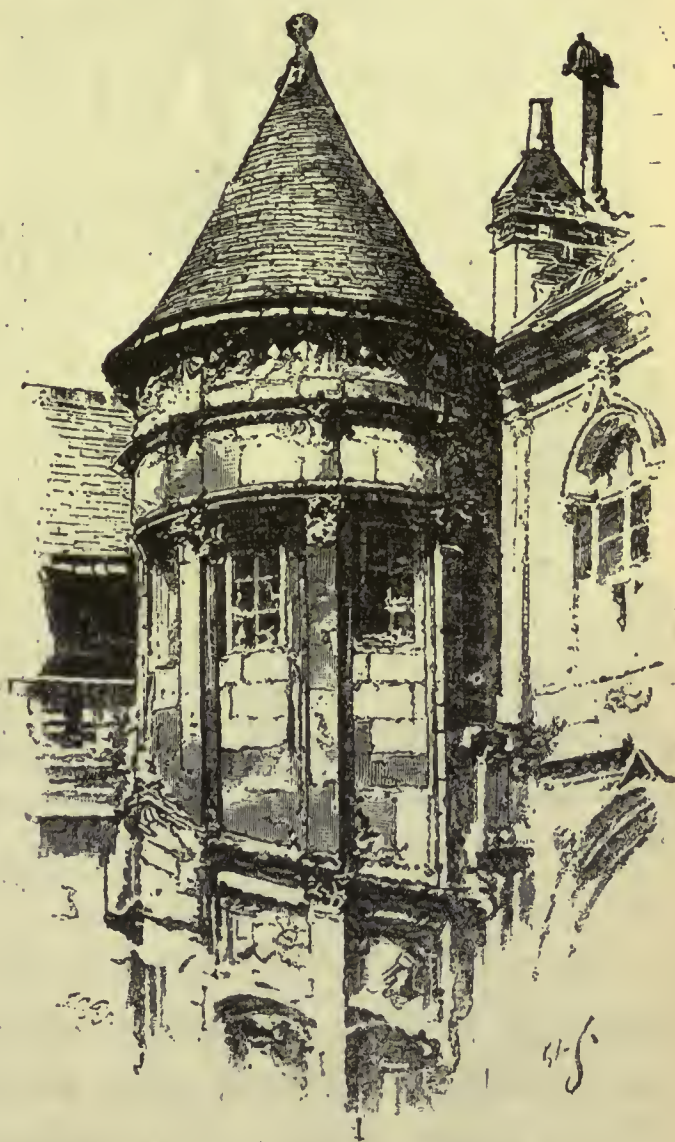
STATUE OF RABELAIS.

the tallest and goodliest elms I have ever beheld, the innermost of which do so embrace each other and at such a height that nothing can be more solemn and majestic."

We were not disposed to criticise his opinion or differ with his taste when, one bright day in late September, we crossed the great bridge spanning the Loire, leading from Tours and its



HOUSE OF TREASURER OF SAINT-MARTIN.



LA PSALETTE.

mass of compact houses, to follow the broad highway to the ancient site of the old Abbey of Marmoutier.

It was a perfect autumn afternoon; the air was cool and clear, and of that transparent brightness peculiar to the atmosphere of Touraine, which mirrors in the swiftly flowing Loire the hills along its banks and the blue sky above them.

A fair was in progress, and along the quay opening from the Rue Nationale were lined gay booths, platforms of mountebanks, dancing pavilions, and ginger-bread stalls, whose piles of cakes of various forms made me think of overturned Noe's arks.

Dainty little lace-makers from the provinces sat in the shade of the trees, their flying fingers weaving rapidly upon the cushion on their knee the

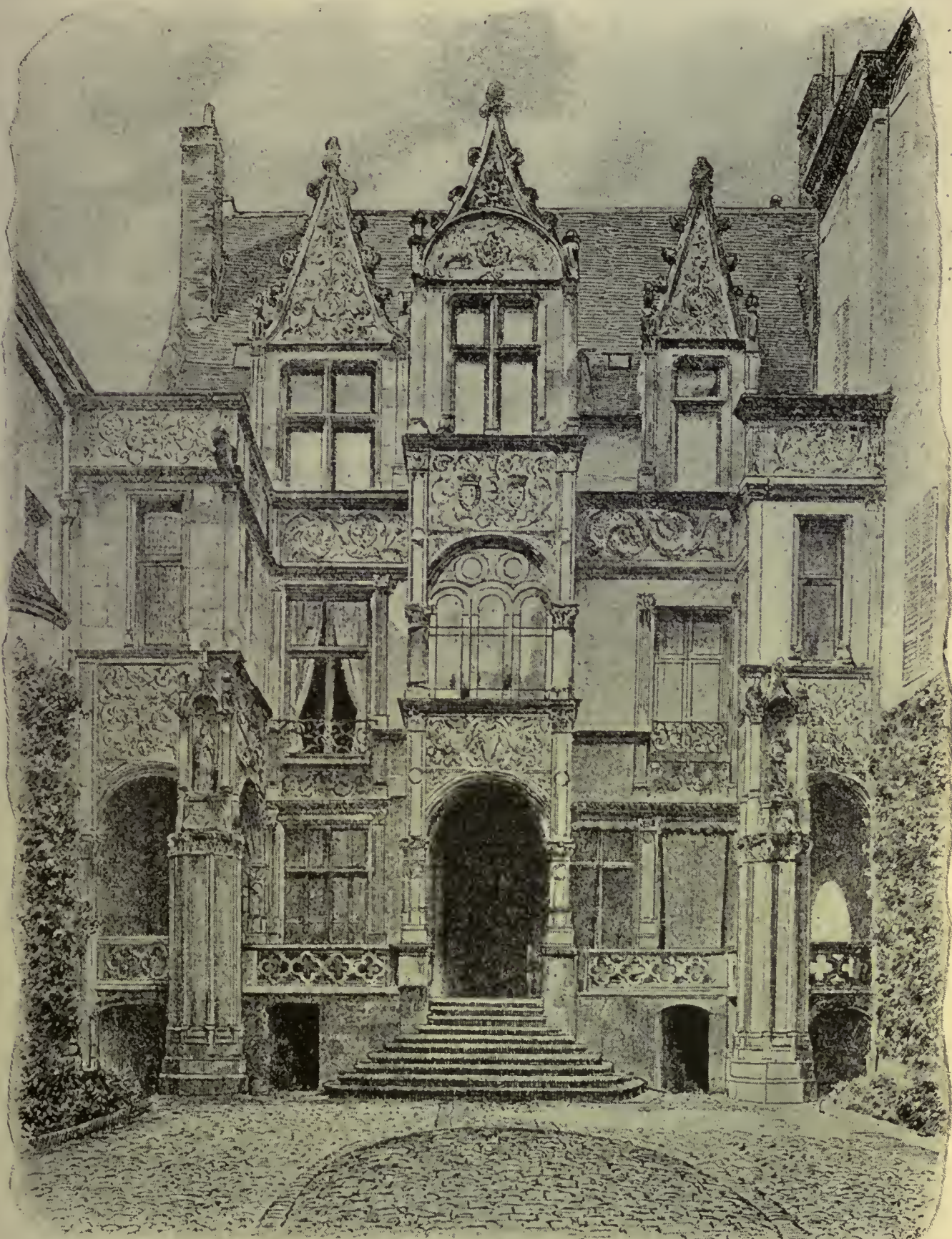
delicate pattern. Little red-legged soldiers, whose bright uniforms form bits of color in the town, were strolling about amid the moving crowd of blue-bloused, white-capped peasantry. Black-eyed, brown-cheeked country girls, each wearing the bonnet of her province, chatted together. The austerity of their closely fitting cap made more apparent the laughing freshness of their youth.

"This national head-dress," says



HOUSE IN RUE DU CHANGE.

Anatole France, speaking of the bonnets of the peasantry of his country, "worn during so many centuries, rests upon these young heads with all the melancholy of the past. Above these faces, which a few short years will fade and bend to that hard



HÔTEL GOUIN.

earth so soon to cover them, the head-dress of their ancestors keeps its unchanging form. Passing from mother to daughter, it teaches that generations depart and only the race endures. Thus the fold of a piece of cloth speaks to us of a time a thousand times longer than human existence. Covering and modestly hiding the face, it expresses that humility which is the foundation of true Christian sentiment." It is this love of tradition, this veneration for the beliefs and customs of the past,

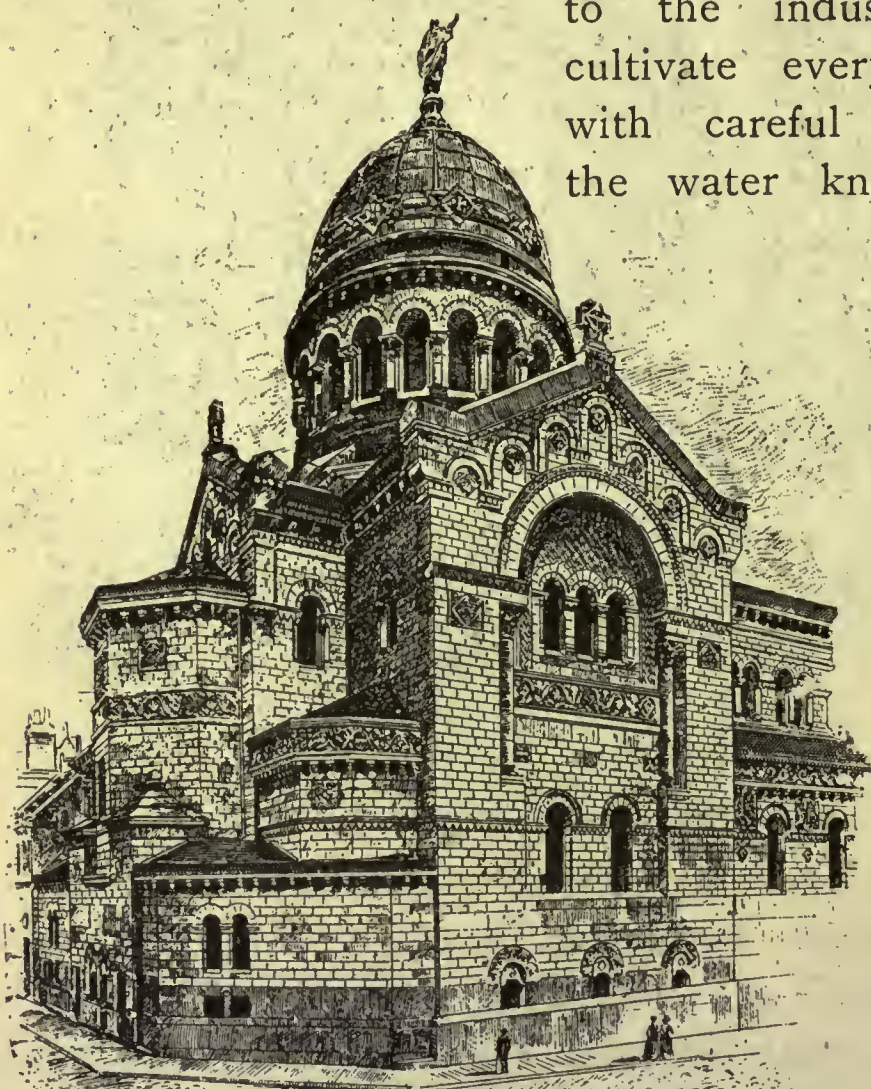
that make the peasant woman cling with such pride and affection to the quaint cap of former generations,—a mark of patriotism and family loyalty.

Across the bridge we reached the place, Choiselle, where stands the city gate to the right of that vast field reclaimed by Fulk Nerra, whose history is so closely interwoven with that of Touraine. We kept along the broad highway skirting the river, passing under the rows of poplars, as beautiful and majestic as when John Evelyn visited the town, “took a master of the language and studied very diligently.” On our left, climbing up the rocky bluff, rose the snowy villas, moss-grown chaâteaux and terraced gardens, in their wealth of vined color, of San Symphorien; we passed its sloping vineyards, blooming with fruit and wine, upon which stand chestnut-trees, decked with a hundred clinging vines.

To our right along the river stretched rows of tiny “potagers.” These thriving little gardens, in which flowers and vegetables bloom together in the most friendly profusion, seem like children’s playthings. They are rented out from year to year

to the industrious peasants, who cultivate every inch of their earth with careful economy. Down by the water knelt the washerwomen, their gay blouses and snowy caps giving color and movement to the scene, as they bent and swayed at their work; their voices ringing out in merry jest or friendly greeting with that sweet, bright intonation so common to the voices in Touraine.

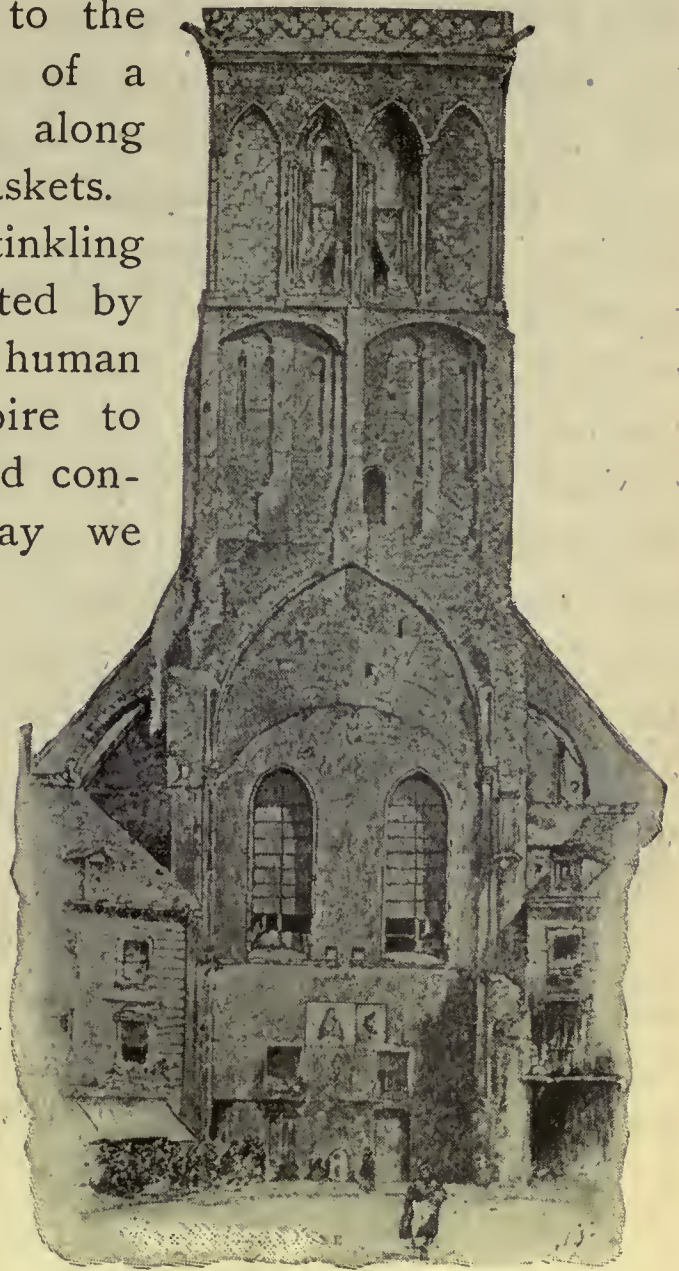
The cheerful click of a wooden sabot upon the smooth, hard road



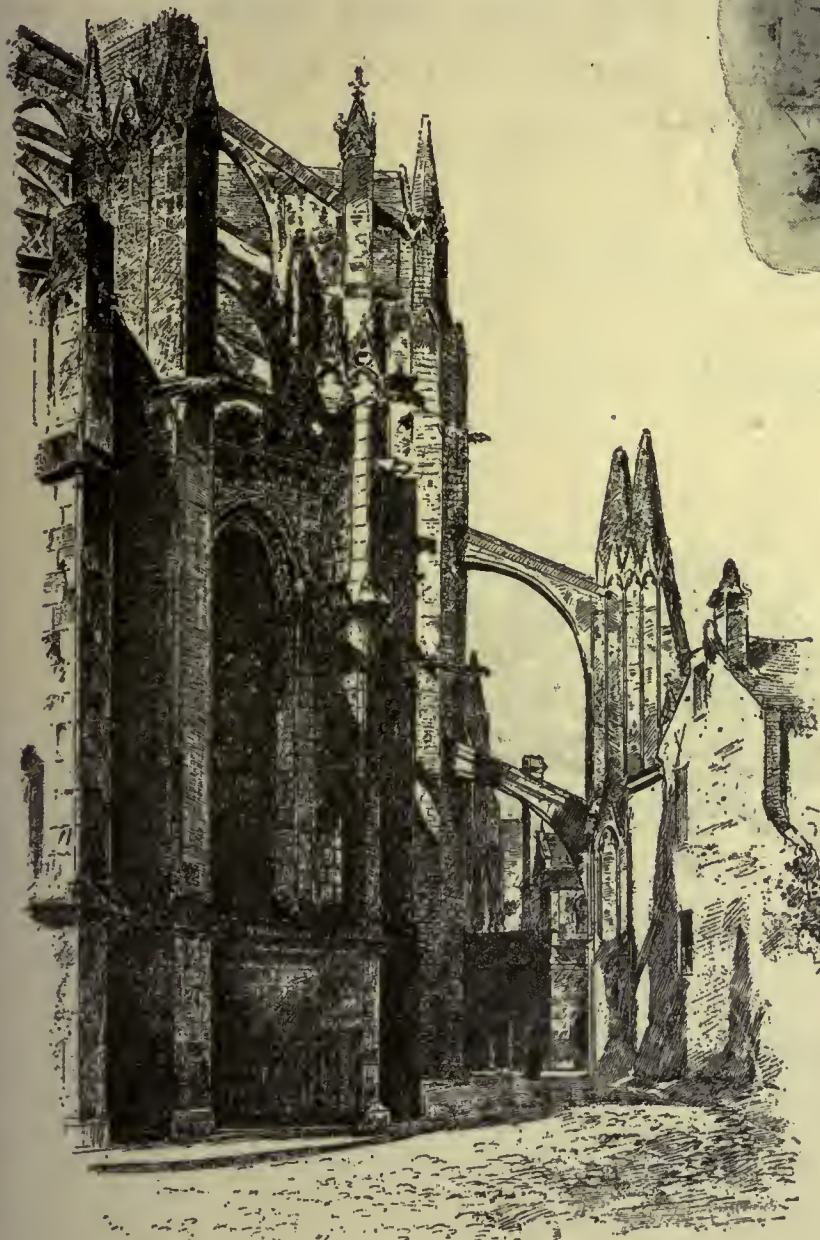
MODERN CHURCH OF SAINT-MARTIN.

caused us to turn to respond to the smile and friendly "Bonjour" of a passing market-woman, trudging along happily in spite of her heavy baskets.

Busy little donkeys, their tinkling bells making rural melody, trotted by us to the town. Nature, both human and material, seemed to conspire to deepen our feeling of peace and contentment as continuing our way we soon reached Marmoutier, where, warm in the sunshine, stood amid the green the rose-embowered Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Knocking at the door of La Crosse, in itself a



CHARLEMAGNE'S TOWER.

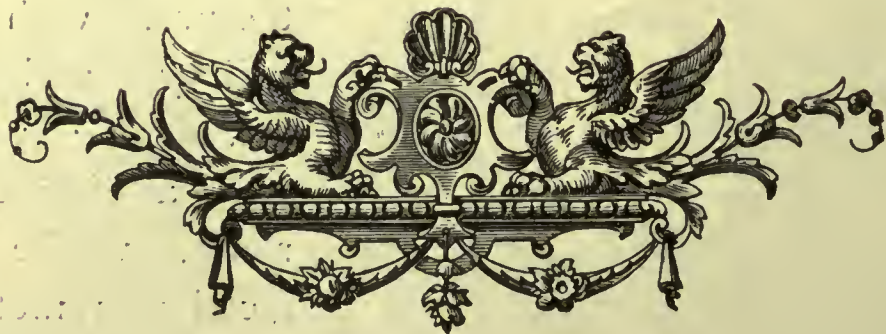


CHURCH OF SAINT-GATIEN.

charming specimen of the thirteenth century architecture, with its open gallery and pyramidal tower, we were shown into a simple reception room, where a sweet-faced nun met us. Conducted by her, we followed the broad paths of the convent garden, under the trellised arbor, until at the rear of the convent we came to the rocky bluff up which winds the curious stair-

case leading to the many grottoes —now chapels—where lived St. Martin and his companions. We visited the grotto of the Seven Sleepers—seven religious, all kinsmen of the saint, who, according to legend, died the same day and whose bodies, miraculously preserved, retained after death the appearance of life. The good little nun pointed out to us the oratory of St. Martin, and told us some of the legends connected with the spot. She showed us the four towers of the ancient abbey wall, the great belfry, which served also as a dungeon, rising north of the ruins of the church, in which are the tombs of Étienne de Mortagne, its builder, and his father. We passed under the ancient door, surmounted by a bas-relief representing the charity of the saint (the centurion Martin at the gate of Amiens sharing his cloak with a beggar), and, bidding adieu to Marmoutier, we turned away.

But the spell of the place was upon us. The present seemed far distant; only the near and real were those days when the victories of the Church Militant peopled heaven with saints and earth with heroes.



AN AUTUMN CRY.

I have reaped what I have sown!

Lo! I planted Folly's root,

And I gather now her fruit;

And the blame?—hush, 'tis my own.

Oh, I scattered foolish seed

In the April, in the sun;

Now when summer-tide is done,

What have I for Winter's need?

Here is all my harvest store,—

Sin—and I have had my fill;

God, dear God, oh, give me still

One more sowing-time—one more!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

THE MIRACULOUS PRESERVING OF THE BODY OF A SERVANT OF GOD.

BY REV. FATHER PERNIN.

OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE TOMB OF THE VENERABLE
MOTHER MARY DE SALES CHAPPUIS.*



THE Beatification of the Venerable Mother Mary de Sales Chappuis, according to an expression of Cardinal Parocchi's, "goes on its own feet."

The necessary authorizations for the opening of the Apostolic Process "*Ne pereant probationes*" arrived at Troyes the 28th of March, 1898. The Bishop presided, while Monsignor Chabrier, private secretary of His Holiness, exercised the charge of ecclesiastical notary. The depositions commenced with that of the Very Rev. Father Brisson, and during fifty hours this venerated father recounted the marvels he had daily witnessed for thirty years. Forty-seven sessions were held for the other nineteen witnesses who had known the Venerable Mother. This process was formally closed on the 5th of February, 1900. While this was transpiring at Troyes the Process "*de non cultu*" was terminated at Rome. Four months later letters *Remissoriales* arrived permitting the Apostolic Process "*de Fama Sanctitatis in genere*." After thirty-four sessions this process was definitely closed on the 4th of December, and on the 12th of January, 1901, Monsignor Nazareno Marzolini, chaplain of His Holiness and Postulator of the Cause, with the Bishop of Troyes, addressed to the Sovereign Pontiff a supplication to obtain the favor of opening the tomb, and removing the mortal remains of the Venerable Mother to a vault prepared under a chapel dedicated to Jesus the Redeemer.

On the 28th of January the Sacred Congregation examined this postulatum and gave a favorable decree. Some time after His Holiness ratified this decision. His Eminence Cardinal Ferrata, Prefect of the Congregation of Rites, signed the defini-

* In the March number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, 1898, appeared a life-sketch of Mother Mary de Sales Chappuis.

tive decree the 10th of May, and the next day a telegram was sent to the Monastery of the Visitation of Troyes informing them that the Apostolical Commissioners were en route for Troyes. A little retreat, the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, disposed the community for this day so much desired.

The following are the impressions of an eye-witness, the Rev. Father Pernin, Oblate of St. Francis de Sales.*

I will endeavor to relate what I saw and felt on that never-to-be-forgotten day, the 17th of May, 1901. If the expressions *sanctity*, *miracles*, *prophecy*, or other terms escape my pen in the course of this recital, I do not in any manner intend to anticipate the decisions of the church, of which I wish to be all my life, for doctrine and for discipline, the most submissive and respectful of sons.

To whom and to what do I owe this signal and rare privilege of having been informed in time, by despatch, of the arrival of the representatives of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and of having been invited to come from afar to share in the joy of this splendid ceremony? I thank with all my heart Bishop Pelacot and the Monastery of the Visitation. I was vice-postulator of the Cause in the first process. Moreover I did have the happiness of seeing and conversing at different times with the Venerable Mother twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago; and I was persuaded that, according to the promises she had made, we should find her body intact, all things to the contrary notwithstanding. I crossed rapidly as possible the long distance which separates Grasse from Troyes; five hundred leagues going and returning are not too much for a happiness that does not present itself a second time in life. I could never have been consoled had I failed to appear at so unique a *fête*.

It was Friday morning, the 17th of May, the day after the Ascension, that the ceremony commenced. At an early hour, in the court of the Monastery of the Visitation, was gathered a silent assembly. If the lowering of the coffin into the ground is a great event in the history of the Divine Justice, as the throwing of the clods upon the corpse which is going to return to dust is a solemn and public chastisement due to sin, what in the history of Mercy may be considered the event of the withdrawal, temporary it is true, of this corpse from the earth and

* *Annales Salésiennes* for June.

the hoped-for testimony that the hand of God is extended over it, to disperse the corruption of the tomb and the usurpation of dust? We felt that without a doubt many graces were going to descend, and so we prepared for it.

Those who are gathered there are the privileged few. The event has not been noised abroad. For fear of saddening many friendly souls, a profound silence has been preserved, as the orders of the Sacred Congregation of Rites forbid a too public reunion, *concursum populi*. The popular enthusiasm must not be tempted to forget itself, and to seem to anticipate what the holy church has not yet definitively judged.

There arrived successively the members of the Apostolic tribunal; many eminent priests, among whom we notice the valiant Abbé Fragnières, confessor of the Visitation of Fribourg; the Abbé Place, confessor of the Visitation of Lyons; the confessor of the Visitation of Meaux, especially invited by the Bishop of Troyes; the Rev. Fathers Mayerhoffen and Charie, members of the Apostolic Tribunal of Paris; Rev. Father Rollin, our Procurator-General at Rome; the Very Rev. Father Brisson, full of emotion at the great joy which he foresees; the Rev. Father Deshairs, the Assistant-General; Rev. Fathers Lambey and Rolland, of the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales, and a delegation of Oblate Sisters of St. Francis de Sales. At the last moment five or six ladies, old pupils of the Visitation and devout children of the good Mother, suddenly appear on the scene. Having heard of the ceremony, in spite of the secret, they made a desperate appeal to the Bishop, who has just come; and how could he refuse them?

Eight o'clock sounds. Monseigneur de Pelacot, Bishop of Troyes, accompanied by the representative of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, Monsignor Marzolini, chaplain of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.; by Monsignor Chabrier; by the advocate Martini of Rome. They are followed by the three official witnesses, who are the Admiral de Cuverville, in full dress uniform; M. de Cissey, the father of the worthy superior of the Visitation, and M. Ferdinand Frederici, officer of the Pontifical army and one of our faithful friends at Rome. Then came two physicians, Dr. Viardin of Troyes, and Dr. Tuilant de Bar-sur-Aube; two Justices of the Peace, whose bearing is very correct and respectful, their presence being requisite in consequence of the granting of the permission for exhumation by the Mayor of

Troyes to Mme. Folletête, widow of the eminent federal counsellor of Berne and great-niece of the Venerable Mother, and finally the necessary workmen.

We proceed at once to the choir of the religious, whose stalls have never before been invaded by such a crowd. The *Veni Creator* is recited. Bishop Pelacot, in purple cope with his hand on the Gospels, then administers the oath, to the physicians first and afterwards to the workmen—the oath to fulfil loyally and conscientiously the mission which is confided to them.

Then in procession we go to the farther end of the enclosure where the cemetery lies. The Venerable Mother was laid in a narrow vault at the entrance of the cemetery, at the feet of a statue of the Blessed Virgin holding the Child Jesus. Over the statue was a modest and rustic dome of straw, blackened by time, and it was surrounded by fir-trees. Statues of seven angels in the attitude of prayer formed a circle around the statue. All these are removed in order to facilitate the work. The assembly gathered closely around the grave. On one side the happy Visitandines, and the pupils of their academy in white veils: they are jubilant—they are going to see the “Good Mother” of whom they have heard so much, and in whom they all have confidence! On the other side the Oblate Sisters and some pious ladies, among whom we recognize Mme. la Comtesse Goluchowska, *née* Princess Murat, wife of the prime minister of the Emperor of Austria and benefactress of our works in Vienna; Mme. la Baronne de Gargan, benefactress of our missions of the Orange River; the good Mme. Bérard, of Lyons, inmate of the Visitation of Troyes; some out sisters of the monastery of Fribourg, of Soleure, of the Second of Paris, of Meaux, of Annecy—*la Sainte Source*. Mother Francis de Cissey was very anxious to have a representative of each monastery present, but the bishop was obliged to limit the bounds of her charity in order to obey the orders of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. In the first row near the tomb are the ecclesiastics, with the witnesses.

Bishop Pelacot reiterates the prohibition of the Sacred Congregation of Rites against carrying away any part of the body under pain of excommunication. The workmen plunge their picks into the flagstone which seals the tomb, and the fragments scatter in every direction. Surely one will not be excommunicated for gathering a few of these and treasuring them very

carefully. So I filled my pocket with the precious *débris* of this rock which, for twenty-six years, has guarded the relics of Our Mother: *Et sepulcrum ejus erit gloriosum!* . . . The leaden coffin is laid bare. With the aid of pulleys it is drawn, with difficulty, from the grave. It bore the following inscription, neatly imprinted on a placque of copper:

*Our Mother Mary de Sales Chappuis,
Professed of our Monastery of Fribourg,
Died in the odor of sanctity in this Monastery of the Visitation
Sainte Marie de Troyes,
the 7th of October, 1875, aged 82 years.*

Removing the dampness and dust from the coffin, it is placed on a litter, draped with a magnificent white satin cover embroidered with gold, the filial gift and work of the Oblate Sisters. Four Visitandines hold the tassels of the cover, and the Oblate Fathers are privileged to carry the remains of their Mother. The charge is weighty; but what joy in this short journey to feel upon their shoulders the venerated coffin which has not yet revealed its secret, but which in a few moments is about to be opened! There is no chanting along the route; we pray silently, trying to gather the memories of all that we have obtained from the "Good Mother," while we repeat to each other the names of those whom we do not wish to forget. The Oblate Fathers take turns in carrying the coffin, not only to relieve each other but to share the honor of carrying their precious burden. They also yield in turn to the confessors of the Visitation present at the ceremony. In this manner we reach the assembly hall, which has been magnificently decorated for the occasion with white hangings and flower-de-luce in gold, with the escutcheons of the friends and protectors of our dear Cause.

The coffin is placed upon a large table. The crowd retires, while only some specially privileged ones remain. The leaden coffin is found intact except one place where the solder had given way. The oaken coffin is reached. Dampness has affected several places. M. Félix Sonnet, whose hand trembled a little with emotion, loosens the screws of the lid, then he raises it, and all press round and lean over, anxious to see. . . . This was a moment of piercing and painful emotion. A dense white mould covered all. Under it could clearly be distinguished the form of the Servant of God; the veil covering the

head, the sleeves concealing the hands; and below the feet, the poor feet covered with a white moss, suggesting the idea of the feet of a skeleton. Without doubt all had disappeared in the tomb; some bones might remain. . . . God had not wished, then, to preserve, as we had hoped, the body of his faithful servant! And before the particular and delicate examination which the physicians were to make, Bishop Pelacot requested all to retire, except those whose presence is essential: the Apostolical Commissioners, the physicians, and the pious ladies charged with the last toilet, Mme. la Comtesse Goluchowska and Mme. Bérard, with two Visitandines and two Oblate Sisters, one of the latter being a great-niece of the Venerable Mother.

So we retired, with disappointed hearts to be sure; but we kept very near the door of the assembly room, hoping against hope; for had she not assured us herself that her body would be found preserved? . . . Yes, but she died of an internal disease; the body was so swollen that decomposition had commenced before the burial, as we had heard many times. How could we hope for such a favor under such impossible circumstances? And then the grace of preservation is not necessary to demonstrate sanctity; multitudes of the saints whose bones we venerate are evident proofs of it. But it would have been so beautiful! so consoling! We had hoped for it so much! . . .

Soon a rumor is circulated, in the twinkling of an eye: "Our good Mother is preserved!" . . . Yes, God has kept her body from the corruption of the tomb. Alleluia! And we press forward to see the confirmation of this happy news, for some details, but the door remains inexorably closed.

We, however, learn all in the end. When they had cut and removed the clothes, which were in shreds, and washed off the mould which covered the body, it was discovered to be wholly *intact*, and *admirably preserved*. Even the poor feet, which caused us so much emotion, were far from being the feet of a skeleton, but were covered with flesh, their nails entire. Under the pious hands which had washed away the moss-like mould they appeared wonderfully preserved, as the physicians declared in detail in their *procès-verbal*.

Then the Religious clothe the precious remains, which lend themselves with a certain flexibility to the necessary movements. A habit and a cincture of the ordinary size had been prepared, but it was necessary to enlarge them, for the *Venerable Mother had lost nothing in the tomb*.

An anonymous note, strangely enough, found its way some days later into the *Semaines Religieuses*, and relates that the body of the Venerable Mother Mary de Sales was petrified like a mummy, the flesh gone, and the skin, the color of leather, dry on the bones.

No, this is not what we saw, nor what all the witnesses with us saw. The flesh really subsists under the skin, as an attentive consideration of the figure and hands would convince any one. The shape of the narrow robe displays the figure, and the ladies who washed the remains, the religious who dressed them, affirm that one of the legs, swollen at the time of her death, remains in the same state. The flesh there is soft and supple, and the color, to use the expression made by the physicians in their account, is that of "old ivory."

The toilet is finished; over the hair, which remains to her and which she has carefully guarded in the tomb, is placed the black veil and a crown of white roses. . . .

What emotion filled our souls when we are finally permitted to enter the hall and kneel near these venerated remains! Yes, it is she, and I recognize her after twenty-six years. The mouth remains a little open; the nose has suffered somewhat. In the death struggle, as often happens, the nostrils were somewhat pinched and drawn. The eyes are closed. The physicians attest that the ball of the eye no longer exists, but the lids, surrounded by their lashes, and surmounted by the brows, give the appearance of sleep. Yes, she sleeps, or rather she seems but to have exhaled her last sigh. The charity of God, as she herself said, has encompassed her.

It is so sweet to pray there, and such hours as I have passed there, forgetting nothing and no one! We interrupt our prayers from time to time to kiss this hand that seems as living, to examine more closely this truly astonishing, this wonderful preservation; for it belongs not to us to characterize it in other terms, which, however, come willingly upon the lips of all, but which we repress, leaving to the holy church the care of judging. Without doubt it is not our place to pronounce upon it; but we repeat to ourselves, full of astonishment and gratitude towards Divine Providence, all the insurmountable obstacles that nature seemed to have accumulated, as if she wished to hinder the preservation of this body in the tomb. Decomposition was already advanced at the moment of sepulture. This poor body, swollen by the malady, had large wounds in different places, and

pieces of skin adhered to the bed-clothes. The physicians have attested with precision, in their *procès-verbal*, the very apparent traces of these wounds after twenty-six years. These poor remains were, then, in a bad condition. One of the sisters declared that on the day of her interment a heavy rain fell into the open coffin, which according to the custom of the Visitation is not closed until the grave is reached, so the moisture had full play. And yet decomposition, instead of being accelerated by the moisture in the oaken coffin, hermetically sealed, is suddenly checked. It leaves the body and passes to the clothes and coffin, and after twenty-six years in this condition, the body of the Servant of God seems more intact than on the day of her death. And, to use again the expression of the physicians, no *odeur cadavérique* is observed at all; only the strong odor of mouldy wood escaped from the coffin and clothes.

It is the only body in the Visitation since its foundation that has been attested to have escaped complete corruption.

But why should we have doubted it for an instant? Had not the Venerable Mother predicted it? The venerated Father Brisson repeated it often to us with tears of emotion. Seven or eight years before her departure for heaven she had said repeatedly to him: "The good God will preserve my body as a testimony of the truth of all He has told me, and as a pledge of what He has done."

This same assurance had been given Rev. Father Rollin by the good Mother in explicit terms. We knew of these promises, and they had powerfully attracted us towards this tomb which was to be opened.

And we knew also that she had written this on the 7th of July, 1842, to the Rev. Father Regnouf, her confessor. Could there be a clearer prophecy? "*The Lord will do in me, with me according to His Heart for time and eternity. His will be done. I believe to have recognized that His eye wishes not to lose sight of me even after my death (my body). I consent to all the love, to all its effects.*"

The two words in parenthesis have not been added by another; they were written by the hand of the Venerable Mother herself.

Behold how God has recompensed and glorified the fidelity of His Servant, and His contentment with the soul that opposes no resistance to Him, but leaves Him free to act!

The worthy Mother Frances Marguerite de Cissey passed these lines to me, which she had faithfully copied and kept

about her for many days to encourage and support her when her strength was nearly exhausted.

Good and valiant mother! it is the last day of her six years as superior, and the joys of to-day are the recompense for these six years of painful labor, of intelligent activity, and devotion for the happy success of this Cause so dear to her and to us! To-morrow she will be replaced and will take the last place in the community.

All were permitted to go one by one to kiss the hands and feet of the Servant of God; the bishop allowed this testimony of filial affection. The hours passed too quickly in prayer, in pious exaltations, in contemplating anew the details, the signal favor that God has done to His Servant, and which consoles and encourages her faithful children.

Evening came, and Monsignor Chabrier had drawn up the *procès-verbal*. About 7 o'clock the religious of the Visitation have, in the midst of their sorrow at quitting these venerated remains, the last consolation of placing the body in a new oaken coffin lined with satin. We press near to look for a last time upon this "Good Mother" whom it has been so sweet to contemplate all day. "What a pity!" is the general exclamation. But it is necessary to bury the body again until the day of Beatification, when it will be brought forth again from the earth, but to be placed under the altar. May this desired day be not far distant! At her feet in the coffin is placed a sealed glass tube enclosing the *procès-verbal* drawn up in Latin, of which the following is the translation:

"In this coffin have been enclosed the remains of the Venerable Servant of God, Mary Francis de Sales Chappuis, Superior of the Religious of the Visitation of Sainte Marie of the Monastery of Troyes.

"The Venerable Servant of God was born in Switzerland, in the village of Soyhières, the 16th of June, in the year of the Incarnation 1793. She profited by the Christian education given her by her parents, and during her childhood, passed in the paternal house, she evinced such pious dispositions that it may be said that from her tenderest years her knowledge of God was astonishing. The first time she assisted at the holy Mass she was, it is said, miraculously enlightened on the mystery of the Redemption; after this she advanced daily in the love of God, feeling herself powerfully pressed to unite herself to Him. She had above all a lively desire to nourish her soul for the

first time on the Bread of Angels, a favor which she obtained by an extraordinary privilege at the age of eight years.

“Feeling more drawn to seek the perfection of virtue, and comprehending what ‘*her soul was to God,*’ ‘*was for God*’ (these are her expressions), she renounced completely the things of earth, and resolved to offer to God the flower of her virginity, consecrating her life to the Divine service. She entered the Monastery of the Visitation of Fribourg, and there in all the fervor of her soul she gave herself entirely to God, by the solemn profession of the religious vows, the 9th of June, 1816.

“From that moment she commenced a new method of life. Detached completely from herself and the world, she turned all her thoughts and all her affections towards God: to perform all her actions for His glory was the only movement of her will. And what was certainly more difficult, to this interior perfection so strongly recommended by St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane de Chantal in their Constitutions, she marvellously united the greatest simplicity of conduct to the greatest sweetness of manner.

“God deigned to manifest the treasures of virtue in her by innumerable favors which spread afar her reputation for sanctity.

“Many good works which have increased the spirit of piety owe their existence to her. But of them all the most important, as it responds best to the actual needs of the time, is assuredly: the Society of Priests, which the Venerable Servant of God, like a new St. Teresa, founded and provided with wise constitutions, with the aim of forming souls according to the meek spirit of St. Francis de Sales.

“Her skilfulness in the direction of souls caused her to be chosen as Superior of the Visitation at Troyes and at Paris; she drove out from these monasteries the remains of Jansenism, and led the nuns to the practice of the most perfect virtue.

“In fine, in the year 1875, consumed by the fire of charity more than by old age, at the monastery of Troyes, on the 7th of October, she went to the nuptials of the Celestial Spouse.

“Her renown for sanctity, which during her life was spread abroad, grew and increased daily after her death in consequence of the numerous prodigies which God wrought through her. An examination was commenced by the Ordinary, and in 1896 the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. nominated a commission to know if the celestial honors reserved to holy Virgins could be decreed to the Servant of God.

“Furthermore, the 17th of May, 1901, in virtue of a decree

of the Sacred Congregation of Rites and the instructions of the Rev. John Baptist Lugari, Promoter of the Faith at Rome, the remains of the Venerable Servant of God were taken from the tomb where to this day they have reposed, in the garden of the Monastery of Troyes, to be translated to a more suitable place under an oratory dedicated to Jesus the Redeemer, and prepared according to regulations. Her body was placed there by the Right Rev. Lord Gustave Adolphus de Pelacot, Bishop of Troyes, assisted by the Right Rev. Mary Louis Chabrier, domestic prelate and delegated judge. There were present:

“Rev. Ernest Patenôtre, Sub-promoter of the Faith; Right Rev. Bishop Nazareno Marzolini, chaplain of His Holiness, Postulator of the Cause, who came expressly from Rome to Troyes; Achille Martini de Monte Feretrio, advocate at Rome in the Sacred Congregation of Rites for the Cause of the Venerable Mary Francis de Sales Chappuis; Very Rev. Louis Brisson, Superior-General of the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales; Joseph Louis Courtot, Count of Cisse; Jules-Mary-Armand, Count of Cavelier de Cuverville, ex-Major-General of the French Marine;

“Ferdinand Frederici, officer of the Pontifical Guard;

“Her Highness Madame Anne-Napoleon-Alexandrine-Caroline, Princess Murat, Countess Goluchowska;

“Mother Francis Marguerite de Cisse, Superior.—Troyes, 17th of May, 1901.”

The document was formally signed by the above-mentioned, and other religious of the Visitation present, and several Oblate Sisters of St. Francis de Sales, one of whom, Sister Mary de Sales Ceppi, is a great-niece of the Venerable Mother; and Father Dëshairs, Assistant-General of the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales; Rev. C. Rollin, Procurator-General of the Oblates; Rev. R. Pernin, Oblate; Rev. D. Fischer, ecclesiastical notary; Rev. A. Berthelin, ecclesiastical notary.

The oaken coffin having been placed in the old leaden one, it was lowered into a vault under a little oratory of Roman style, dedicated to Jesus the Redeemer. There, awaiting the final decision of the church, our Venerable Mother reposes under the eyes of our holy founders, whose statues, placed on each side of the door, seem to be guarding her precious remains. It is there that our hearts will go to seek her, to pray near her, and strengthen ourselves till the desired day of her Beatification.

The Rev. Father Bohl, S.J., for some time the confessor of the Count de Chambord, says of the Venerable Mother, after an attentive study of her life, that among the many persons eminent for sanctity who appeared during the nineteenth century few offer to our imitation a model as perfect as the life of the Venerable Mary de Sales Chappuis. "Living only in Jesus and for Jesus, such has been the only thought, and the very soul of the life of this admirable *Salésienne*. So perfect was the abandonment of the 'good Mother' to the Divine good pleasure that she could say in all truth, with the great Apostle, '*I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me.*' Like the handmaid of whom the royal prophet spoke, whose eyes were constantly fixed upon the hands of her mistress to obey the least sign of her will, thus this faithful servant of the Lord seemed to watch the least desires of her Divine Master, to execute them to the letter without permitting herself to do either more or less than His adorable will.

"Is it astonishing that God, who is pleased to do the will of those who fear Him, should in a manner put Himself at the service of a soul so passionately obedient and faithful? Hence these intimate communications, this ineffable union, these extraordinary lights, this surety of doctrine, this superhuman wisdom in the direction of souls, reading as in an open book the secret folds of consciences, and tracing to each the way she was to follow."

To teach souls how to supernaturalize their least actions, and thus to live in union with their Saviour, to draw upon His merits, to work in the company of this Divine Model, is the epitome of the life and teachings of her whom Monseigneur Ségur called the "greatest saint of her century."

"O God! give us saints," was the cry that burst from the great heart of Lacordaire, and we,

"Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that
Immortal sea which brought us hither,"

and we re-echo this prayer for saints—saints to reparate, saints to impetrate for the world, for poor France, and for Holy Church in the evil times upon which she has fallen!



BORN in Londonderry, Ireland, Charles D. Maginnis completed his scholastic studies before coming to the United States. With the early ambition of entering the English Civil Service he competed in '86, taking first place in Scotland and Ireland. Ere the result became known, however, he had already determined to adopt the profession of architecture. Leaving Ireland with a somewhat vague prepossession in favor of Boston as a field of labor, he took up residence there the following year, when he immediately entered on the study of architecture with the late Mr. W. P. Wentworth, an ecclesiastical architect. Five years afterwards he became associated with Mr. Edmund M. Wheelwright, City Architect of Boston, and remained throughout that administration when such a remarkable impetus was given to the cause of municipal architecture in the United States.

With a growing appreciation of the opportunity afforded by the great activities of the church in this country for the development of a worthier, more traditional standard of art, he returned to Europe to make more intimate study of the ecclesiastical types which possessed particular adaptability to American conditions.

Firmly believing in the future of Christian Art in America, Mr. Maginnis gave enthusiastic and impersonal support to the new movement soon to be organized as the American Ecclesiological Society, which, if wisely and unselfishly controlled, cannot fail to be a beneficent influence.

Mr. Maginnis has a very special interest in the art of popular illustration, and held the position of instructor in the Cowles Art School in Boston for a number of years, as well as in the Boston Architectural Club, of which he is at present the vice-president. His work on "Pen Drawing," issued a year ago, has met with flattering success.

CATHOLIC ARCHITECTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY CHARLES D. MAGINNIS.



ART cannot be said to have entered into the religious life of English-speaking America. Since it became a factor in our civilization, its real stimulus has come not from the church but from the home and the municipality. That the beginnings of artistic evolution should first be apparent in the domestic life of a new society is no unnatural phenomenon, though an historic ecclesiastical organization possessing its own artistic traditions might well be held to have within itself the seeds of independent development. If art, however, has received as yet no lofty mission here, it may at least be said to have accomplished much by the infusion of its spiritual element into a society more than ordinarily materialistic. Though it has fallen now on times when its activities are largely controlled by the exigencies of the social and business advertisement, its spirit is manifestly not with ephemerality. Out of the memory of ancient days it paints Madonnas still, but—pathetic incongruity—it paints them now for epicures. Art merely waits a great motive, a lofty inspiration, a new religious impulse. For this revivifying force men have looked anxiously to Catholicity.

That the Catholic Church is destined ultimately to exert upon the art of America a large measure of its historic influence there seems no reason to doubt, but that it is as yet a potent, even a considerable, factor must be denied. Its own artistic accomplishment is not merely unworthy, gauged by its great traditional standards, but measured even by the standards of contemporary art. Any serious inquiry into the subject must, therefore, effectually dissipate that feeling of self-complacency which is induced by the mere statistical circumstance that large sums of money have been expended for the erection and embellishment of church buildings. It is not that there has been any conscious departure of the church from its historical attitude towards Art. Whatever may be charged against its artistic record in America, the very nature of its inferiority affords the

evidence of the striving after worthy achievement. There is always present, be its issue never so abortive, an artistic intention as sincere as ever found expression in mediæval cathedral. That this great building activity has contributed but insignificantly to the artistic asset of the nation must be referred largely to the preoccupation of the church with the immense spiritual concerns imposed upon it by immigration, a preoccupation too absorbed for the responsibilities of a discriminating art patronage. There are many gods of the market-place in these latter days, and the pilgrim in search of Art needs shrewd direction. If, however, the spiritual cares of the church were too great, too elemental, to permit of more than a perfunctory concern for the spiritualities of Art, this must now be considered rather as an historical consideration. It can no longer be claimed that the stress of this condition is such as to prejudice the development of a thoughtful and deliberate ecclesiastical art. If it may be held to excuse the low standard which marks contemporary activity, a standard surprisingly inferior to that of several denominations among us, it can only be in the sense that it has bred that baneful commercialism, that spirit of traffic, in the supply of sacred objects from which we are still suffering. The edifices of the church continue to be designed in great part by inartistic and unscholarly men, of no professional repute, who deal in plans like merchants in ready-made clothing, scattering their stereotyped, expressionless architecture over the land in defiance of all the determining principles of site, climate, local resource, and natural environment. Until a point of view is generally inculcated higher than that which is implied in the selection of men with the mere training and intelligence of mechanics to design works of art, it seems idle to talk of improvement. That St. Patrick's, New York, is not, like so many of our American cathedrals, a travesty on Gothic architecture, but something instead of which we are all reasonably proud, is due simply to the fact that its design was entrusted to scholarly men. If they were not Catholic men, this was deemed of less consequence in their selection than that they were true artists, imbued with mediæval tradition. The result is a work of essentially Catholic genius. There is no doubt that a standard as exacting as this applied locally in almost any of our chief cities would find some nobly adequate response. And if the determination of artistic worth be held to require more than

average acumen, it is to be remembered always that the best test of a professional man is the judgment of his profession. It is thus we select a physician. Nor should the consideration that an architect has been for years identified with church building be permitted to weigh in his favor *per se*. The man who has designed forty unsuccessful churches may be assumed to have done more than his share towards discrediting Catholic architecture, and should be passed over, no matter how fine a gentleman, nor how good a Christian. The beauty of God's house is too important, too impressive a concern to be prejudiced by such remote considerations.

For obvious reasons, I should have preferred to avoid any reference to this aspect of the subject, but since it is upon the nature of the professional service that the character of ecclesiastical architecture must directly and absolutely depend, to deny it its proper emphasis would draw very largely from the practical value of this paper.

Our Catholic architecture has been such a heterogeneous growth, it betrays so little evidence of particular influences, that anything like a historical review would, even if it were feasible, be of questionable value. If there be any one guiding principle however, evident more than another, it is assuredly the veneration of tradition. In its relation to architecture this is not a principle which would appear to be growing in popularity with us, and even though it had been more intelligently operative here, the result would doubtless be regarded as equivocal enough. Yet it might be ventured with some positiveness that there is no great likelihood, however high the standard of design in Catholic churches may be, of its being influenced very powerfully by the new ultra-rationalistic trend in architectural thought; and this for two reasons: chiefly, because of the vitality of the traditional principle in Catholic theology; and, less essentially and particularly, because of the greater indeterminateness of the conditions which govern church design. Architecture becomes indigenous in proportion to the urgency of peculiar conditions. So that it is in the mercantile building where we in this country have risen most superior to archæology. To the commercial instinct, baneful as it often is, we are thus, singularly enough, indebted for the demonstration of a leading architectural principle. Utility, with all its logical absoluteness, with its inflexible demand for the economical adjustment of means to end,

has imposed upon us architectural problems which are demanding frank and independent solution. As a consequence, in our streets we are becoming more and more accustomed to architectural expressions which, in their larger aspects, betray almost a total independence of precedent. Civil architecture may be said to be assuming with us, therefore, some measure of its real national importance. On the other hand, by very virtue of the less urgent conditions, there must needs be, in this direction, a correspondingly less development in the field of ecclesiastical architecture. Here there are proposed no arbitrary and vexing questions of utility. Qualifiedly, the church edifice is an architectural abstraction. The qualification, be it noted, calls for a lesser emphasis in speaking of Roman Catholic and Episcopalian architecture than that of the denominations who prefer no claim to ceremonious ritual, and the general nature of whose activities demand certain domestic institutional annexes. I may be permitted to protest, in passing, that these annexes, making as they do for a picturesque massing, obtain thereby over the typical Catholic church, with its large formal mass, a frequent advantage which is most indubitably independent of intrinsic merit of design.

If the conditions which govern ecclesiastical design be less urgent, however, an intelligent and faithful regard for them is no less, indeed it would seem to be all the more, important; and in this light we may observe not alone the chief fault of American Catholic architecture but of most modern church architecture as well. In the organism of large structures no reasonably adequate concession has been made to the fixed pew. And yet, frankly recognized, it would be so determinating a factor as to demand quite a radical departure from prevailing types. There is unquestionably a logical violation of the traditional architectural type in the utilization of both nave and side aisles for seating capacity when it is considered that the absence of side chapels throughout the body of the church focuses the interest of the congregation upon the chancel, which is thus cut off from the view of half the congregation by two rows of columns in sharp perspective. A most unhappy expedient, generally employed in mitigation of this, is the thinning of the points of support, sometimes to a grievous attenuation, much to the sacrifice of repose and dignity. The widening of the nave so as to embrace the entire congregation occurs to one at once

as an easy solution, and it is undoubtedly satisfactory in the case of a small church. But such is the size of the Catholic congregation that this would mean, if the auditorium is not to be too deep for preaching, and therefore an encouragement to "long sermons," a width of fifty to fifty-five feet. It will readily be seen how destructive this would be to the traditional perspective as to width and length. With such a short nave, transepts would be necessary elements. The consideration of economy, which is such an important element in the Catholic problem, would of itself demand correspondingly narrow aisles, devoted as they then would be to the proper function of passage-ways. It would likewise hinder the raising of the nave roof proportionately with the width. Dignity of effect would then be difficult of attainment in other than a round arch style. Most Gothic types at least would be, I fear, quite out of joint with such an organism. On sentimental grounds I am rather disposed to resist such a conclusion, but I cannot bring myself to believe, much as I detest utilitarianism in such a connection, that merely because the church is designed primarily for worship, we may not, therefore, demand to see; that we may indulge a blind and literal predilection for traditional types while we do violence thereby to our own peculiar conditions. However painful the operation may be (and it needs be surgical in its ruthless disregard for all but the principle of life) there can be nothing in it revolting to true sentiment. It is not an abandoning of tradition, but a trimming of its dead branches, from which should spring a more vigorous and healthy vitality. The architect may not always be the doctor, however, and without some authoritative definition of the architectural church problem he has a rather restricted initiative.

If the chief fault of American Catholic architecture lies in its lack of touch with modern conditions, this, after all, is an academic objection. Its more obtrusive faults are those which spring from the abuse of the economic condition. The plea is often advanced by apologists, as an offset against the unfavorable position in which a comparative estimate places Catholic architecture, that its inferiority is determined of necessity by the economic conditions which obtain in Catholic parishes. Such an argument would seem to be based upon the assumption that there exists an essential affinity between the artistic and intrinsic value of a building, and would propose the curious corollary

that an expensive building is necessarily more artistic than an inexpensive one. Now, no intelligent reader, I am sure, would venture to claim superiority for the new Philadelphia City Hall as a work of art as against the refined and dignified old Hall of Independence, even though it cost fifty times as much. Have not worthless statues been made from precious metal and master-pieces from New Jersey mud? Art is an alchemist. At its touch the vulgar is transformed for ever. Why, then, may not a brick church be a more excellent work of art than a cathedral?

The economic condition in this country is fairly a uniform one. Catholic parishes are very populous, and, recruited as they are so much from immigration, are composed mostly of wage-earners. The churches require to be large, therefore, and not too proportionately costly. The materials of the structure and the selection of style ought manifestly to be in nice relation to the requirements. Instead of seeking after simple organic expression with modest means, however, we observe with tiresome frequency the persuading of flimsy materials into the semblance of elaborate historic forms for which their properties utterly unfit them, the slavish imitating of rich externals of vital and enduring masonry architecture by systems of veneers. Instead of the healthiness of the master-craftsman, we get too often the unethical view-point of the theatrical property man. We have, it is true, almost survived the wooden Gothic church (Protestant and Catholic), with its meaningless pointed arches and its boarded buttresses, the mere mask of a construction whose integrity depends on the ten-penny nail. But the spirit of it is not yet at peace. We continue to have churches which profess to be of masonry on the strength of a veneering of the aisle walls, the clere-stories and buttress-pinnacles being made of wood-furring covered with copper. The disregard for the moral principle in architectural beauty is most evident, however, in the interiors, which are most frequently mere plaster shells, designed in literal unintelligent imitation of stone constructions. Ribbed and vaulted ceilings of lath and plaster profess, with reasonable title, to gain support from flimsy bracketed columns engaged against nave walls with equally apocryphal capacity. Plaster enters into the design not only as a wall-covering, but makes profession of being a structural material. Nothing appears to be performing any real function. Nowhere is there any apparent vitality, any organic effect. The open timber roof is rarely employed, as if

partaking too much of picturesque *naïveté*. Masonry is scarcely ever in evidence, often not because it is too costly but is considered too coarse a thing. Who has ever stood within the mediæval Gothic cathedral and failed to be impressed with the idea of living, sentient architecture? This strange impression is not explained by the mere uplift of the lines but by their magnificent muscularity, nor by the graceful sweep of the arches but by the splendid energy of them, so palpable in the upward thrust of stone against stone. It is possible to bring something of this spirit into the interiors of American churches; and until we do, we cannot lay claim to noble architecture. Practically, it offers no difficulty, as the elimination of purely meretricious ornament could often yield the cost of making the arches and columns and other vital lines in pressed brick or terra-cotta. The plaster would then occupy its proper relation and could be treated with flat decoration, under governance of the color and scale of the masonry. The general adoption of such a system would, it is true, redound little to the profit of the cheap commercial decorator who has heretofore grown so fat upon his opportunities. Anything, however, which tends to confine the activities of this ignoramus can hardly fail to be a blessing. His fearful brush has done more than its share in the discrediting of Catholic Art in America.

Thanks to the cheap fanfare of the New York hotel, we have now to deal with a new and subtle phase of structural insincerity—the popularity of false marbles and their irritating resemblances. Already they have found their way into the church, and, if architects do not act a more conscientious part, the evil must inevitably spread to harmful degrees. One can hardly fail to see the malice of them. Their employment violates elementary ethics, inasmuch as they profess to be something which they are not. Granting the claim, that they perfectly simulate real marbles and consequently fulfil equally well the same decorative function, I believe them to be so much the more pernicious. Did they possess some distinctive peculiarity of their own, no objection could be urged against their employment. But the evil consists, not in that they fail to look like marbles but in that they are *not* marbles. Spurious jewelry is not made of yellow metal because yellow is more beautiful than blue, but because it may make a false profession. The effect of spurious veining makes its tricky appeal to our acquaintance with real

marble and not independently to our decorative sense. Nor does it mend the matter any to claim historical justification. Whatever is, is not therefore right. Precedent is not necessarily healthy, and if Giotto used artificial marbles, he did many other things besides which we can emulate with more reason and certainly more profit. We ought, at least, to be no less capable of deciding for ourselves a question of elementary morals.

In the large mass of Catholic churches, very naturally, the structural material employed is brick, which is inexpensive enough to render a resort to unworthy expedients reasonably unnecessary. It is remarkable, however, that its use so far has made for so little that is beautiful. This is apparently due in part to an ignorant contempt for this historical material. We generally see it used as though it were a mere vulgar makeshift for stone, instead of a material with traditions of its own from which may be culled a wealth of unique expression. It is most often employed in conjunction with certain stone types of Northern Gothic, many of whose features do not lend themselves naturally to its particular genius. Since the employment of brick seems to have imposed too subtle, as it certainly imposed in the circumstances too onerous, an obligation, it seems all the more a pity that precedents were not more often sought in Italy than in England. We would then, at least, have an architectural echo which would not grate upon our nerves. We would have brick buildings in whose organism there were no dead members, a dignified architecture whose classic restraint would have been an educating and refining influence far otherwise than the unarticulated flamboyancies of a travestied English Gothic. Of the architectural riches of Lombardy Catholic architects appear to have known almost nothing, near as it is to the centre of Catholicism. While its lovely brick architecture has had nothing of suggestion for them, its refining influence has penetrated to the factories of commercial America. In the churches there is evident a larger dependence upon stone on the vital lines, and here a harsh note is too usually struck with all the brutality of rock-faced granite. It seems indeed a grievous thing that a grand opportunity for the development of a beautiful brick church architecture has been thus so grossly and persistently abused.

There is a phase of this subject of modern ecclesiastical art which, while it may be more intelligently dealt with by the

cleric, deserves more than passing consideration here. I refer to the curiously general sentiment in favor of light interiors, as being more devotional. The church architect is apt to encounter this point of view in the form of an arbitrary condition even when the client is disposed to put no other curb upon his fancy. Whether this represents an actual change in thought or is adopted as a concession to congregational taste, I am not sure. That the populace prefers a bright, comfortable interior may be admitted at once. That it would tolerate and admire still greater degrees of brightness and comfort, and even gaudiness and luxury, is no less true and no less significant. It seems a pity, however, when it is remembered that the church makes no compact with the world in its spiritual relation, but holds up uncompromisingly the ideals of right thought and conduct, that it should permit its own solemn ideal of the material temple to be modified and secularized by a corrupted popular taste. The attributes of the Catholic Church demand, for symbolic expression, the attributes of great art. There was never great art without shadow, and only with shadow can art give expression to the mystery of religion. Chiaro-oscuro need be no element in the architecture of a Methodist meeting-house, but it is an essential factor in the shaping of the ideal Catholic building. The interiors of the classic and Roman Renaissance churches are often light and most impressive, but the effect is rather of philosophic dignity than of spirituality. The mediæval church has the truer aspect—the tempered light, the atmosphere of mystery into which men come from the glare of the street and feel at once there is none of life's fever in it. Who has not put it to himself, with Ruskin, "whether all that is dazzling in color, perfect in form, gladdening in expression, be not of evanescent and shallow appealing, when compared with the still small voice of the level twilight behind the purple hills, or the scarlet arch of dawn over the dark, troublous-edged sea"?

THE LAST MICE.

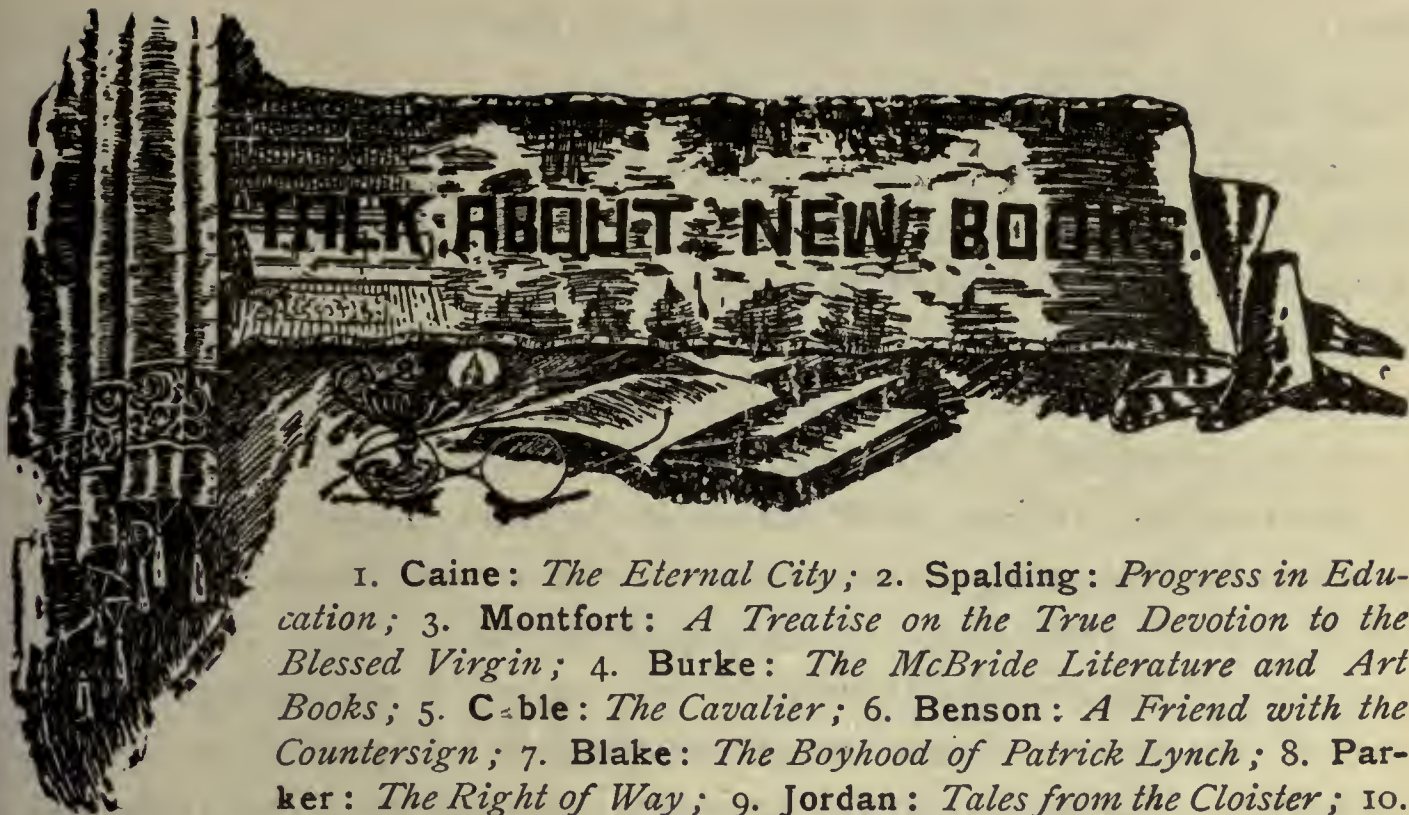
"To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

What could he give?
Sin-scarred, with scarce a moment still to live.
Scant space to make amend
For much demerit, now so near his end;
Scant time to earn
A claim to briefen aught the flames that burn
Earth's stains,
Or least to lessen Purgatory's pains.

But on the Crucifix his glances fall . . .
That instant, self forgotten, he gave all:
His last heart-beat, last breath,
Last lingering quiver in the arms of Death—
Not for himself—for Jesus' sake;
Only to make
One pang the less, one drop the less,
That dire day of Calvary's distress.
—Then he was dead.

I saw his soul straightway to Jesus led.

ALBERT REYNAUD.



1. Caine: *The Eternal City*; 2. Spalding: *Progress in Education*; 3. Montfort: *A Treatise on the True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*; 4. Burke: *The McBride Literature and Art Books*; 5. Cable: *The Cavalier*; 6. Benson: *A Friend with the Countersign*; 7. Blake: *The Boyhood of Patrick Lynch*; 8. Parker: *The Right of Way*; 9. Jordan: *Tales from the Cloister*; 10. Fonsegrive: *La Crise Sociale*; 11. Cecilia: *The Retreat Manual*; Zwiigen: *Meditations for Monthly Retreats*; 12. Loyola: *First Confession—Forgive Us Our Trespases*; 13. Blois: *The Oratory of the Faithful Soul*; 14. Dinsmore: *The Teachings of Dante*; 15. Muzzarelli: *A Brief French Course*; 16. *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages*.

1.—Giving due consideration to the mileage of the paper consumed in the first edition of *The Eternal City*,* as well as to the imposing figures required to express its rapid sale and to other kindred statistical evidences of its worth, we think that Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel is a literary, though it may not prove a commercial failure. We come to this conclusion with the more reluctance because Mr. Caine, in his handling of Catholic topics, evinces, on the whole, towards the church a spirit of fairness and sympathy which is in pleasing contrast with the attitude taken by some other popular novelists who have recently exploited the irresistible attraction which Rome has even for her foes. The cause of Mr. Hall Caine's failure is not far to seek. He has failed as many other novelists have failed who, after producing one or two successful stories dealing with life, character, and surroundings with which they were familiar, and to which their peculiar vein of literary talent lent itself, have entered on some other field of fiction in which they had to seek their material at second hand. In the first case an author writes because he has a story to tell; in the other, he is determined to tell a story and then sets about looking for his material. In the *Manxman* the author was in a familiar and congenial atmosphere; his mind was richly furnished with all

* *The Eternal City*. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

that was wanted to build up a genuine, fresh, original tale. To succeed he had but to give us of his best. But when he undertook to depict the scenes, characters, and underlying principles of Roman social, ecclesiastical, and political life he entered on a task for which he was nowise equipped. His material had to be obtained by reading, supplemented by very superficial, cursory, and limited observation. In *The Eternal City* he writes about men and things with which he is unfamiliar; and on deep questions of sociology and politics upon which he is, to say the least, not an authority. Consequently there is about the book a hollowness and unreality which deprive it of all vitality. The genius of ancient Rome seems, indeed, to have affected him in one way. The old Roman mind in literature and religion displayed an extraordinary tendency to the personification of abstractions. The characters in *The Eternal City* are but abstractions masquerading under proper names. The hero is but John Storm shorn of the traits and removed from the surroundings which conferred on John a personality. Roma is a faint shadow of Gloria Quail projected on a background with which it is out of harmony. There are, indeed, a few striking situations, and the character of the Prime Minister is a little more vigorously conceived than any of the others. But an occasional gleam of talent is hardly enough to repay a reader for a tedious journey through six hundred and thirty pages.

2—Bishop Spalding's latest publication* is the text of his address to the National Education Association at Detroit last July. The *Ave Maria* Press has extended its already strong claim on popular favor by a cheap and tasteful presentation of this splendid discourse, the spirit of which is manifested sufficiently well in a sentence from the opening paragraph: "All progress is educational and all education is progress." As always, our author is broad—broad and bold. He is not inclined to disguise his appreciation for good things even if they happen to have originated from such suspected sources as the philosopher of Königsberg. Persons who can make good use of hints for the formation of a view at once intellectual, wide, and religious, would do well to render themselves familiar with what the Bishop has to say.

We wish here to add a word concerning our review in the

* *Progress in Education*. By the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D. Notre Dame, Indiana: The *Ave Maria* Press.

October issue of Bishop Spalding's *Aphorisms and Reflections*. Some one has suggested that our opening sentence is liable to a misinterpretation; hence we feel bound to draw attention to the matter again. The volume mentioned is in no sense a reprint. That some of the thoughts selected for presentation in this new form are suggestive of earlier pronouncements, is a fact which must, as stated, delight the Bishop's hosts of admirers.

Bishop Spalding would never be the leader of men that he really is if he lacked the discernment, or the power, to recur again and again with strengthening emphasis to those great thoughts that he has made the inspiration of many thousands of souls. Nevertheless, sameness and monotony are strange to him; he sets and arranges his gems to new advantage each time he attempts the task, thus constantly deepening his influence and multiplying his disciples. That, on various pages, *Aphorisms and Reflections* re-presents thoughts with which the Bishop long ago made us familiar is one of the chief charms of the volume—at least for those of us who long ago numbered ourselves among his admiring listeners.

3.—This treatise on True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin,* by the Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort, while not a new work, has not hitherto been very well known in America. It was translated from the French by Father Faber in 1862, a fact which guarantees the accuracy and beauty of the text. The present edition is both neat and handy.

The language used by the holy author in many places has caused him to be misunderstood, and he has been accused of almost idolatrous devotion to the Mother of God. However, since his writings have been declared to contain nothing contrary to faith or morals, and nothing contrary to the common sentiment and practice of the Church, their orthodoxy need give no concern.

4.—There are no books so important in the education of children as the series of reading books. The constant reading of the extracts, short stories, and striking incidents that are usually grouped together in the ordinary reading manuals serve to impress them deeply on the minds of the children, and these impressions continue with one even when the lessons of maturer

* *A Treatise on the True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*. By the Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort. Translated from the French by Frederick W. Faber, D.D. With Preface by the Archbishop of Westminster. Sherbrooke, P. Q.: St. Charles' Seminary.

years are forgotten. This fact makes the compiling of a series of reading books a matter of utmost concern. Moreover the advance in pedagogical methods has increased the availability of reading books as educational factors. For these reasons we have looked through with more than ordinary interest the new series of Literature and Art Books* that have recently been edited and arranged by Mrs. B. Ellen Burke. The editor has had many years of practical experience as an instructor of children, and is moreover an expert in methods of scientific education. Any work that she does has the stamp of excellence on it.

Her system, too, commends itself to a layman in pedagogy. She follows the phonetic method and does not illustrate the printed word by a picture, though the books are beautifully illustrated by artistic half tones. The purpose is to confine the child's attention to the word and its meaning. The fundamental pedagogical principle of proceeding from the known to the unknown is strictly followed throughout the series; and for the use of teachers there are accompanying manuals which give the most minute directions for imparting the instruction the books contain.

5.—Mr. Cable is not one of those writers who pour forth streams of literature so steadily as to prejudice readers against belief in the real value of the work produced; he labors carefully and slowly. His latest volume† shows the worth of his method. It is a brilliant sketch of a time which still remains the most romantic epoch in our national history; and so we have a vividly realistic description of battles and camp-life from the pen of a man who was in the thick of it all. The love-story which is woven through and around the stirring war incidents is exquisitely tender, the more so because it is not obtrusive.

The scene is laid in Louisiana and Mississippi, ground over which the author himself fought in the exciting days when he wore the uniform of a Mississippi cavalryman. One readily trusts Mr. Cable's accuracy, but in these pages, it may almost be said, his descriptions present internal evidence demonstrative of their fidelity. The plot is skilful and several of the characters

* *The McBride Literature and Art Books.* By B. Ellen Burke. New York and Chicago: D. H. McBride & Co.

† *The Cavalier.* By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

really striking; the dialect and the peculiarities of the *ante bellum* Southern aristocracy are touched of as few, if any, others could hope to do. The book is one which will retain a hold upon its readers longer, and more deservedly, than most of its rivals in the school of historical fiction. The volume is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, which makes comment on its beauty unnecessary.

6—Despite the prophecies of some literary experts, every now and again there appears a new historical novel. *A Friend with the Countersign** is a story of the Civil War, told by the hero, Jones Berwick, a scout for the Army of the Potomac. It is an account of his many adventures and hair-breadth escapes while on his scouting expeditions. He is finally captured, tried, and condemned to be shot as a spy, but the sentence is never carried into effect owing to Lee's surrender. Many of the situations are highly exciting, though at times they border on the impossible. The descriptive passages would be far more interesting had the author been less exact in stating the precise number of yards Berwick travels in his manœuvres. One would suppose that he had about his person some kind of a pedometer. In places the style is rather too abrupt, and the story as a whole too long drawn out. The battle of the Wilderness is vividly described, and must prove interesting to any one who was actively engaged in that fearful struggle. Dr. Khayme is a good character sketch, and the love affair between his daughter Lydia and Berwick lends a charm to the narrative. All things considered the book is worth reading, but would be more satisfying had the author told us the ultimate fate of Captain Owen, alias Scranton, and Napoleon's envoy Scherzer, two of the leading characters.

7.—A new and rather unusual publication, entitled *The Boyhood of Patrick Lynch*,† is a collection of letters professing to set before the public the boyhood of one Father Lynch, said to have lost his life in the faithful performance of his duties as a priest during the terrible yellow-fever scourge which nearly destroyed the inhabitants of Memphis some twenty years ago. One is led to believe the letters authentic, and the story they tell a reality; but a careful reading of the book proves it to

* *A Friend with the Countersign*. By B. K. Benson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *The Boyhood of Patrick Lynch*. Edited by Charles Blake.

be a conscious apologetic for the church. The book may be read with profit by both Catholics and non-Catholics, for it will assist the one in refuting error, and present to the others certain historical facts and truths of Catholic doctrine which are too often misunderstood, owing to their false coloring, resulting either from ignorance or malice. The fact that the book is now running through its second edition proves that it has met with favor.

8.—We may confidently claim for Gilbert Parker's new novel* a high place among contributions to fiction made during the past few years. Moreover, it is perhaps his best work, although not the latest written.

The hero is a brilliant, profligate agnostic lawyer, Charles Steele, supposedly dead but in reality living in the little Canadian village of Chaudière, disgraced because of another's crime, and aware that his wife has been remarried. Too heroic to return and do further injury to one already cruelly wronged, he settles down to an honest, quiet life as a village tailor. Soon he falls in love with pretty Rosalie Evanturel. Yet, realizing that his married wife and not Rosalie has the "right of way," he struggles manfully against his own passion and Rosalie's responsive love. We must say, however, that Rosalie is not as strong a character as seems desirable.

The story is a powerful one and artistically told, although too great a proportion of the events narrated is unlikely. The sketch of Steele is a remarkably keen piece of analysis. As the action takes place in a Catholic village the church enters very largely into the plot, and on the whole the author does her justice, though occasionally a sentence or two will jar upon a sensitive Catholic nerve.

The curé is an admirable type of the true parish priest whose life is wrapped up in God and his people. The simple villagers with their childish ways, their deep faith, their simple and even superstitious awe toward everything religious, are drawn under the inspiration of close acquaintance and a lively sympathy. The plot is full of exciting action, the atmosphere fairly wholesome, and the tone reverent.

That the subtle moral of the tale is religious we are not prepared to say; certainly there is no deep sounding of the

* *The Right of Way*. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers.

spiritual life such as a Catholic writer might have accomplished with a similar opportunity. But, at any rate, the surface of the life of a Catholic village is kindly and ingeniously portrayed.

9.—Whether or not all Catholic readers will agree with our verdict we know not, or rather, we are pretty sure that some will dissent; nevertheless we must affirm that Miss Jordan's *Tales from the Cloister** is a decidedly interesting book. It has weaknesses, of course. First of all, the stories are very uneven, less than half of them being really first class. Then, again, the obvious moral of them is suggestive of a strong distrust of the convent life as a *régime* suitable for normal and sane-minded persons. And further, one will note an evident disregard of the probabilities in the details of several of the plots.

For the rest, the tales have a great deal of charm and of pathos. Even the author's subtle criticisms are sometimes sufficiently true to life to awaken the sympathies of readers familiar with the scenes described. Clearly Miss Jordan is well acquainted with convents and their inmates, but only in a merely superficial way. The spiritual significance of a cloister vocation is hidden from her. From a literary point of view the descriptions are of high excellence. The second tale and the last are "sweet"—to borrow a phrase from one of the characters, May Iverson, "seventeen and sentimental": the very same girl so many of us will remember at our own convent school, and elsewhere.

10.—*La Crise Sociale*,† recently published by M. George Fonsegrive, is a typical book, reflecting the mind of a vigorous thinking Catholic who watches the complex processes of national life in France, sees them in their organic relations, and calls attention to them with much force.

The author is well known in Catholic circles as a sturdy champion of the church. The contents of this volume were first used by him as the subject-matter of discourses pronounced before gatherings of Catholic students and seminarians, and at meetings of learned societies in France and Belgium. Many of them were later published as articles in the *Quinzaine*. In spite of this desultory origin, they really possess, as the author claims, a sufficient unity to warrant their publication in book form.

* *Tales from the Cloister*. By Elizabeth G. Jordan, Illustrated by A. I. Keller. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† *La Crise Sociale*. Par George Fonsegrive. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

The dominant thought of the work is found in the third chapter where M. Fonsegrive studies the Division of Labor. He shows the function of that far-reaching law in the material, intellectual, moral, social, and spiritual orders. He then concludes that harmony among social aims, co-ordination of social forces, is absolutely necessary to true progress. In the light of this truth the author views the past and present of France, and sees unity in the intricate issues of its life. The earlier chapter of the book on Liberalism, and two later chapters on the Condition of the Laborer under Socialism and Catholicity, mark the extent and tendency of the author's thinking. The day of Liberalism is past; it has created conditions which are its condemnation. Recourse to Socialism was natural, but entailed equal if not greater dangers to society. Between the actual bankruptcy of individualism and the inevitable collapse of Socialism, the author finds in the Catholic Church a power and a teaching which offer safety, and illustrate most aptly the social synthesis demanded by the great law of Division of Labor.

Aside from this larger thought, the work contains many minor suggestions of value. Among them is this: There is a real conflict between the spirit of modern times and that of the church. We are often inclined to think that there is fundamental harmony between Catholic ideals and principles and those of the present day. Unless we are cautious, such thinking may injure our deeper Catholic sense and weaken us. In our eagerness to show harmony, we may establish it at the sacrifice of our accurate understanding of Catholic traditions.

11.—Two recent additions to our Retreat literature form a couple of useful companion volumes. The first* exposes the character and method of a retreat, and combines some good elementary instruction upon mental prayer, with a number of very serviceable practical hints as to examination of conscience, cure of besetting faults, the way to draw spiritual profit from the details, religious and secular, of our daily lives. The second† contains a series of thirty-six meditations, three for each month of the year, and is destined primarily for the use of religious communities, though it is equally well adapted for those of the laity who can make use of simple and suggestive material for medi-

* *The Retreat Manual*. By Madame Cecilia. New York: Benziger Brothers.—† *Meditations for Monthly Retreats*. Translated from the Dutch of the Right Rev. J. Zwiigen by the Rev. Frederick Poupaert. London: Michael Kearney.

tation. Every one of the meditations takes up some characteristic of our Divine Saviour. The English is careful and intelligible.

12.—If you are seeking for children's books which contain solid and valuable and entertaining instruction on religious matters, do take a glance at the volumes written by Mother M. Loyola, of the Bar Convent, York. The last two from her pen are concerned with confession—one* with first confession in particular, and another with the general subject of children's confessions.

Truly this nun's writings seem to meet a want that may almost be described as acute. It is a blessing that she has been led to devote her talents to this department. There are too few who understand how to deal with children, and fewer still who know the sort of religious literature suitable for use by the little ones. The present volumes do much to lighten the labor of teachers and to provide children themselves with a means of supplying the lack that of necessity remains even after a course of good instruction has been completed. The writer is uniformly simple, picturesque, and practical, and her aim can perhaps be described, in the words of Father Thurston's preface to *First Confession*, "that an ordeal which children often dread so much beforehand should leave behind it a pleasant memory of shyness overcome, sin forgiven, and happiness restored." The accomplishment of this purpose depends, of course, not a little upon the priest's sympathetic appreciation of the situation. Hence even for him these little volumes will be helpful toward the fulfilment of a difficult task.

13.—*The Oratory of the Faithful Soul*† is a little book of prayers, the breathings of one of the most devout spirits of modern days, Louis of Blois. These prayers are divided into devotions for every day of the week. They are full of unction, inspired by the contemplation of the chief mysteries of religion, and are translated by a sympathetic spirit as well as a master of idiomatic English. One week's use of these prayers will stimulate the reader to another, and yet another. As an alternative to

* *First Confession*. By Mother M. Loyola.—*Forgive us our Trespasses*. By Mother M. Loyola. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Oratory of the Faithful Soul*. By Louis of Blois, O.S.B. Translated by the late Robert A. Coffin, C.S.S.R., Bishop of Southwark. St. Louis: B. Herder.

one's ordinary prayer-book this book answers all requirements; and even as matter for daily meditation its merits are evident on the lightest inspection. Man's life-time, his death, and his eternal future are here discoursed upon by one who knew God's love intimately and knew how to teach it.

14.—If, as the preface seems to intimate, the author of this latest volume * on Dante is unacquainted with the poet's original text, at least he has studied translations carefully and with profit. He has accomplished considerable toward interpreting the great underlying conceptions of the poem to readers whose attraction is not powerful enough to inspire them to painstaking personal research. Such readers, when wisely aided, may derive great profit and entertainment from the immortal trilogy.

One strong point in Mr. Dinsmore's favor is that he is not obscure. Moreover, he is thoroughly honest, and he aims at a perfectly sympathetic treatment of his subject, even when its Catholicity is clearly in evidence. Yet sometimes we think he errs, as in his interpretation of the absence of Christ from Purgatory. Again, it is but scant consideration he gives to St. Thomas Aquinas in attributing to him a vicious and artificial distinction between the moral and the religious. "Jesuitical casuistry," too, is an expression not quite acceptable, and scarce accurate in its context on page 26.

15—Professor Muzzarelli's "Academic French Course" has already given its author a wide reputation as a successful instructor. His latest volume, † in all probability, will serve to enhance his good name. Having been prepared in conformity with the recent authoritative changes in French syntax, it possesses the peculiar advantage of relieving students and teachers of a great deal of painful effort.

The examples used are excellently devised for training students in the use of idioms. An extensive vocabulary is presented. Being simple, concise, and well divided, this volume should not detain an industrious student any longer than a year; and should leave him with a good working knowledge of the French language.

* *The Teachings of Dante.* By Charles Allen Dinsmore. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *A Brief French Course.* In conformity with the Laws of Syntax promulgated by the French Government, by decree of March 11, 1901. By Antoine Muzzarelli. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: American Book Company.

16.—It will be remembered that the third volume of Janssen's *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages* contained several serious blunders. The pages containing these have been corrected and reprinted, and are to be had from the publishers. A thorough revision of the third and fourth volumes has been made for the next edition; and the manuscript for the fifth volume, partly ready, will be revised by a competent party in the United States.

THE STUDY OF HIGHER CRITICISM.

We feel perfectly justified in saying that Father Gigot's latest volume* will arouse more interest and meet with a heartier reception than any of his previous works, and this is saying a great deal. What will create this interest and win this reception is the fact that in the present book Father Gigot handles some of the "big" questions of the day in Scripture, questions the mere mention of which serves to conjure up the phantoms popularly associated with the Higher Criticism. Father Gigot's principle is that the purely personable and objectional features of the work of certain rationalistic critics should not bring into total disrepute a system which at bottom is thoroughly scientific, and which, when rightly used, returns results that easily harmonize with the data of revelation. Naturally, then, his book will be widely read, for Catholic readers will be anxious to know how Father Gigot deals with the problems so numerous in a study of the Old Testament books, the problems, namely, of authorship, date, integrity, and literary and historical value.

This volume, which is the first part of his intended course on the Old Testament, takes up the historical books, viz., Genesis-Josue, Judges, Ruth, Kings, Paralipomenon, Esdras, Tobias, Judith, Esther, and the Machabees. Many of the problems connected with these books entail almost endless controversy, but Father Gigot has succeeded in presenting a succinct and fairly adequate treatment of all that is important in connection with these questions. For collateral and supplementary reading he gives references to the latest and best literature on the different topics. His general attitude on all disputed points is that of an independent scholar, always on the alert for new develop-

* *Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament.* Part I., The Historical Books. By Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ments of opinion and for the results of modern research; but his independence is carefully tempered by a genuine and sincere respect for Catholic authority. The chapters dealing with the authorship of Genesis-Josue are especially good specimens of Father Gigot's work, showing wide reading, perfect grasp of his subject, calm appreciation of difficulties, and impartial judgment on debated questions. In the chapter on the historical character of Genesis he defends the historicity of the book, but at the same time concedes an intimate connection between the account of the Creation in Gen. i.-ii. and the Assyro-Babylonian Cosmogony, and also between the story of the Flood in Gen. vi. 9-ix. 17 and the Babylonian legend. This position, which we first thought rather strange, is quite defensible, and Father Gigot's exposition is very clear and satisfactory.

Occasionally, in giving the details of a controversy of which he professes to be an impartial narrator, Father Gigot forgets his purpose, and if he does not actually take sides, he at least urges a point or an objection with an earnestness which leaves no doubt as to his own opinion in the matter.

It is his plan to draw liberally from standard sources, giving lengthy and frequent quotations. While these quotations are always apt and judiciously selected, it must be said that, generally speaking, they are not dexterously manipulated. Frequently their introduction into the text impresses one as being strained, and sometimes, again, they are unskillfully spliced into sentences or paragraphs. Indeed, it would seem as if this part of the work has been overdone, for quotations are frequently given when it would have looked much better had Father Gigot given the substance in his own words and then referred the reader to the author or authors used.

In conclusion we may say that, although from the viewpoint of style and English composition the book is not always satisfactory, nevertheless its able treatment of very important matter secures a high rank for it, especially as a text-book for students—and this is its principal purpose; and even as a book for the general reading public interested in Scriptural questions it makes a splendid book of reference.

LIBRARY TABLE

The Month (Sept.): Fr. Tyrrell, commenting on the text "Unless you become as little children," says that "a loose exegesis has perhaps drawn more out of the text than the context seems to warrant"; and again, that "it is more commonly quoted as especially directed to those in subjection, whereas it was directed to those in authority—to the Apostles, not to the multitudes."

(Oct.): Fr. Thurston dwells upon the Catholicity of King Alfred and his close relationship with the Pope. Fr. Rickaby draws attention to some points of agreement between Scholasticism and Idealism. Fr. Smith sketches the proceedings of the Catholic Conference recently held at Newcastle.

The Tablet (21 Sept.): R. R. Terry complains that Catholic Church Music is in anything but a satisfactory condition, and pleads for a restoration of the church music of old English composers. A letter to the *Times* from Cardinal Vaughan refers to the fact that the Assumptionist Fathers have accepted his invitation to work in one of the humblest and poorest London missions.

(28 Sept.): Dean Lynch points out some of the difficulties attendant upon the proposed system of administering parish finances by a lay committee. A Spanish correspondent gives the true story of Miss Ubao, whose family withdrew her by process of law from the convent in Madrid where she had freely entered—the case ending with a public demonstration against the Jesuits, who had been falsely accused of having interfered with the novice's freedom.

(5 Oct.): Fr. Hugh O'Donnell, writing on the present religious troubles in France, asks: "Are the forces of evil tending to dominate the world once more? Why especially, if especially, in the Latin races? France, Italy, Portugal, Spain, all are exhibiting a scene of persecution."

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses (July–Oct.): P. Lenain, writing upon clerical celibacy, says that it remained a voluntary practice until the fourth century in the West and the fifth century in the East.

La Vérité Française (23 Aug.): Contains an interesting account of the exact legal standing of the various religious congregations in France since the new Law on Associations.

La Vie Catholique (14 and 17 Aug.): P. Lapeyre declares that the central point of the moral teaching of the church is the duty of conserving, developing, and elevating the life of humanity.

(24 Aug.): Fril remarks on the growing tendency of clerics to become addicted to bicycles.

L'Univers (6 Sept.): M. Pierre Veuillot considers the impossibility of a schism in the French Church: "Jansenism is quite dead, Gallicanism has lost three-quarters of its strength. The French are 'papists' as never before. Not a single bishop would follow the lead of the government. To foment apostasy is beyond the power of M. Waldeck-Rousseau."

La Croix (8 Sept.): Contains an amusing account by Pierre l'Ermite of a bishop who began by opposing clerical bicyclists, and concluded by straddling one in his garden and planning to make his confirmation tour on an automobile.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Sept.): P. Caulle proclaims that the ideal preacher must draw his matter fully and directly from the Scripture. P. Dementhon outlines principles and mentions a great deal of literature useful for the guidance of priests in the conduct of parish activities. An unknown correspondent draws an interesting comparison between the work of Yves le Querdec (M. Georges Fonsegrive) and that of the author of *My New Curate*; he persists in referring to the latter as "Sheenan, *l'Américain*." (1 Oct.): P. Touzard reviews M. Réville's "Fourth Gospel" for the benefit of the numerous French ecclesiastics who are prevented by ignorance of German and English from following current Scriptural problems; he finds it guilty of "excesses which are at once an insult to the Christian spirit and a challenge to the most elementary historical sense." C. Calippe draws attention to various theories and literature upon the question of "feminism," apropos of the Congress of last June on "The Condition of Woman." P. Bricout pleads for fair recognition of the good work done by Anglican missions to the heathen. "We may ask ourselves if they

will not finish by cutting down the lead we now possess over them. We should pray for the conversion of the Anglicans in order that some day our missionaries and theirs should be united the whole world over."

La Quinzaine (1 Sept.): M. Faguet writing on democracy says:

"The moral force of the church in France has remained intact; her social force has declined. It is my conviction that she will not recover it until the day when, separated from the state and also—I will not say separated from Rome, but attached to Rome only by dogma, she will have become like or very similar to the American Catholic Church." M. Guiraud traces the moral decadence of the Papacy at the close of the fifteenth century to the influence of the Renaissance fostered by Rome. C. Mauclair insists that literature must be regarded as a vocation rather than as a business.

(16 Sept.): P. Pisani, reviewing the history of Protestant missions, acknowledges that although lacking of the full truth and the spiritual treasures of the church, they are conducted by men wise, courteous, and prudent, edifying in life and zealous without being fanatical.

L'Art et l'Autel (Sept.): Censures the bad taste of dealers in religious articles who parade ugliness in the shape of statues, chasubles, and decorations; and pleads for artistic education of the clergy.

Études (5 Sept.): P. Dudon protests and offers evidence against the thesis of M. Masson's recent book, which denies the marriage of Josephine to Napoleon. P. Brucker challenges the authenticity of a document demanding the suppression of the Oratorians and attributed by M. de Bonnefon to Père Le Tellier, the Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV.

(20 March): P. Longhayes finds that the movement represented by George Sand and Balzac reflects something besides a sense of honor and virtue in the French people. P. Bremond remarks that our novelists do not suspect the wealth they neglect by failing to consider more deeply the idea of sin. P. Moisant praises the charm and interest of M. Joly's three hundred pages on the life of Malebranche, taking exception, however, to the author's use of the phrase "the theological bureaucracy of the Roman court."

Le. Correspondant (10 Sept.): M. Carry commenting on the growth of nationalism during the past century declares it has never done anything to injure Catholic unity.

(25 Sept.): Writing upon the assassination of President McKinley M. Lavollée declares campaigns against anarchists must remain vain if they be not accompanied by an equally energetic crusade against the abuses, scandals, and injustices which demoralize the populace and make them an easy prey for sophists and revolutionaries. M. Boucher gives a sketch of a religious community of blind nuns described in a recent book published by Lecoffre. M. Duval describes the recent Congress on Gregorian Chant and indicates that the Ratisbonne School is now giving way to the Solesmes.

Revue Thomiste (Sept.): C. de Kirwan says the theory of evolution is not anywhere near certain, but it is an open question, not to be settled *a priori* by either metaphysical or theological considerations. P. Mandonnet replies to P. Brucker's statement that Innocent XI. did not forbid the Jesuits to teach Probabilism.

Revue de Lille (Aug.): M. Delmont comments on M. Margerie's recent metrical French translation of the *Divina Commedia* as remarkable though not perfect; his commentary is "substantial and luminous." Referring to the international evolution of Europe, M. Hans says that as the nineteenth century restored the papal supremacy so the twentieth may restore the papal independence. V. Vansteenberghe outlines Archbishop Ireland's *Church and the Age*, translated into French by the Abbé Klein.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (14 Sept.): P. Meschler, S.J., after describing the spirit that characterized Christ's dealings with his fellow-men, finds therein a social ideal for the Catholic priest. P. Lehmkuh answers certain critics who contend that public opinion should be taken into account in the question of the proper method of teaching moral theology.

Razón y Fe (Sept.—Opening number of a new monthly conducted by the Jesuits of Madrid): P. Murillo reviews attacks on Faith during the past century. P. Aicardo contends that the last two centuries have done more to retard than to advance the settlement of the educational problem. P.

Villada asks why are Religious hated?—and answers, because of their exemplary conduct. P. Urráburu claims for philosophy the palm of dignity and nobility over the natural sciences.

Rassegna Nazionale (16 Sept.): Presbyter Lucensis advocates the choice of parish priests by election, in view of such incidents as one he mentions at Lucca where the population, having rejected the candidate appointed by ecclesiastical authority, is now living without any religious observance.

Rivista Internazionale (Sept.): F. Ermini makes a study of the Dies Iræ, claiming its authorship for Thomas of Celano. P. G. treats of "American Trusts," and tells of their counterparts in Italy. Among the magazine notices, and under the caption, "The Missionary, July, New York," is the following entry: "This Protestant periodical publishes a letter directed to the Holy Father by a prominent non-Catholic." Quotations from the letter follow.

Civiltà Cattolica (21 Sept.): The present desperate state of the Italian government is due in great measure to the lack of that assistance which the Pope withholds in view of the Italian occupation. A sketch of the social history of Christianity.

The Critical Review.—Professor A. B. Davidson in his review of McCurdy's third volume of *History, Prophecy, and the Monuments*, points out the author's error in treating the religious progress of Israel as if it were a highway where distances were marked by mile-stones and toll-bars. Much is lost in dignity, he writes, by allusions to modern incidents.

Writing on Puller's *Primitive Saints of the See of Rome*, Dr. Davidson claims for the work a complete vindication of those who deny that communion with the See of Rome is a necessary condition of communion with the Catholic Church. The reviewer finds the book to contain "the only satisfactory interpretation of the famous words *Pasce oves meas*," and "a proof that a Roman primacy of *jurisdiction* was foreign to the ideas of the early church, but that a primacy of honor and influence was accorded very early to the Roman See."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE scheme of the Federation of Catholic Societies is again on the carpet, and they who are interested in Catholic movements have had time to think over the project of uniting all Catholic fraternal societies, and have made up their minds pretty thoroughly about it by this time. The scheme itself is not without its attractive features. The same sentiment that creates the fraternal organization creates the federation of fraternal societies. But are there not in our present circumstances more dangers attendant on the federation than there are advantages? First of all, is there a reason for its existence just now? There might have been some shadow of a reason under previous administrations, but there will be absolutely none under the present administration. President Roosevelt is determined to give Catholics all that they reasonably ask, and there will be nothing denied them that belongs to their rights. This fact of itself takes away the reason for the existence of a national body to redress grievances. What may be the dangers attendant on such an organization? It is created in order to secure political rights. It must of a necessity go into politics. A huge political factor in the hands of men who, though worthy in themselves, yet are responsible to no one, is a most dangerous element.

Are there not many local grievances to be redressed? Yes; but there is no need of a national organization to right local wrongs.

Moreover, the Catholics of the country do not want to stand before their fellow-citizens with a running sore to be healed or a grievance to be redressed. We desire rather to unite with all the people of the country and to do our share in securing its ends. We are heart and soul American, and thoroughly in accord with the best sentiments of the American government, and sympathetic with the highest aspirations of the American people. The time may come when it will be necessary for us to unite in a Catholic party as the Catholic people did in Germany, but the time is not now. Nor is it wise to hasten the necessity of such a state of affairs.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

EXTRAVAGANT statements are put forth to aid the circulation of some of the worst books, and the average reader is often disposed to think that a large circulation should be a proof of superior excellence. It is much to be deplored that under present conditions many readers fail to show discrimination in choosing the books that have the highest claims. In the selection of food for the body the critical faculty is keen to discern the injurious consequences of absorbing unwholesome articles containing germs and microbes. The sagacious writer of *Home Thoughts* in the New York *Evening Post* recommends the same careful inspection of books that is given to the food supplies, especially to safeguard the younger members of the home circle, who read as they eat, avariciously. The serious duty of reviewing a novel so that the tendency of the book can be understood by the purchaser is no longer a thing taken into consideration. In fact, the application of cultivated intelligence to the analysis of any of the myriad publications is now a rare occurrence. We are told the book is singularly attractive—the best selling book in the market—that the reviewer read it through at a sitting—that the story is laid in the seventeenth century, and shows research and great knowledge of the period—is well printed and bound, and to be found at all booksellers'. All that is guiding as to influence, trend, opinion, is left out; if the author has a diseased mind, we are very rarely bidden to look out for symptoms of the plague.

To-day it is indeed a matter of chance what we gather under the evening lamp. Mr. Howells is doing good service by calling the attention of the generation now coming to the fore to the good and charming things issued thirty years ago and now half forgotten. Warner's genial but always helpful pen is stilled for ever, and there are few now in the critical field whose name signed to a review carries any determining weight, and still fewer who give us the judgment of a sane and noble mind as to whether what is so well printed and well bound contains nutriment or poison.

Our country reads as no other country does. The child of parents who can neither read nor write comes from school at twelve years old a fluent and eager devourer of books; errand girls in the street cars sit absorbed in the entrancing stories of Dora Thorne and Laura Jean Libbey, which they can buy for ten cents at any counter, and the free circulating libraries are besieged by armies of youth of both sexes, who seldom pass a Saturday without providing an exciting story for Sunday's leisure hours. There is no one at home who can guide or check—there is no adviser at the library; they choose by titles or because they already have been charmed by a story from the same pen. Until we can waken a sense of responsibility in women clever enough to produce these unreal, unwholesome, and hurtful books, the young who come from debased parentage have no protection from the poison they imbibe.

But on the next step of the social ladder it seems a serious loss that the overtasked father, unable to read much for lack of leisure, and the absorbed mother have no helping review which should neither be prudish and feeble nor

in sympathy with the strange, decadent, brutal instincts which pervade with alarming increase the writings of some really brilliant novelists. Concerning three recent books, all very far above mediocrity, and one the product of true genius, no influential word of warning has been uttered in the literary magazines to which cultivated readers would turn for guidance. The reader and critic for one important circulating library has done inestimable service by issuing brief, scholarly, truly critical analyses of the books it puts in circulation. The reviewer is intellectually competent, clever to a degree, and absolutely frank; there are those not connected with the library who look to its bulletins for entirely trustworthy judgment before buying books destined for their families.

What constitutes an evil book? In this marvellously open and frank day of discussion it is hard to touch the danger-point of infection, but it seems safe to say that what lowers the standard of belief in the existence of purity and honor in men and women, holds the marriage bond and the sanctity of the family up to scorn, is poisonous. The introduction of views which are unquotable, between pages of appreciative delineation of natural beauty, scarcely excelled in our language, makes the wonder ever grow of how such gifts should be put to such base usage. One such, and a companion volume which has had an even greater sale, have been in evidence everywhere this summer. The resulting opinion in the mind of either the girl who has to form her judgment unaided in an illiterate home, or she who picks one or other of these vastly entertaining volumes from her hostess's table in some charming home, must be that the best bred and most highly endowed men and women of Europe believe marriage a failure—fidelity a farce—indecenty of thought and language the only sources of interest in books, and that the standard of conversation and manners of the highest society in England and France is a mingling of the rudeness of boors with the language of the gamins of the Paris streets.

Of the greater intellectual effort of a nobly endowed woman, said to be ranked abroad as the deepest thinking woman writer of her day, it would be impossible to say more here than that she has misused her splendid endowment to a degree which has made the most careless and advanced advocates of calling a spade a spade speak seriously of a deliberate perversion of great ability.

It is not the portrayal of error born of evil passions—though time was when we tried to veil these from young eyes and hoped to keep them spirit pure—which makes a book or a play an evil thing. Though it were the first suggestion of such possibilities, no young mind would be soiled by the vision of Rebecca ready to leap from the tower in defence of her honor, nor would one smirch be left by following the superb defiance of Isabella in *Measure for Measure*. The *Scarlet Letter* never left a stain on any heart, however innocent. Rather do these and thousands of other noble pictures of the majestic strength of helpless purity when pitted against brute force, or of the agony of life-long repentance for sins which render effort ineffectual and blight even childhood's joy and hope, make great and ennobling impressions upon the awakened heart, and though the world may seem awesome in the light of such discoveries, the spiritual side of human character is emphasized and made clearer. Such books

are in their way like armor to an unsophisticated nature, and they discern the immense value of the weapons which we carry in our hearts and souls. If they see the pitfalls, they discover also that there are ways to walk safely away from them.

It is a different matter altogether to hear of danger as danger, where hitherto we have fancied only a flowery path led through a quiet meadow, and so be put on the defensive, than to skim through brilliant flippant pages, where we are told that the lowest type of human character is the true and normal man, and that unselfish, enduring love is a mere figment of fancy which rational, enlightened people of the twentieth century have brushed away; that books with clean pages and men and women of delicate refinement are make-believes and shams unworthy our attention.

And so with the stage. It is not necessarily an evil play which is based on the violation of our obligations to God or our fellow-men; if the end is to create an abhorrence of wrong and a longing for the triumph of the right, that nature is not debased which has watched the mimic action of the story to its close and comes forth into the air relieved to be rid of the presence of the wrong-doer. Othello has made jealousy more despicable every time Salvini wrought out the horror of Desdemona's death. The play that hurts is the gay bit of jollity, all lime-light and tinsel, without any positive disclosures of any sort, but made attractive to the low mind and depraved heart by suggestions which have neither name nor form, and its congener that drags its vicious length through acts only made interesting by the old game of the spider and the fly played by men and women.

One act of a drama, sung or spoken, which leaves the listener neither resentful to the temptation of man nor the infidelity of woman, but carries the hearts of a spell-bound audience in wrapt, delightful sympathy with the triumph of selfish passion and deceitful endeavor, is more benumbing to the sense of right and wrong than all that any plotless picturing can give.

The book or the play which leads the public to believe that evil cannot be resisted; that under the veil of outward respectability every home carries a sore in its heart; that not only there is no remedy for failure in the happiness of married life, but no reason to uphold its ideal in our lives, is more to be dreaded than any pestilence from which we flee. The clever authors or playwrights who miss their measureless opportunities to move men's hearts by their counterfeit presentments to the exaltation of noble action and the resistance to deceit and wrong set aside a glorious gift and do a terrible injury.

One would think that neither books nor plays could have great influence without great aims, but they do. A weary race of men and women ask, crave, to be amused at any cost.

To picture human nature as angelic and superhuman may sometimes charm, but what we crave is true delineation of our lives, with the ingrained evidence that the right can triumph, and that to lie wounded on a well-fought field is better than triumph through wrong. These are the authors we seek to enshrine in our homes, with the true-hearted, honest merry-makers to give us a cheery, clean laugh. Nor will we leave without welcome the tender idealists who show us peaks to which we may strive to climb, though as yet they seem far off.

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part I., Historical Books. By Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S. Pp. 387. Price \$1.50 net. *Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine*, a manual for priests, teachers, and parents. Edited by the Right Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D., D.C.L. Pp. 587. Price \$1.50 net. *First Confession.* By Mother M. Loyola, of the Bar Convent, York. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. Pp. 63. Price 40 cts. net. *Forgive us our Trespases; or, Talks before Confession.* A book for children. By Mother M. Loyola. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. Pp. 142. Price 55 cts. net. *Life of St. George, Martyr, Patron of England.* By the Rev. Dean Fleming, M.R. Pp. 110. Price 30 cts. net. *Meditations for the Monthly Retreats.* For religious communities. Translated from the Dutch of the Right Rev. J. Zwiizen, Archbishop of Utrecht, by the Rev. Frederick Poupæert. Pp. 100. Price \$1.00 net. *Letters (chiefly on religious subjects) of Antonio Rosmini Serbati, Founder of the Institute of Charity.* Pp. 840. Price \$5 net.

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LITTLE, BROWN & CO.: *Deafness and Cheerfulness.* By A. W. Jackson, A.M. Pp. 191. *Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day.* Selected by the editor of *Daily Strength for Daily Needs.* Pp. 378.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York: *The Romance of Religion.* By Olive Vivian and Herbert Vivian, M.A. Pp. 304. Price \$1.75. *Fénelon, His Friends and His Enemies, 1651-1715.* By E. K. Sanders. Pp. 426. Price \$4.00. *Renaissance Types.* By William Samuel Lilly. Pp. 400. Price \$3.50. *Roads to Rome.* Being Personal Records of some of the more Recent Converts to the Catholic Faith. Compiled and edited by the author of *Ten Years in Anglican Orders.* With an introduction by Cardinal Vaughan. Pp. 344. Price \$2.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York: *The Cavalier.* By George W. Cable. With illustrations by Howard C. Christy. Pp. 311. Price \$1.50.

TANDY, WHEELER & CO., Denver: *A Little Book of Tribune Verse.* By Eugene Field. Collected and edited by Joseph G. Brown. Pp. 266.

H. OUDIN, Paris: *Introduction to the Psychologie des Mystiques.* Par Jules Pacheu, S.J. Pp. 140.

LIBRAIRIE ACADEMIQUE PERRIN ET CIE., Paris:

Autour du Catholicisme Social. Two volumes. By Georges Goyau. Pp. 324-328. Price per vol. 3 fr. 50.

B. HERDER, St. Louis: *The Oratory of the Faithful Soul.* By Lewis Blossius, of the Order of St. Benedict. Translated by the late Robert A. Coffin, C.S.S.R. Pp. 114. Price 20 cts. *The Place of Dreams.* Four stories. By Rev. William Barry, D.D. Pp. 274. Price \$1.00. *Translation of the Psalms and Canticles*, with Commentary. By James McSwiney, S.J. Pp. 659. Price \$3.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York: *Civics for New York State.* By Charles De Forest Hoxie. Pp. 368. Price \$1.

THE ABBEY PRESS, New York: *One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing.* By Kathryn Wallace. Pp. 150. Price 50 cts.

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY, Indianapolis, Ind.: *Lazarre.* By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York: *A Little Girl in Old New Orleans.* By Amanda M. Douglas. Pp. 325. Price \$1.20. *Warwick of the Knobs.* By John Uri Lloyd. Pp. 305. Price \$1.50.

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THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Washington, D. C.: *Amata.* From the German of Richard Voss, by R. S. G. Boutell. Pp. 116. Price \$1.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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SOME MADONNAS IN THE LOUVRE.



RAPHAEL.

CHRISTMAS JOYS ARE TO THE PURE OF HEART.

“’Tis not the feast that changes with the ever changing times,
But these who lightly dissipate the glories of the past—
The joys that dream-like haunt me with the merry matin chimes
I loved so in my boyhood, and shall cherish to the last.”

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
OF NEW YORK, 1901.

VOL. LXXIV.—19

SOME MADONNAS IN THE LOUVRE.



BOTTICELLI.

CHRISTMAS JOYS ARE TO THE PURE OF HEART.

"There still is much of laughter and a measure of old cheer ;
The ivy wreaths, if scanty are as verdant as of yore,
And the same kind greeting for the universal ear ;
But to me for all their wishing 'tis a merry feast no more."

SOME MADONNAS IN THE LOUVRE.



SOLARIO.

CHRISTMAS JOYS ARE TO THE PURE OF HEART.

“ I said : and came an answer from the stars to which I sighed—
Those stars that lit the vigil of the favored shepherd band.
And 'twas as if again the heavens open'd deep and wide
And the carol of the angel choir new flooded all the land.”

SOME MADONNAS IN THE LOUVRE.

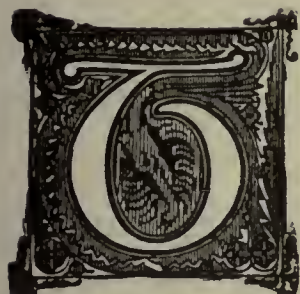


MAINARDI.

CHRISTMAS JOYS ARE TO THE PURE OF HEART.

“ Good tidings still we bring to all who still have ears to hear,
To all who love His coming—the elect that cannot cease ;
And louder rings our anthem to these watchers year by year
Its earnest of the perfect joy—the everlasting peace.

REFORMS IN CHURCH MUSIC.

BY W. F. P. STOCKLEY (*University of New Brunswick*).

THE Catholic Church decrees (1894) that "all music is forbidden," at Mass or in Office, "in which even the smallest word is omitted, or in which any words are turned aside from their sense or are indiscreetly repeated."

The diocese of Cincinnati, some time since, established a commission (now publishing its second official catalogue of permissible music), whose imprimatur is necessary for any music to be sung in the churches of that archdiocese. Not that this commission was to allow only one kind of music; but simply it was to decide, in accordance with the mind and declared will of the church, whether the sacred words were improperly treated, or whether the other decrees of Rome were carried out which also "severely forbid the use in church of any profane music, especially if it be inspired by theatrical themes, variations, and reminiscences."

EXISTING ABUSES.

This statement embodies the spirit of the church with regard to church music. But how far different from this spirit is the practice now in vogue in many churches! A short time ago I heard, at a cathedral, Wagner's "Pilgrims' Chorus" as an operatic "Tantum Ergo." What would the artist think of this treatment of his whole life's effort to teach men that "nothing is good without respect?" The cathedral is less inartistic, though more profane, that gives us a Benediction *scena* from Donizetti—very well sung. But who would think he was in a church that cared two straws about what the Holy See wills as to "profane" music, when he listens to the interesting maiden of Braga's "Serenade" (dreamy violin obligato and all)? Having tried to pray, in spite of distractions, the congregation is invited to adore with "Tantum Ergo" to Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord," and is forced into the memories of the drawing-room, forbidden by common sense, by artistic fitness, and by the church that sits in Rome. What is she? Who is she?

What is her word worth? We can hardly think too much on these things. Do we really think she would like the mild domesticity of "Home, Sweet Home" for "Vitam sine termino in patria"? Another large church lately launched its worshippers into *that* sentimentality. None of the old Roman spirit there, my masters! Ireland is a dear country—"Irlanda, Irlanda, cara Irlanda, sempre fidele"—but she is not Paradise. "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls" immediately after the Elevation! What is "the land that is very far off," where "mine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty"? Are we educating our souls for the natural or for the supernatural; are we at peace with this world; are we for forgetting sin while alive, and for twaddle and flowers, rather than prayers, when we are dead? What would Rome think of the Americanism of "Yankee Doodle" played, and played quick, at the Offertory, at Holy Mass? The present writer heard it, at a church served by religious, within the last year. The Mass, the evocation of the Eternal: there man truly is, and elsewhere seems to be; there he feels and knows, "what thou art, that thou art, neither by thinking canst thou become less or more than thou art in the sight of God": all things are there present to him, whence he came, and whither wending; there he feels the waves of time that are bearing him so swiftly on; there he knows how little the world will miss him; there he hears the sound of eternity. Whether he believe or not, there is the place for every man; there where the wrong of the world is not hidden, where all sins are laid bare before the cross to which they brought Almighty God; where mercy is preached from God with us in the continuance of the Incarnation, where all things find their place; where the last is first, and the first last; and pride and humility, strength and weakness, penitence and hardness, knowledge and ignorance find themselves in all degrees of guilt or of innocence, not as to us they must seem, but as on the last day they will appear. Oh, mystery of reality! And with it we trifle, with Rome standing for the eternal, when we come with our talk of the hour and the day, with affairs of our streets and houses, and all our make-believe concerning the temporary, with which we seem to mock the Saviour of souls. We degrade the Mass, that is, God with us, when we sing our national and domestic tunes thereat, and when we try to bring God down to the level of our thoughtlessness, of our chatter, of

our amusements made for self-forgetfulness and for killing time. We are killing art by frittering away powers in frivolity; and we are killing our own religious spirit, since we cannot kill Christianity and Rome. What *their* holy warnings are, all may know: "Only such vocal music is allowed in the church as is of an earnest, pious character," (Yankee Doodle!) "becoming the House of the Lord and the praise of God, and as is in close connection with the sacred text, being thus a means of inciting and furthering the devotion of the faithful" (1884).

THE ETHICS OF THE ABUSES.

And in 1894: "Let Bishops see that parish priests and rectors do not allow music to be performed contrary to these rules: let them even, if need be, have recourse to canonical censures against the disobedient." Apparently there is no possible ambiguity in the Roman decrees. They expressly state that they allow discussion about other matters in church music, such as style, within the prescribed limits, and provided that the discussion is (1) in charity, and (2) without any one setting himself up as master and judge. But, as to discussion concerning profane, operatic, or trivial music, as to omissions of words, as to vain repetitions, as to allowing music that is not earnest and pious, Rome says, all discussion in favor of these abuses is entirely forbidden.

A good Catholic, in English-speaking America, lately wrote that he used to be disturbed when words were left out by the singers, but that then he reflected that the priest said the words in full, and that so all was right! But Rome says that it is *not* all right. And the good man was materially a worse Catholic for his too great indulgence. Here is what Archbishop Elder writes last year—he is telling of the compositions rejected by his clerical commission: "because they are defective in the text: omitting words or whole sentences; or transposing them in a way that alters or destroys the sense. This is, of course, an essential defect. *To wilfully mutilate or alter the sacred liturgy is a sin, and often a mortal sin. How far we may be excused for having hitherto suffered inadvertently such alterations to be made in our churches is for God to judge. But now . . . it would certainly be a sin, mortal or venial, as the case might be, to make use any more of these mutilated compositions in the sacred functions.*"

“Agnus Dei,
 Qui tollis peccata mundi, (3 times)
 Miserere nobis, (twice.)
 Dona nobis pacem.” (5 times.)

That is one of the compositions rejected; a so-called “Agnus Dei” from the Roman Missal, but really a pious make-up, set to music by “Rosewig in G.”

American bishops not long since protested to the Holy Father that over the ocean he had most loyal children who glory in being the best of “Papists.” Let us prove it, by being generous with Rome. What vulgarity and impiety and anti-Popery does it not reveal to have a friend, perhaps a non-Catholic, to sing an un-Catholic sacred song or solo, *à la* Sankey, at a Requiem Mass, “in contrast to the severe, chaste music and language of the church?” Such a thing is not unknown: *vide* Father Klauder’s excellent little book on *Catholic Practice: How to Behave in Church and at Home*.

“Oh! it doesn’t matter; we can sing anything there,” said some half-educated young Protestant boys and girls about a Catholic cathedral in Canada, where they had been asked in to perform their sacred ditties on a great festival of the Catholic Church. The pity of it, and the shame! Is there anything—literally anything—that choir-masters could not introduce now before the altar in many English-speaking parishes? Is there any song they could not adapt, any opera air, any waltz? Waltzes are quite common in these unseemly compositions called “Masses,” which in her affliction Holy Church hears at Holy Mass. Where are we to seek the good taste, the reverence, the sacred fear, which shall rid us of these things?

NEED OF TRAINING IN SEMINARIES.

Oh! if the clergy were in a position to rule the music with the iron yet light rod of Rome. Is it not lamentable to read what the Rev. Professor Bewerunge wrote lately in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of the lack of training even at Maynooth? Bishop Marty, in 1891, declares that “One of the main reasons why there are so few endowed with the taste and skill desirable, is the fact that the wise precept of the Plenary Council concerning the introduction of Gregorian Chant in our schools is overlooked even in our ecclesiastical seminaries.” And in 1868 Bishop Lootens wrote: “Not only has the church set every one

of her offices to music, but she supposes every one of her ministers to be thoroughly versed in it. First, she commands (*Conc. Trid. sess. 24*) every bishop to see that all aspirants to the holy office of the priesthood be instructed in chant. And having made such a law, she takes it for granted that it has been carried out: for, ever afterwards, it is the celebrant who, in all sacred functions, has to take the lead and to intone the principal parts. And there are even passages that suppose the musical education of the priest to have been pretty thorough; for instance: on Good Friday, when he uncovers the crucifix, and on Holy Saturday, when he sings *Alleluia*, after the Epistles, the Missal directs that every time that he has to repeat the same words, he is to elevate his voice one tone higher. The passages alluded to are exceedingly beautiful, and if well performed never fail to make a profound impression upon the faithful. This, of course, was what the church intended them for.

“And if, for want of a knowledge that we could have obtained, and did not obtain, these, as well as some other ceremonies of the church, become to the people a matter of disturbance rather than of edification, perhaps we may not altogether be free from the reproach made by the Almighty to the priest of the old law: *Non servastis præcepta sanctuarii mei* (Ezech. xliv. 8).”

CONDITIONS TO BE DEPLORED.

Listen to this, from the Stonyhurst (S.J.) magazine (quoted in the *Tablet*, December 30, 1899):

“I have reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that of the immense number of religious sects at present existing in England there is probably not one whose church music is not greatly superior, from the points of view of solemnity and devotion, to our own. This is a humiliating conclusion to come to; but for any one who looks for correspondence between the music and the solemn act of worship which it is intended to pay to God Almighty in the church, it seems to be the only possible conclusion. Putting aside all other sects, let us take as an example the Anglican Church. The music sung in the Protestant cathedrals absolutely puts us, or ought to put us, to shame. Where have we anything like it? In what Catholic church can we hear music so completely in harmony with the prayer that is being offered up, as that rendered by those cathedral choristers? And yet their act of worship is, so to

·speak, fictitious; whereas we have the great unbloody Sacrifice offered up on our altars. Their empty celebrations are accompanied by chants which are soul-stirring and elevating, and assist the congregation to take active participation in the service. During our High Masses, on the contrary, we are performing pieces of an operatic character, very often scandalously light in style; orchestral symphonies which would have more fitting places in the concert hall; fugues, etc., which not only have no sort of correspondence with the words of this liturgy, but which, moreover, are eminently distracting to priest and people. . . .

“I do not wish here to be understood as advocating the exclusive use of Plain Chant. . . . Let us, by all means, ‘rejoice in the Lord,’ in our church music. But I conceive that we can do so without resorting to profane style or making a hideous noise.”

Those words are not an exaggeration. There is nonsense enough, and silly sentimentality, in “Moody and Sankey” hymns—which, by the way, was the only hymn-book found after some search among all the Catholics in one district—but is there less of that same stuff, so hostile to the mind that gave us the liturgical hymns, in (say) a book such as the *Catholic Youth's Hymn Book*, which so important a body as the Christian Brothers did not shrink from publishing? Just listen to the last sickly waltz in that book; and after the Gregorian Requiem Mass!—or to the jumpy one (“Ride a cock-horse, to Banbury Cross”) set to “God bless our Pope,” in Police’s *Parochial Hymn Book*, which yet contains the solid liturgical hymns, and has the grand merit of giving the English opposite all the Latin. Has it come to this, that the church which gave us Christian art, which formed the true taste of the best in the civilized world, is really justifying her enemies, who say that she did well in the past, but has no message for the strongest and the highest at the present?

MENDELSSOHN AND STRAUSS.

“I cannot understand how Catholics, who in their own church music have the best that could be made, can put up with Mass compositions which are not even passably suitable, but downright distracting and operatic.” And did not one further from the church than Mendelssohn—Strauss, the unbeliever—say that he saw in the impotence of the church to do

anything, amid this artistic degradation, a sign that her day was past? Alas! Catholic priests and Catholic laymen had given him cause to scoff. He was wrong, he might himself say, had he lived to hear the change of the church's notes in Germany, sign of the strengthening of her spirit, and of her courage and success in the fight with the world and its voices.

Yet, alas! alas! Even still might not the great and learned Pope Benedict XIV. sadly reflect, in some places, that "St. Augustine shed tears when he was present at the church's services and heard her beautiful chant, certainly not only on account of the singing but also because of the words, which touched him; though if he were present in some of our churches nowadays, he would shed tears, not from holy emotion, but because he heard singing only, and could not make out what was being sung?"

Said a French artistic man of letters in a recent book—the author has now, they tell us, submitted to the church; these are reminiscences more or less personal:

"At the Jesuit Fathers', the ceremonies of religion were nobly carried out; and the artistic delight felt in the services under an excellent organist and a thoroughly trained choir led one to a truer understanding of the church's worship. The organist loved the old masters, and on holydays gave Masses by Palestrina and Orlando Lasso, Marcello's psalms, Handel's oratorios, Sebastian Bach's motets; and instead of the effeminate slip-slop tunes of Father Lambillotte, patronized by some priests" [but many of them rejected as "too operatic" by the commission of priests, mentioned above], "he chose sixteenth century 'Laudi spirituali' of real priestly tone and beauty.

PLAIN CHANT PRAISED.

"The indescribable pleasure of all, however, was to listen to the Plain Chant, which the organist had kept up, in spite of some modern notions that look on it as a worn-out, unpolished form for the liturgy, as an archæological curiosity, or old-fashioned relic. But this Chant was the utterance of the early church, the very soul of the Middle Ages; it was eternal prayer in music, modulated according to the yearnings of the soul, the continuous hymn rising up for centuries towards the Most High. This traditional melody sung in powerful unison, or with solemn and massive harmonies, hewn as it were out of stone, was the

only one to suit the ancient basilicas and roll through the Norman arches, whose very emanation and voice it seemed to be. How many times had this wanderer been held bowed under an irresistible blast when the 'Christus factus est' of the Gregorian Chant rose in the nave whose pillars quivered in the floating clouds of incense, or when the Faux-bourdon of the 'De profundis' mourned as piteously as sobs suppressed, as piercingly as some desperate cry from humanity weeping its mortal fate, and imploring the tender mercy of its Saviour.

"Compare with this magnificent chant, created by the genius of the church, impersonal, anonymous as the organ whose inventor is unknown—compare any other religious music; it all seemed profane. For after all, even in the most admirable works of the composers, there was no renunciation of public success, no sacrifice of an artistic effect, no giving up of human pride just listening to itself in prayer; at best, in the imposing Masses by Lesueur, as sung at St. Roch in Paris, the religious style showed something of the high and the serious; and, severe and unadorned, came closer to the austerity and majesty of the ancient Plain Chant.

"As to these so-called *Stabats*, concocted by people like Pergolese and Rossini; as to the whole of this art of the world intruding upon liturgical art; it simply excites disgust. The only thing to do is to keep away from these wretched performances tolerated by indulgent Mother Church.

"But there are performances worse still. Whether it be through a weak desire of getting in money, or as a mistaken way of attracting the faithful, we have come to songs borrowed from Italian operas, miserable or shameless dance-tunes set off by full orchestras in churches turned into green-rooms, given up to actors roaring in the gallery, while down below are women rivals with their toilets, half fainting, thrilled with the outbursts from impure throats disgracing the sacred tones of the organ.

"For years this former pupil of the Jesuits had obstinately refused to have anything to do with these pious jollifications; and went back to the memories of his youth, regretting even having heard some Te Deums of great masters, for he kept recalling that wonderful Plain Chant Te Deum, that hymn so simple yet so majestic, composed by some saint, without, indeed, the setting of orchestral effects, without the technique of modern musical science, but in a revelation of burning faith, in an ecstasy

of jubilation, which, from the soul of all humanity, escape in tones of earnestness and of conviction, such as belong almost to heaven."

CARDINAL RICHARD AND BISHOP HEDLEY.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has forbidden now any women soloists at all; the churches were too often fashionable rendezvous for the admirers of *les jeunes personnes*. In England Cardinal Vaughan and the other bishops decree: "Let boys also be taught music in the schools, so that the singing of women in the choir, especially of those hired for the purpose, may be banished from our churches. And thus," they add, with words on congregational singing such as the American Cardinal uses in his advice to priests, in *The Ambassador of Christ*, "by degrees it will be brought about (as it is our special desire) that the whole body of the faithful may be heard singing with voices and hearts in unison."

The Benedictine Bishop of Newport in England, the well-known author, Dr. Hedley, "confirmed by authority greater than our own," gives the rule: "It is forbidden to have solos at Benediction and whenever the Blessed Sacrament is on the altar." (The synod of Dublin forbids at all times "pieces written to be sung by one voice only.")

Bishop Hedley continues: "Those who are privileged to sing in our churches should remember that they are, in a certain sense, ministers of the altar; for they perform an office which, in the early ages, was discharged by ordained ministers. This is true most particularly of the Holy Sacrifice; here they accompany, support, and answer the priest, who, in his official garments, offers in the Name of Jesus Christ the Sacrifice of the New Covenant. A singer, therefore, in the Catholic Church should be a devout Catholic, earnest and careful in behavior, striving to understand what is sung, and ready to take such pains in learning and preparation that the laws of the church may be obeyed, full justice done to the music, and the faithful edified and drawn to God. Singing should never be made an occasion for gratifying vanity or displaying vocal resources. All music which tends to bring some particular performer into prominent notice is better avoided. St. Bernard, speaking of certain singers of his day, said, 'they sing to please the people rather than God.'" And Bishop Hedley further quotes "the admonitions set down by the great St. Bernard, seven hundred years ago:

‘Let the chant be full of gravity; let it be neither worldly nor too rude and poor. . . . Let it be sweet, yet without levity, and whilst it pleases the ear, let it move the heart. It should alleviate sadness, and calm the angry spirit. It should not contradict the sense of the words, but rather enhance it. For it is no slight loss of spiritual grace to be distracted from the profit of the sense by the levity of the chant.’; (What word would the saint speak, if he heard “St. Patrick’s Day,” “Home, Sweet Home,” or “Yankee Doodle”?) “and to have our attention drawn to a mere vocal display,” (Would he sympathize with Braga’s “Serenade” and “The Lost Chord”?) “when we ought to be thinking of what is sung.”

Is it not evident, then, what the mind is of the Holy Roman Church, and evident too the wish of her prelates in various lands?

THE ADVERTISING ABUSE.

How can we bear so grievously to err from their admonitions? How can we advertise singers in a way that would astound even natural good taste? Here is what the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishop of England decree:

“Rectors of churches should not themselves publish in the papers, nor allow any one else to do so, accounts savoring of the theatre, and criticisms as to the ability and style of the singers, just as is the practice in connection with the stage.

“Priests should remember that the custom, still prevailing in some places, of alluring Catholics and non-Catholics to the Divine Office by advertisements and by placards giving the names of the singers and musicians, as well as the kind of music and the pieces that are to be sung, is *exceedingly opposed to the glory and reverence of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist and seriously unbecoming the worship of the Omnipotent God.*”

Is this true? And if it is, look with disgust and with horror at papers before the next great feast of the church in cities from Montreal to Philadelphia. Talk of the church, and art, and taste. Talk of common modesty, and sense of fitness. Let us respect these; and perhaps we shall be better prepared for the admonitions of supernatural virtue.

When we refuse to listen to these last, the church says to our choirs:

“I wish them, I confess,
Or better managed, or encouraged less.”

NOTE.—There is—

(a) *Guide in Catholic Church Music* (Fischer, Pustet, Herder, Benziger; \$1), by order of the First Provincial Council of Milwaukee and St. Paul, with preface by Bishop Marty, declaring the will of the Council of Baltimore, enjoining the singing of the Proper of the Mass and of Vespers; and, urgently wishing that the rectors, teachers, organists, and directors of choirs select the sacred music for the use of churches and schools from the catalogue thus approved.

"In looking over this Guide not a few may wonder," Bishop Marty writes, "why the compositions of the great masters, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Rossini, etc., are omitted. First, because, like so many others of minor note, they disregard the rules of the church prohibiting the repetition of the priest's intonation at the Gloria and Credo, and other unseemly repetitions or curtailments of the sacred text; and, secondly, because the composers primarily and sometimes exclusively intended the display of their talent and the musical enjoyment of the audience. . . . Sublime and touching as many of these compositions are, they would fulfil their real purpose if heard in the concert hall, or even in the church outside the time of the liturgical functions. It would be a praiseworthy undertaking, if the choirs of our cathedrals and other city churches would revive the custom of holding from time to time Oratorios, or sacred concerts, where the lovers of music . . . might enjoy with undivided attention and unalloyed pleasure the grandeurs and beauties of the art, which in church music must act as handmaid, whilst in sacred music it is admired as a heaven-born queen." In illustration of which criticism may be quoted Canon Connelly, when choir-master of Southwark cathedral:

"When sacred words are distorted, and sacred ceremonies brought to a standstill for the sake of the music, the composer, instead of ministering to the church, is compelling the church to minister to him, a perversion of the right order of things against which Cardinal Newman, in his own inimitable way, has raised a voice of warning: 'Should a great master happen to be attracted, as well he may, by the sublimity, so congenial to him, of the Catholic doctrine and ritual, should he engage in sacred themes, should he resolve by means of his art to do honor to the Mass or the Divine Office (he cannot have a more pious, a better purpose, and religion will gracefully accept what he gracefully offers; but) is it not certain, from the circumstances of the case, that he will be carried on rather to use religion than to minister to it, unless religion is strong on its own ground, and reminds him that, if he would do honor to the subject of subjects, he must make himself its scholar—must humbly follow the thoughts given to him, and must aim at the glory, not of his own gift but of the great Giver'" (*Idea of a University*, p. 81).

But this "Guide" gives a large field to work in; seeing that some 750 Masses are named, and not less than 4,500 other pieces of church music, which also are in accordance with the Roman laws on fitness, perfect words, and length. The pieces are marked easy, medium, or difficult.

(b) The Cincinnati Commission has issued a *Second Official Catalogue of Church Music* (Cincinnati: Keating & Co. 25 cts.)

This also contains hundreds of compositions accepted and approved. The reasons for rejecting others are given, according to Rome's direction.

(c) The Dublin Diocesan Commission, under the musician, Bishop Donnelly, published a *List of Music* (Dublin: Gill & Co. 6d.)

The pieces in this list also are marked as to ease or difficulty.

"The abuse" of omitting the Proper of the Mass and of Vespers "is to be abolished." Of course the church's Roman rules are noted, as "Synodal (1879) Regulations for the guidance of this Commission," without whose approval no music is to be sung, in churches or in chapels. As to the organ, "military marches, operatic overtures, and sentimental airs" are never to be played.

(d) The Vicar-Apostolic of Idaho, the Right Rev. Louis Lootens, published an eloquent and interesting pamphlet as preface to his *Roman Vespers*; giving practical hints for reforms, and as far back as 1868. He believes that we too could be taught to understand the church's own offices, and to love them, when singing them according to her rules, and not according to "the individual taste . . . of unauthorized laymen."

The Catholic Truth Society of England (69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E.), whose publications are sold at the office of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, 120 West 60th Street, New York, published three pamphlets (1d. each).

(e) "*Church Music*. The 13th decree of the 4th Provincial Council of Westminster."

(f) "*Our Church Music*. What it is and what it ought to be." By W. Jacobs Kötter.

(g) "*Church Music*. A Pastoral Letter by the Right Rev. Bishop Hedley, O.S.B."

"GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD."

My brother man, of melancholy mood,
Dark'ning the present age with future fears,
To Time's first comment lend rememb'ring ears:

"God saw that it was good."

Bare, like a new-born child, amid the spheres
Swung our small globe on that Creation day.
Light but revealed that chaos still had sway—
Who dreamt of life in th' unbegotten years?
Yet ran the whisper round that solitude:

"God saw that it was good."

So each in turn were ushered in to be—
His creatures all, made in benignity.
Hath God's arm shortened when He builds to-day?
Or will to-morrow's hour
Alone prove unsubmitive to His power?
Or on thee only has He forgot to lay
The hall-mark of divine solicitude:

"God saw that it was good."

Do, and keep heart—do thy part, and share
The blessing which scarce e'en awaits thy prayer.
Kneel, like the child still in his father's care,
Unfearing for the morrow's fate or food;
And so, as thou dost pray,
Echoing Creation's chorus, brother, say:

"God saw that it was good."

ALBERT REYNAUD.

"GUESSES AT THE RIDDLE OF EXISTENCE."

BY WALTER SWEETMAN.



AT the end of his preface to his latest book * Mr. Goldwin Smith writes the following admirable sentences :
 "The spirit in which these pages are penned is not that of Agnosticism, if Agnosticism imports despair of spiritual truth, but that of free and hopeful inquiry, the way for which it is necessary to clear by removing the wreck of that upon which we can found our faith no more.

"To resign untenable arguments for a belief is not to resign the belief, while a belief bound up with untenable arguments will share their fate. When the conclusions are, or seem to be, negative, no one will rejoice more than the writer to see the more welcome view reasserted, and fresh evidence of its truth supplied."

But, unfortunately, upon the page which they follow Mr. Smith has written also :

"Liberal theologians have at least half resigned the belief in miracles, rationalizing wherever they can, and minimizing where that process fails. Liberal theologians, and even theologians by no means ranked as liberal, if they are learned and open-minded, have given up the authenticity and authority of Genesis. With these they must apparently give up the Fall, the Redemption, and the Incarnation."

And here, of course, every one who has reason to thank God for the blessed knowledge that we are all in the hands of his own infinite perfection—perfect in justice, perfect in self-sacrifice, and perfect in Art—feels that he must withstand Mr. Smith, and—at least if a man writing on such subjects—be prepared to "give a reason for the faith that is in him." And indeed it is at once a plain and a most delightful duty. We shall argue with him entirely on his own grounds.

DARWINISM IMPOSSIBLE.

And first, with Descartes, the father of modern philosophy—but in a broader and less merely metaphysical spirit—

* *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence.* By Goldwin Smith.

we would ask Mr. Smith, and everybody else concerned, to try to agree with us that the two things regarding ourselves and our environment of which we can be quite certain are, that we exist, and that whatever metaphysical view of the external world we may prefer, it is quite plain that *of the forces known to us* it must owe its origin to an Artist, and to an Artist of superhuman power. And apparently on this second point we have at once to join issue with Mr. Smith, who at page 55 of his work writes that science shows that man has risen from the brutes, although to page 100 he appends the following pregnant note:

"I once ventured to ask an eminent Darwinian whether he thought that, within any limit of time assignable for the duration of bird life upon this planet, the Darwinian process of natural selection could have produced a bird which should build a nest in anticipation of laying an egg. He said that account must be taken of the faculty of imitation. To which the reply was that to produce that faculty another Darwinian process extending through countless æons would be required."

And yet, notwithstanding this argumentative success, Mr. Smith would seem to reason throughout the rest of his book as if it were a proved fact that the soul of man is but an improvement on the mental powers of brutes, and as if "Darwinism," instead of being, as these pages will try to show, a perfectly impossible hypothesis, were, at least possibly, a great scientific discovery. And here we may venture to assert that to credit the Darwinian selections with the creation of the human soul must be always directly contrary to all reasonable Christian systems, for the most fundamental thought of the latter must ever be that to make up for those temptations from the darkness of our state which give Him His great saints, and which in the reign of eternal justice, which is a part of His Divine Essence, give us our great dangers, our Creator has Himself lived and died as man in order to divide His merits with every human soul. Therefore there cannot possibly be in accordance with our principles any half-souls or quarter-souls, as there surely must have been if science really showed us that we rose slowly from the brutes.

IT INVOLVES ABSURDITIES.

But the great object of this paper is to prove that, even in its attempt to account for the existence of our human bodies by

natural and sexual selections unguided by some such force as that of a Designing Mind, Darwinism is simply ridiculous. We certainly would not use so strong a word but that we hope to prove our assertion to the hilt. Let us take the human hand and the human eye as instances. Is it not perfectly evident that the beginning, or even the half finishing, of every single joint must have been a disadvantage in the struggle for existence. How, then, could the joint or the hand ever have been completed? And just in the same way how could an aqueous humor in the eye have been of any advantage until it became a lens? And then think of all the joints that are in a single hand, which is only one part of the human frame; and if they are all to be made (*per impossibile!*) by chance alone, what a quasi-infinite amount of failures there must have been; and where are any fair amount of the remains of them to be found in the strata? We seem to find there innumerable specimens of organic life from the very simplest forms to—well, man himself; but of all the quasi-infinite crookedness evidently necessary for the creation of his form from a cell by chance alone, there is absolutely none. These taken together are evidently two strong arguments, but perhaps even a stronger one is to be found in beauty. Just let us consider the absolutely different beauties of the ornate butterfly's wings, where every little mark on one is reproduced on the other—and of the common leaves where conspicuously different sizes of compartments on either side still maintain the gracefulness of the normal shape of the leaf. How on earth could the insects, with the means at their disposal, have carried into effect these two perfectly different conceptions of beauty? Surely we are here plainly looking at the workmanship of an Artist of superhuman power. And He seems to have as plainly stamped His will on His works by the facts that mules will not breed, and that we—designing creatures as we are—cannot now produce a new species. But then Mr. Smith would tell us that it is fair to put difficulty against difficulty, and no doubt he would ask us to account for the remains in the strata of that palæolithic man who, although he could carve the outlines of a horse on bone, could never learn to sharpen his tools by rubbing? And to this we may of our own free will add the other great difficulty which is to be found in the so-called cruelty of nature. It is a fact that there is a special fly that will lay its eggs nowhere but in the nostrils of

a sheep, whose brain the young maggots eat slowly away; and there are other horrible little parasites that seem to leave with diabolical cleverness the really vital parts of their victims for the last.

DESIGNINGS OF THE GREAT ARTIST.

How are we to explain these facts? Well, in our opinion, by falling back on our first great principle, that the good God is perfect in everything, including Art. As an Artist He seems to have shaded all forms of animal life into each other; and just as a wealthy American father might get ready for a favorite son a mansion full of noble pictures, statues, books, etc., so our Heavenly Father has given us—with whom He Himself intended to live and die—our external world full of works of Divine Art as immeasurable as the stars, and minute as the parasites—symbols, figures, pictures upon which the mind of man may dwell with pleasure or with interest—or even with fear—during his time of trial. For we must ever remember that on Christian principles temptation is the very *raison d'être* of our present world. If everything was plain to us, neither faith in Christ, nor the love of truth and goodness for their own sakes, could be virtues to be carried through the fires of temptation. But our good Master never allows us to be unfairly tempted. He always takes care that the balance of probability shall on the whole lean in favor of the teachings which He has committed to His Christian Church. To begin with, He has marked our very creation with essential mystery. It is equally inconceivable to us that we should be the result of evolution that began to work uncaused after an eternity during which there had been no evolution; or that the First Cause could have existed for an eternity before it began to create. Yet, as far as I know, everybody from the Pope to Professor Haeckel holds that either of these things is true. In the same way He has shown us plainly, as we have already seen, that the organic world around us could not have been made by chance. Yet another proof of this may be found in the ugly and useless callosities that are to be seen on the legs of both horses and asses. They evidently must have been there since the times before the two tribes seem to have separated; and why should it not be a fair sum in proportion that would state that as this single blemish is to the mean between the time since that separation, and the shortest similar blemish, so should the quasi-

infinite crookednesses and uglinesses necessary to build up by mere chance a vertebrate animal (*per impossibile!*) from a cell be to—the answer. Plainly, since this single deformity has been able to resist the boasted effects of natural and sexual selection so long, all the other deformities naturally to be expected would require—an eternity!—or to be quite correct, quasi-infinite time.

But there is another and perhaps even more unmistakable mark of mystery impressed by God upon the animal world. It is manifest to reason that bees and spiders and moths are not taught their respective arts by their elders, as our children are taught ours. And yet when a hive is unexpectedly deprived of its queen, bees can take a worker egg and, by placing it in a queen's cell and feeding it with a certain jelly, turn it into a queen in a fortnight. And a spider's adaptations of web-making are almost inconceivably clever; while the moth chooses the best spot possible for her eggs with an unerring instinct in her first flight round the world. Is not all this plainly the handwriting of God upon His works of Art? In the first place, to show us that they *are* works of Art; and in the second place, to show that there is no oneness between the phenomena of intellect which they exhibit in instincts and our real intellects. Can any professor really believe that he can ever understand how the extraordinary instincts at which we have glanced, and the opposite volitions necessary to exhibit them under different circumstances, are contained in every egg of their respective races? And yet if that is wonderful, even more wonderful is how the instincts got there!

AN EXPLANATION OF MYSTERIES.

This, then, is the way in which we would meet our two great Christian difficulties; may I not write it—our only great Christian difficulties? The apparent cruelties of nature are probably only like the Laocoön with which a millionaire would ornament the gardens of his son. Let us but listen to Descartes and Berkeley and Victor Hugo, and we have hypotheses before us that make all that difficulty disappear. If the fixed stars were made for man, is it not reasonable to believe that they do not extend further than he will ever be able to see them? But would not the same end be more perfectly gained if they only really exist, as Berkeley tells us they do, in man's sensations. But a part of the perfection of the art is that we never can be sure of this;

or be quite certain that animals may not in some way or other have deserved their purgatorial sufferings, which it may be in our power to lessen. And so, we can at once comfortably love our dogs and eat our dinners! As to the other historical difficulty presented to us by prehistoric remains, we can either meet it by believing that a merely animal man that could never learn to point his tools by rubbing—just as the wood-pigeon can never imitate the comfortable nest of the wren—may have disappeared from the world of phenomena like the mammoth; or we can hold that they are indeed traces of how the body of man was raised up by the Infinite Design that could create a whole joint at once, to be the external receptacle of the first human soul. As to the work of that human soul, we have immediate traces in the grammatical writings which are to be found in almost the earliest human dwellings of stone. Could our prehistoric ancestors have been busied in devising the most graceful relationship of the moods and tenses before they could see their way to sharpen their tools by rubbing, or make for themselves shelters of stone? We must remember that Greek grammar has come down to us from the age of bronze. Perhaps that fact alone must make our origin a natural mystery to us. At all events it is quite plain that if man was indeed a special creation, he must have been created an adult, and in a world of adult formation. A lonely infant could not have lived upon a primeval rock. And perhaps when our great forefather was turned out of Paradise, he learned how to make his first tools from an animal man that had survived even until then upon earth.

But how could such a fact as this be compatible with the truth of our favorite Berkeleian hypothesis? Would it not be a plain deception on the part of the Creator? Surely not. As we have said, it is plainly a part of the perfection of the divine plan that we shall never be able to be certain which metaphysical hypothesis for the existence of the external world is the true one; for that is best for us. If, then, we make up our minds that the Berkeleian theory is the more probable, and that the whole external world is only a picture, the supposed stories told by the records of the strata deceive no more than Cervantes deceives us when he talks of the "history" of his delightful hero, or than Murillo or any of the great painters deceive us when they give us their wonderful scenes. If the Berkeleian hypothesis is true, our world is a great work of Divine Art that is

painted not on objective matter but in the sensations of immortal spirits. That is all.

SCRIPTURAL DIFFICULTIES.

But then about the truth of Scripture? Mr. Smith is very strong in showing us that we cannot believe everything that seems to be now part of Holy Scripture. But he is scarcely stronger than the Roman Catholic Church herself. She admits the chronology of the Septuagint into her liturgy, although it varies by many hundred years from the Vulgate, to which version alone all her declarations about the inspiration of Holy Scripture belong. And then St. Peter tells us that some of St. Paul is "very hard to be understood." And naturally, since the latter Apostle tells us in one place that God will render to every one according to his works, and in another that salvation does not depend upon works at all, but that God hated one twin before it was born, and "hath mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth." Surely the most reasonable thing for Christians to believe is that Holy Scripture is supernaturally preserved for us, among other things, to prove that Christ is the Messias, and to help His church to preserve His teaching, but that everything human—and there is surely a human element in Scripture—is full of imperfection.

No doubt this may seem to be believing in that half-inspiration of Scripture to which Mr. Smith so objects. But the foundations of our Catholic faith are laid on such broad principles, that some imperfections in any texts of Scripture have no effect on them. We believe in the Catholic Church because we believe that when God came down only once to live amongst us and teach us, it must be part of His own perfection to have left some indefectible guardian of His teaching to preserve it to the end of time. And we know from the Apostles' Creed that that indefectible guardian is to be found in the Catholic Church. Still, it is hard to think of the Bible, and of the history of the Jews up to our own days, and not to feel that the finger of God is there pointing out His Son.

Our Christian case rests, then, as far as natural arguments are concerned, upon the certainty that of the forces known to us our world must have been made by an Artist of superhuman power. But since the eye and the hand were made so well for their purposes it is but reasonable to believe that the conscience of man

could not have been made badly; and yet conscience is often but poorly rewarded in this world. Therefore there must be, in all probability, another world to make good its injustice. Then follow all our usual Christian arguments showing how self-sacrifice is a part of our most reasonable conception of perfection and how justice, being part of the Divine Essence, explains the Atonement, and including, of course, the most powerful argument of all, the historical argument. It is hard to see how God could prove His existence better than by miracles; and it is surely a plain historical fact that by their belief in the Resurrection a few ignorant fishermen—helped by St. Paul—conquered the world.

A RECAPITULATION.

But it is plain, too, that what gives its strength to that argument from conscience, which I believe to be Kant's great argument, are the clearness of the proofs that of the forces known to us the eye and the hand of man must have been made not by chance but by an Artist of superhuman powers. And as I have promised to show that the Darwinian hypothesis is even "ridiculously" inadequate to meet the facts, I will conclude this paper by recapitulating the five principal arguments which seem to me to justify that assertion:

First. No one can suppose that unguided by a designing power a new limb or a new joint began to be exhibited in any form of animal life completed, or in working order, at once; and yet its first commencement, or even its intermediate state, must have been a deformity, and therefore a disadvantage in the struggle for existence. How, then, could it ever have been completed?

Secondly. For every one useful change in any organism introduced by chance alone, there must have been very many that were not useful, as is suggested by the callosities still to be found on the legs of horses and donkeys, and yet that were not sufficiently ruinous to destroy life altogether; and where are there any fair traces of all these uglinesses and crookednesses in impressions on the rocks or in fossil remains in the strata which seem to contain innumerable forms of organic life, from the very lowest upwards. And still it would seem to be evident that for one finger of a vertebrate that grew right (if indeed they could grow at all!) there must have been quite innumerable fingers that grew wrong.

Thirdly. There is the great argument from the beauty of the organic world. No attempt, as far as I know, is made by evolutionists to account for the beauty as distinguished from the mere conspicuousness of shells and fruits and the thrush's egg. A graver difficulty is how the genius of apes and the lowest savages could have invented our noble human frame. Gravest of all is the impossibility of conceiving how the genius of insects with the mechanical means at their command could have made at once the ever varying beauty of the wings of the ornate butterfly, and the invariably changing gracefulness of the leaves. The laurestine leaf, for instance, is always built up in conspicuously different compartments on either side, and yet always keeps more or less its own graceful shape. How on earth could the insects have managed it?

Fourthly. There is the mule argument, which seems to point out so plainly the will of the Creator that species should keep separate, and thus give rational man no fair excuse for believing himself to have risen from brutes, who have no conscience. And along with the fact that mules are sterile, there is the *probability* that life only springs from life on earth.

Fifthly. And perhaps strongest of all comes the argument to be drawn from the consideration of the different operations of instinct and reason in their highest developments, and the absolute impossibility of our forming any conception either of how the bees could have arrived at beating us all to pieces at chemical recipes, and the spiders and the moths are so clever and so wise—or how these different wisdoms and the different volitions necessary for exhibiting them are handed down through their eggs. Surely it seems plain that the wisdom is not in the creatures themselves but in their Designer.

And so it would seem that we may be, even naturally, certain of our first position—that we exist, and that of the forces known to us our environment must be the work of a super-human Artist. For everything further we can only prove probability, but our faith gives us certainty. Of course it is only the former that we can show to Mr. Goldwin Smith.

In this paper we have purposely confined ourselves to arguments that may appeal to Mr. Goldwin Smith. There is a whole field of scholastic arguments which we purposely leave untouched.



REMBRANDT.

THE GENIUS OF REMBRANDT.



WHAT is striking about Rembrandt is his power, his force, and his brilliancy. He presents life in its fullest intensity. His personages are visible, communicative; he resurrects and reanimates a whole epoch. And to this precious, marvellous gift of interpretation he adds sensibility, the goodness of a heart attune to all the sorrows, all the joys, all the emotions of mankind. He belongs to no school. He opened a new road, which closed after him. He is Rembrandt, and that is enough.

But whence did this miller's son derive his originality, his genius? Where did he find the one vision which was mistress



REMBRANDT'S WIFE.

of his mind and his hand? To what mystic obsession did he bow in the accomplishment of his work, manifold and varied as it was? The information furnished by his biographers is vague, not to say futile.

Michael Angelo loved to say that he owed everything good and strong in him to the air of Arezzo, and to the breast that had nourished him. But Michael Angelo had his precursors, his forefathers; he had traditions; he had models bequeathed by his predecessors; he had the ancients; he had that splendid torso which, when old and nearly blind, if we are to believe an ingenious legend, he caressed with his glorious hands, and in

the beginning of his career he had that garden of the Medicis where the most beautiful hours of his youth were passed.

For Rembrandt there was nothing of the sort. He had seen nothing. In any case, what had met his eyes had no connection, no artistic link, so to speak, with the fancies that lit up his imagination. His ancestors—they will be sought in vain; the son of a Dutch miller has none. For him the air of Arezzo is the atmosphere of the paternal mill. His masters? We only see one, and no other: the Sun-ray discreetly penetrating the huge mysterious granaries, to give life to the golden grains of dust raised by the monotonously moving millstones. It was there that the child knew a whole world of fancy. It is there that he spent hours in peering through the dark air surrounding him, and here that the virtue of his preordained vision saw what inattentive eyes do not see: the life of the shadows.

Pushed by imperious force of circumstances, he wanted to become a painter. He was also, his biographers naïvely tell us, "a recalcitrant at the study of Latin." His father, a sensible man, easily consented to his wish, and he was put under the care of a master of no account, Lastmann, whose name would probably not have survived but for his immortal scholar. His progress was so rapid, his first attempts were so brilliant, that he lost no time in leaving the mill of Leyerdorf to go to try his fortunes in Amsterdam. There he gave rein to his youthful temperament, and his works succeeded each other in abundance.

To say the truth as to these first productions of Rembrandt, even though they do bear the mark of his talent, they also have hesitation, heaviness, and weakness in execution. Happily all this soon disappeared. He then devoted himself to those greenish, leaden tones, of no use for flesh colors, as are to be seen in the "Presentation at the Temple," in The Hague collection. The "Lesson in Anatomy" itself is not free from defects. The corpse is badly drawn, badly built, bloated; it was not painted according to the model; nature was hardly consulted. It is gorgeous with light, but with a too monotonous yellow, untrue and not conforming to the surrounding tones. The blacks are heavy and opaque, and do not vibrate. Further examples could be named, but let us forgive him these weak points, for when he painted the "Lesson in Anatomy" the artist was only twenty-four years old, and he created a new



THE LESSON IN ANATOMY,

art, an individual art, an art without a precedent. The head of Professor Tulp is, however, singularly exact, and so likewise are the heads of the pupils bent to receive the instruction better. They are so true, all of them, and have such energy of expression! Rembrandt now possessed the science of portrait-painting to its foundations. He knew the construction of the human head better than any one, and the portrait of Nicholas Ruts proved that clearly enough. It was painted a year before the "Lesson in Anatomy."

But the eagle's talons are not long in sprouting; the bird grows, gets to know its strength. Twelve years later the "Night-watch" appears, the most entrancing, most remarkable picture in existence. Does the scene occur in the daytime or in the night? One does not know nor feel the least need to know. One realizes that no one ever painted with such power, and that never again will such a picture be painted. It is life in all its plenitude; it is almost an exaggeration of it. The artist's

temperament rushes madly into it, and it is with a species of fury, with a passion unparalleled in the history of art, that he lays on his colors, that he heightens the contrast of black and white, of dazzling brightness and profound shadows, to translate to the eye the thirst for life and splendor which burns in him, and with which his heart and brain are overflowing.

Twenty years later we find him again in the "Drapers' Syndics." He has sobered down. Perhaps he has remembered the criticisms ventured before the "Nightwatch." He had been violently reproached, it was said, for not making his people true to life. Perhaps, too, the subject lends itself less to the painter's ardor than the tumultuous departure of an armed company, evidently rather badly disciplined. Here no more of the "rowdy." We simply find ourselves before six burghers of Amsterdam, six good burghers in debate at a table. But what



THE NIGHTWATCH.

perfect execution, what consummate mastership! What intense life and brilliancy! It is nature itself, palpitating, healthy, and strong. It is a pure work of art.

To judge Rembrandt, one should see the "Diana" at St. Petersburg, or go to the Louvre, to the Salle Lacaze.

Perhaps "The Bathing Woman" is not the finest canvas in the Louvre; perhaps one might find a more complete, at any rate, a more interesting picture among the works of Rembrandt which surround it—the "Disciples of Emmaus," for instance. But it is incontestable that no nude piece equals this female



THE DRAPERS' SYNDICS.

torso for power of execution. It is done in a full paste, a thick, unctuous, supple paste, before which painters ask each other in astonishment to what processes Rembrandt may have had recourse to paint without ever drying. Had he colors which dried less quickly than ours? Had he oils or varnishes that we do not know of?

But Rembrandt's processes vary infinitely, and are not to be analyzed. Sometimes he rubs over parts of his canvas superficially, sometimes he squeezes out his paints without deigning to spread them, sometimes he lays on violent touches with his knife, or else he makes furrows with the handle of his brush. He must paint with everything that comes under his hand—even with his hand, with his fingers! He sees only the result, and is satisfied when the effect is obtained demanded by the internal spirit that is urging him.

And the contrasts: with what power he manages them, what splendid use he knows how to put them to! Look at "The Nightwatch"—the most energetic black in the centre, surrounded by the two lightest effects he can find on his palette. The rest is subordinated to this contrast. And what a black! It is a pliant, deep, intense, and yet transparent black, without hardness. Compared with him, all the others pale, and seem to have painted nothing but puppets. And he uses his colorations to aid his dazzling light effects, to heighten his clever contrasts. His whites—look at the little Bohemian in "The Nightwatch"—are gilded: the pure white would have been cold, and would not have had the necessary brilliancy. The only blue tint in this magnificent "Nightwatch," on the handle of a lance, shines like a jewel from out of the surrounding yellows, and the green branch brings out the red doublet near it. And these touches, so thriftily dispensed, so skilfully disposed at telling points, only acquire greater force by it, an irresistible force.



THE MILL.

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART II.

IN THE RAPIDS OF YOUTH.

CHAPTER III.

AN ANGEL OF MESSAGE.



PLEASE tell me the story. Oh, please tell it in detail! I want to feel quite sure that I understand it clearly. It seems such a fine, grand, beautiful thing for an ambitious boy to have done!"

Gladys stood like an appealing child before Dr. Castleton, the college-president, who had been not only a practising M. D. but also a D. Sc. of rising biological fame, when Martin Carruth's election had opened to him a welcome opportunity to pursue his scientific researches. She was enthusiastically interested by his casual allusion to the romantic history,—long familiar to the Raymonds,—of Joyce Josselyn's college-career. On the verge of completion at last, indeed, it had been begun and pursued only after the unforeseen lapse of the four years following his eighteenth birthday,—the culminating filial sacrifice of Joyce's strange and stormy youth.

The president, as was his custom almost nightly during the rare occupation of Carruthdale, had dropped in informally for a chat with Raymond, after "the boys," as the Raymonds called

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

the favored Centreville students, had taken their reluctant departure. Stephen had succeeded in decoying Mina into the library, where an animated discussion was in audible session: but in spite of the late hour, Gladys remained in the drawing-room, for the president had a sad charm for her, inasmuch as he reminded her of her father. He was a strikingly handsome man of noble stature, with eagle-like eyes on fire with the commingled radiations of soul and intellect, and the smooth face of youth retained into late maturity; though at present he looked wan and wearied. His smile was spontaneous and kindly, and his natural manner courtly. He had the air of society, of the clubs, of a man of the world. He was a Southerner of a proud old family irretrievably wrecked in fortune, and his wife whom, after thirty-odd years of married life, he still thought young and beautiful, had been, in her youth, a Kentucky beauty and belle.

"What an idealist you have in this little ward," he smiled to his hostess. "The Josselyn story is quite simple, Miss Broderick. Nearly eight years ago a poet-faced young stripling from the country presented himself without introduction or credentials, and demanded to take the competitive examination for the 'Martin,'—the chief of the Carruth scholarships,—which covers the entire course. He had the physique of a delicate boy, the address of a shyly audacious child, yet even then the intellectual grasp of an under-graduate, upon honor! In Latin, mathematics, philosophy, he was leagues ahead of his closest rivals. His flying colors inspired him to tell me his story; and it seemed, indeed, that truth is stranger than fiction, when I learned that the lad owed his phenomenal equipment to the coaching of Martin Carruth, son of Centreville's founder, and its most brilliant graduate: and who, as a Catholic priest,—a convert,—was and is pastor in young Josselyn's native place. Of course Martin's mere request would have entered any protégé, however hopeless: but it turned out that the boy had not solicited, but on the contrary virtually refused his influence,—drifting to Centreville only because Martin had chanced to mention his college; though with no word of its debt to his name. But now comes the tragical part. The term scarcely had opened when Josselyn's father was smitten by a severe stroke of paralysis; and Martin wrote the boy that he believed it his filial duty to return. It seems that old Josselyn, in a

moment of passion, had banished his son, forbidding him to return to his home until Almighty God Himself brought him: and the boy heard God's Voice in the call of the priest, and obeyed it without hesitation. He came to my room with the grim pain of death on his face, saying, 'Father Martin is right, and I'll do as he says. *But I'm coming back to college!*' And he did come back,—though not till four years had elapsed; during which he had matured to a strong and vigorous man, physically, while saved from mental deterioration by reading and study with Martin. Softened by his long helplessness, or possibly by the sacrificial devotion he knew he had not deserved, old Josselyn, upon his comparative recovery, became a converted character up to the point of loosening miserly purse-strings; and his son's career, since his return to college, has been a succession of triumphs. He leaves us harmoniously developed intellectually and physically; but one fatal flaw in his culture is my sincere sorrow,—the absence of any spiritual progression. He stands not even where he stood as a boy in soul,—but lower: since the simple though unformulated faith and reverence of youth have succumbed to the proverbial 'danger' of a 'little knowledge.' Even in a material sense, I deplore his mistake; since experience has taught me that few men make lasting mark on the world, whose lives lack a spiritual basis."

"That is a beautiful thing for me to hear you say, doctor," answered Gladys, tears rising to her soft eyes. "My father, who was a zealous advocate of the highest education for both men and women, yet asserted that had he to choose between giving his own child an exclusively religious or intellectual training, he would give the religious, and trust God to enlighten the brain, rather than develop the brain at the soul's expense. He argued that the gift of the Pentecost Spirit is 'wisdom,' while the intellect is tempted to human pride, and resists rather than seeks revelation!"

"Your father was a good and wise man, my dear. Inferior as the physical man is, unexalted by intellect,—yet mental culture lacking its spiritual complement, is an even more piteous spectacle!"

"Look here, you two," interrupted Raymond, with half-earnest facetiousness, "stop hitting a fellow straight from the shoulder, will you? You know that I'm 'of the earth, earthy,' but my misfortune is n't half my fault! A self-made man has n't

time to make the acquaintance of his spirit, this side of his death-bed! It takes all his youth to make himself,—and all the thought and effort of maturity to stay made, and not fail the dependence of others! But Boyle Broderick was my friend unto death; and I don't believe that if his soul survives, he will see his old chum go to the bowwows! You'll manage to save me between you, eh, Gladys?"

"I have prayed for you all my life, dear Mr. Raymond," replied Gladys, simply.

"Dear me!" yawned Mrs. Raymond, "if this prologues a prayer-meeting, please count me out!"

"Rather, order me out, Mrs. Raymond," smiled the doctor, "who am responsible for the little conference, which I confess I have enjoyed!"

But his smile disappeared as he withdrew, for the doctor was not in smiling humor. In truth, he was facing the most tragical issue a man can face,—the issue of his own soul's struggle with the powers of the world. Even since youth he had been of reverent godliness; but absorbed in his scientific studies, he had stopped short, spiritually, at natural religion; though accepting, as an expedient social convention, the outward form of the creed to which he was born. But as the years rolled on the nobility of his manhood had protested against ignoble passivity in the face of vital challenge: for God versus Nature, Christ versus Man, Faith versus Agnosticism, Religion versus Materialism, Immortality versus Negation, above all, Revelation versus Science, had become the burning questions of the day; and in spiritual honor he could not temporize while the conflict raged about him. Standing by God, he found that he stood for Christ; and championship of the Christian cause coerced his intellect to exhaustive Scriptural research and ecclesiological investigation. The process of his enlightenment was slow, but sure; and even as Martin Carruth was priested, the college president knew in his heart that his own convictions were with the convert. But he was a man of the world, whose life-interests were at stake; and "*Festina lente*" was the watchword of expediency as well as of spiritual prudence. The self-imposed probation of a soul sincerely straining towards practical faith, however, is commonly cut short by God, when the human arbiter tarries. The responsibility of the youthful souls going out from his care like ships spreading jaunty sails to life's sea, but

defenceless against its moral tempests and whirlpools, weighed upon the president's soul at first restlessly, then heavily, and eventually with the awful, haunting pressure of mortal sin and immortal accountability! Finally, his decision was taken to offer his resignation at the close of the scholastic year recording Joyce Josselyn's graduation. Yet to none had he whispered a word of his intention, though the bitter pain of its human cost was written on his face!

As he turned from the Raymond house, his thoughts, by force of association, reverted to Martin Carruth; and the memory of all the youthful heir had sacrificed for an obscure pastorate made the man of years blush for his own worldly spirit. Yet he, unlike Martin, did not stand alone: his proud wife, his ambitious sons, his worldly young daughters, must suffer for his conversion. Had he no duty to them, as well as to God? Why should his personal religious convictions inflict upon others the pain of a social upheaval? Plausible sophistry tempted his soul; but grace won, perchance, by the prayers of the founder's son, encompassed the college president! As his eyes sought the stars, a great peace calmed his heart,—the peace of supernatural conviction that in the attainment of Divine Truth is the solution of the everlasting problem of humanity, the end of its struggling existence. To reach the immortal goal at whatever mortal cost, would be to justify his life, even at the last hour. To miss it, to relinquish it, implied irrevocable human loss and waste,—the most pathetic because immortal of human tragedies! The president strode on with his thoughts on Newman, Faber, Brownson, Hecker,—whose kindred though disembodied spirits seemed suddenly to flock about him. Then—he scarcely knew why—two young living faces persistently haunted his mental eyes,—the face of Joyce Josselyn, in his intellectual youth; and the spiritualized face of Gladys Broderick, in her pure and prayerful maidenhood. He recalled the filial story by which he had touched and impressed her; and in association with Joyce, again rose the vision of Martin Carruth,—Father Martin! Suddenly his heart strained towards the absent young priest, as to his problem's living solution.

"*Martin,*" cried the voice of his soul through the night,—
"*Martin, come back to the home of your fathers! In God's Name, come back, come back! Give my age of your youth,—my weak soul of your strength,—my gloom of your light,—my fear*

of your courage,—my doubt of your faith,—my vacillation of your purpose,—my unrest of your peace! I believe,—yet my unbelief holds me in bondage. Martin, come back, come back!"

Yes, back to the place of his birth, as the tide is swirled back to the sea, as the bird is impelled to its nest,—Father Martin, in truth, was summoned! The character bearing the impress of God, reveals the Divine mark as it passes. The worldling comes and goes, and his place is filled. The evil die, and leave no vacuum. But the life of grace is an angel of message, and where once its wings flutter, a white trace lingers, recognized by the world, and remembered! Not less unfailingly is the soul which sacramental life keeps sensitive to the inspirations of grace, God's chosen instrument in myriad problems ascribed to human chance! Thus, by beautiful providence, it fell to Gladys, the stranger, to transmit Centreville's call to the priest!

The idea of writing to Father Martin first had flashed upon Gladys when the story of Martin Carruth, as told by Raymond, had inspired the guest of his old home to acknowledge Carruthdale's hospitality to its rightful though usurped master. Stephen's appeal in behalf of Mina, had strengthened this inspiration; which had matured to deliberate resolution when Joyce Josselyn's expression of real regret that Father Martin declined to honor his final Class-Day, was supplemented by the president's sorrowful mention of the graduate's spiritual downfall.

The impulse of girlhood disdains the wise second-thought of maturity. With the assurance of innocence, Gladys indited her letter, sealed for mailing, before she slept!

CARRUTHDALE, CENTREVILLE,

June 15, 189—,

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER CARRUTH (she began):

I am Gladys Broderick, ward of Mr. James Raymond, your kinsman by marriage; and am at present a guest in your beautiful old home. My excuse for writing to you is, first of all, that an acknowledgment of Carruthdale's hospitality seems a courtesy due to its absent master; but also, I feel impelled to tell you that every one here not only misses you, but seems really to *need* you very much! My guardian says that his own disappointment is but the echo of universal regret that you will not honor the Class-Day of the college owing everything to your

name: but I feel that this consideration will appeal to you less strongly than the conviction of spiritual need of you must, if only I can convince you of it, as it exists!

In the first place, your remote connection, beautiful little Mina Morris, a baptized Catholic, is on the verge of a career as a public dancer; and Mr. Morris her brother cannot control her, and hopes that she might be influenced by you, whose memory she loves! Then your brilliant young neighbor, Mr. Joyce Josselyn, is tempted to pride of intellect; and President Castleton's intense regret impresses me as personal, as if his own soul, too, were struggling toward the light. In fact, there are few exceptions to the rule of spiritual stress and Catholic inclination in Carruthdale's complex circle; for Mr. Stephen Morris tells me that he, like Mina, is a baptized Catholic, and his face seems to me prophetic of asceticism; while my good and charitable guardian, though invincibly ignorant, religiously, is pining for something the world does not give him,—and what does it lack, save God?

To one and all these souls, you, Reverend Father, are allied by love and memory far more closely than you know; and under your guidance, even I might have my small apostolate, while awaiting as ward my legal majority, which my dear father, in consideration of his large fortune, delayed until my twenty-fifth birthday, still three years away. In any case, I feel assured that you will not misunderstand or resent this letter, for I have felt impelled to write it to you; and if the inspiration is false, you will forgive me.

With deepest respect I beg to subscribe myself, Reverend Father,

Faithfully your daughter in Christ,

GLADYS MAY BRODERICK.

The Reverend Martin Carruth.

And upon this ingenuous but appealing effusion Gladys slept the sleep of peace.

CHAPTER IV.

CLASS-DAY.

The deceased Martin Carruth, in common with many philanthropists of the egotistical order, had had his own axes to grind, as he set up his sandstone for public usage; and the conditions of his benevolent bequests perpetuated his individual cranks, with a fine disregard of the preferences and advantage of his beneficiaries.

The religious creed of the faculty of Centreville, and compulsory chapel for its students, were among the arbitrary behests whose legal annulment was only a matter of time. But Yankee thrift had been Martin Carruth's predominant characteristic, even though he had not hoarded his fortune. He had believed in the economy of time, the conservation of energies, the earnest concentration of attention and effort upon the main end in view; and the athletic and social features threatening to subordinate scholarship in modern college-life had aroused his bitterest antagonism. Therefore, among other autocratic stipulations anathematized by the students, the founder of Centreville had decreed that the exercises closing each academic year be confined to the inadequate hours of a single gala-day! Thus denied the extensive festivities of the older universities, modest young Centreville made not unsuccessfully what mischievous Raymond called "a bluff" at conventional celebration; and crowded into its one great day the chief literary and social features of traditional Commencement and Class-Day. Its morning was devoted to the Commencement programme, followed by the Omega Society's exercises,—the concluding formal feature of the occasion. Individual spreads were debarred, as inciters to rivalry, contention, and extravagance; but high noon inaugurated the class-spreads, which developed later, under the inspiration of music, into functions including impromptu dances. In the evening the various clubs held forth; and the undergraduates and students in general acted as hosts to the throngs of guests promenading the grounds, or dancing in the tents or main hall; while President and Mrs. Castleton held a formally informal reception for the faculty, the alumni, and the graduates and their friends. With the departure of the special midnight express the great day of Centreville ended.

Who is unconscious of the pathos underlying all human joy,—of the plaintive echo of laughter, of the haunting minors under-sobbing the waltz-tune, of the tremulous flicker of smiles foreshadowed by inevitable tears, as a sunbeam quivers on the surface of deepening waters? Who, however callous of spirit, has witnessed the exultant passage of youth from dream to action, from restraint to independence, from college into the world beyond it, and not trembled for it at secret heart, even while rejoicing with it?

Centreville presented no unique feature on the tragical day which wears the guise of comedy. Humanity and youth are the same the world over; and convention environs the episodes of life with inglorious because appallingly imitative monotony! The decorated stage, the thronged auditorium, the dignified yet gracious faculty, the nervous graduates, the excited students, the bored yet complacent fathers, the adoring mothers, the glowing young sisters and sweethearts, are ever-new ancient history. The immortal charm of a college commencement is the vital charm of life itself;—life sweet even to the old, the sad, the poor, the suffering: and superlatively sweet when youth and beauty and love are predominant. Its radiant psychological atmosphere of youthful manhood and maidenhood, materially reflected in the shimmer of brilliant toilettes, the scintillation of fans, the glow and perfume of flowers fluttering with ribbons and cards and even with tiny notes,—above all, the spiritual challenge of the heroes of the day, intellectual gladiators in the arena of life, fearless in their inexperience, and triumphal in advance of contest,—go to make up the typical Class-Day whose pre-eminent message, representative of all subordinate sentiments, seems concentrated in youth's beautiful watchword, Hope! Where youth is, faith and ideal and inspiration and heroism and love the tender, love the creative, must be; and while these exist in the human world, pessimism will possess no kingdom! Hope, therefore, seemed the prevailing spirit of Centreville's Class-Day orators; but perhaps of them all, Joyce Josselyn sounded the optimistic note of youth most eloquently, since his appealing beauty of face and voice enhanced the spell of words.

As the president had remarked to Gladys, Joyce's four years of active farm-life, just as his boyhood was maturing to youth, had proved a physical blessing. Had he entered college in his delicate 'teens, insufficiently nourished, mentally overstrained,

and with the necessity of earning his living expenses to handicap his study and exhaust his vitality, it is not improbable that like many another ambitious and over-taxed boy from the country, he must have fainted under the test of his Freshman experiences. But virtue proved its own reward; his filial sacrifice endowing him physically with a splendid life-equipment. He had returned to his home in an exalted mood of self-immolation, nobly stimulating to body as well as soul: and the mother-love, vitalized by his recent flight, enveloped his life as the sun a flower, fostering its stunted bud to perfected bloom. Life at the farm, moreover, was a different thing when Joyce was not the slave, but the master. The hygienic value of his open-air toil was augmented by its previously lacking accompaniment of hearty, generous fare: while as winter advanced, his participation as Mandy's escort in local merrymakings recreated him socially, and preserved his simple youth. Such few hours as were left at his disposal, he devoted to reading under the direction of Father Martin, who by grace of the miracle-worker, Affliction, had become a welcome frequenter of the Josselyn house! In the day of her husband's visitation, Mrs. Josselyn had petitioned the priest's presence, in the name of his friendship for Joyce: and the ice thus broken, Hiram Josselyn, perchance awed at soul by death's proximity, had seemed eager to drop old feuds. Physically, the weak old man was stimulated by the magnetic health and vigor of the priest, who subtly yet sensibly emanated the inspiring atmosphere of manhood as Divine Creation conceived it,—its vitality undrained, its strength unsapped by the vampire of self-indulgence:—sense subjugated to pure, strong soul being the secret of perfect physical life, as well as of intellectual vigor! The object-lesson thus realistically presented to Joyce's youth at the critical age of transition, was inestimable in adjusting high moral principles to the laws of his physical nature. The boy's intelligence was developed enough to comprehend the truth demonstrated, that sin is not spiritual alone and only, but inevitably and irrevocably reactive upon the body. Of this conviction was born the enlightening realization that the great moral laws are not alone the mandates of a Divinely-instituted Religion, but Nature's own ethics, which ignorance no less often than evil misleads humanity to profane! Disabused of youth's instinctive fear that moral philosophy is necessarily the doctrine of fanatical asceticism, Joyce's enlighten-

ment ascended by natural process, from the physical and ethical to the purely spiritual, at which point his soul trembled on the verge of apocalypse; but to Father Martin's deep disappointment, the revulsion of youth from the supernatural life of the spirit resisted the recognition that in no man are the intellect, heart and body so finely and perfectly adjusted, their fruition so complete and perfect, as in him whom the soul-life dominates!

The mere appearance of the class-valedictorian inspired a sudden revival of interest which had flagged under the tedious length of the programme. Supple still, Joyce's figure had matured from boyish angularity to the rounded slenderness of the man of strength and muscle; and his step as he advanced,—a long step, by grace of his stature,—was at once both firm and lithesome. He carried his height with a jaunty dignity characteristic of that discrepant entity, a versatile nature. In truth, Joyce was nothing if not versatile, now that all his faculties had been unearthed and cultivated. A sour old professor, in discussing Joyce in the presence of the Raymonds, had called him an "all things to all men" character; which criticism Stephen Morris had improved and pointed by a chivalrous change of sex! Whether this imputation of gallantry had challenged flirtatious Imogen Raymond's interest in Centreville's star-student, or merely constrained her to favor on principle what Stephen Morris censured, may not be stated definitely: but whatever the explanation, her social patronage of young Josselyn waxed from merely conventional toleration to exceptionally cordial favor: and Joyce's response was instinctive and spontaneous, for the spirit of the world was in him. Under Mrs. Raymond's subtle tuition, the provincial boy soon became a socially initiated and self-possessed youth,—the youth, a worldly young man at his best in society; and then, at last, did it begin to dawn upon Joyce that his engagement of marriage to Mandy Johnson might be indeed the child's folly, the boyish mistake, unconditionally opposed and censured as such by Father Martin, when Joyce had taken him into his confidence.

The chivalry of the priest had coerced him to speak only of the wrong of a long engagement to maturing and ready Mandy: but in truth his heart had been pitiful of Joyce, so heedless of wrong to himself! To his impressionable nature, fatally dependent for its higher development upon the inspiration of example, encouragement, and intelligent sympathy, an inferior marriage

must have resulted, inevitably, in moral as well as intellectual deterioration.

It was to this mistaken engagement, indeed, that the thoughts of Father Martin turned, as Joyce's address began;—for Gladys' letter had done its work, and the son of Martin Carruth was the honored guest of the college his father had founded! Consultation with his Bishop, who was not only a devout ecclesiastic, but likewise a broad and polished man of the world, had encouraged him to endure the reopening of human wounds, since his pain seemed to promise the immortal profit of others. The wise old Bishop had reminded the zealous convert that beyond the social circle appealing to him, lay a bigoted constituency to be challenged by ocular evidence that the most brilliant graduate of Centreville's curriculum had found intellectual conviction and spiritual apocalypse only in the apostolic Church of Rome! In truth, his present Bishop had never approved the self-effacement of Martin Carruth's son; nor endorsed the convert's original request to be spared a parish within the diocese of his native place. But indulgence of his preference had not seemed an unreasonable concession to the convert of romantic history, in the judgment of gentle Mother Church!

Well to the front, thanks to Raymond's courtesy, sat the Maintown group upon whom the priest's eyes lingered,—Joyce's parents, accompanied by Mandy. The face of the hard old man whom God's Hand had humbled, looked impassive enough; but the priest knew well that beneath its mask of stolidity, his paternal breast was in a tumult of proud if not tender emotion. Down Mrs. Josselyn's quivering face,—rejuvenated rather than aged by the last eight years, more gentle and joyous than their predecessors,—mother-tears were running;—the griefless tears that are the caress of the maternal heart to its own, when word and touch are not possible.

As for Mandy, the humor always latent in Father Martin's eyes twinkled to smiles as he looked at her: for Mandy, now a buxom young woman whose complacent mind had deteriorated as Joyce's developed, was at once gratified and resentful, humbled and aggressive, awed and defiant. The Maintown party had arrived but a couple of hours previously, and as yet she had had scarcely a word with Joyce; but already she had made the painful discovery that not only was Joyce-the-graduated not at all the Joyce of his Freshman vacation,—the last he had passed

at home;—but worse still, that her maroon silk trimmed with chenille fringe, which she had believed to be the acme of elegance, was a discordant contrast to the muslins and laces of the patrician young women surrounding her. She hated them all, with a hatred concentrating itself upon that stuck-up, sneering, fine-lady of a Mrs. Raymond, who had looked her over, when Joyce presented her, as though she were made of dirt! What business was Joyce of an old married woman? And was n't she,—*she*, Mandy Johnson, who was not only Joyce Josselyn's sweetheart, but likewise the matrimonial desire of half the eligibles of Maintown,—as good as,—nay, better than any of these old-maid girls, who didn't seem to get married off any too young, in spite of their muslins and laces?

It was new to self-assured Mandy to feel at a disadvantage; and she said to herself that a kettle of boiling water seemed seething inside her chest. It was bound to boil over, and vent its overflow on somebody; and looking at Joyce, she supposed he would be the victim. He awed her as the superior nature inevitably awes the inferior; but the sting of hurt vanity aroused Mandy's recklessness. She soliloquized that she guessed she knew Joyce Josselyn and all his folks, and he need n't put on airs with her!

Meantime, Joyce was thrilling his audience with a vigor of thought, a fire of natural eloquence and cultured rhetoric, to which young and old responded,—the one with tears of regret for youth survived; the other, with kindled ambitions for future manly achievement. From a vision of life in general, he had passed to the delineation of individual manhood; from the man to the freeman; from the American citizen, as human freedom's ideal type, to the successors of Washington, the perpetuated paternal figure of the nation,—the representative American ruler,—whom he did not confine to the patriot and politician, but extended to their national complement, their social rival,—the capitalist,—the financier! Then it was that Joyce's ambitions flashed forth in definite shape,—not intellectual, save in love of the power commanded by knowledge,—even as, eight years previously, Father Martin's insight already had discerned; spiritual only in the superficial sense of such abstract sentiment as is the traditional mark, in the unspiritual, of a refined and æsthetic materialism; but magnetically human, vital, youthful, appealing to the natural man at his lowly highest: the ambition of pagan idealism, of

exclusively mortal aspiration at its acme, of the world worldly in its material, yet least grossly material atmosphere,—the atmosphere of such terrestrial heights as, missing the celestial, yet rise above the plane of carnal sense.

The superficial brilliance of the spurious gem so cleverly counterfeits the fire of the genuine diamond, that only the eyes of the expert distinguish the false jewel from the real. Even so the oratorical glow of Joyce Josselyn's valedictory, speciously worded, finely sentimentalized, sophistically justified, eloquently presented, was accepted by the great majority for the soul-flame of immortal aspiration, and applauded to the echo as the evidence of a spirit worthy the speaker's noble intellectual and personal gifts. Few realized that his vision of life stopped this side of death, suggesting no immortal resurrection beyond it. Fewer still remarked that their limitation to exclusively personal ends debased ambitions which might have been noble, had they but approximated the socialism of Christ, the charity which is all the law, the spirit of the Beatitudes, the clean and undefiled religion that not only keeps itself unspotted, but visits the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and justifies the rich man by the blessings of the poor! But Joyce's dream for humanity's fulfilment was the dream of fame, of golden fortune, of social eminence, of worldly glory, on the plan of each man for himself, abiding by self-proved fitness or unfitness of victorious survival!

Raymond shook his head once or twice, whispering to Stephen Morris that the young chap's curriculum should have included a study of Bellamy's co-operative and interdependent socialism: and Father Martin and the college president exchanged significant glances at a few of his rounded periods. Gladys recognized in his flowing verbiage a lack of something grand and beautiful to which her soul and intellect as well as her human heart had responded in her father's theories. But the spell of Joyce's personality, the glamour of his story as recently told by the president, and the glittering face-value of his eloquent words, defied her concrete analysis. Strange to say, Mrs. Josselyn, in whose woman-soul and maternal heart many new and wonderful thoughts were germinating, was first and least tolerant of her son's mute censors, who represented, however, the overwhelmed minority! As a whole, his audience was spell-bound by his ringing, magnetic words. No strained flight of fancy, no irrational or exu-

berant sentiment betrayed them but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. In pure, terse language, beautiful with poetical figure, yet free from weakening floridity, he spoke in an ever-ascending key of eloquence, until the peroration, culminative alike in impassioned thought and oratory, evoked enthusiastic applause; and amid a veritable ovation the hero of Centreville's Class-Day made his farewell bow.

In the records of Centreville he went down to posterity as graduated with the highest honors awarded since the Class-Day of Martin Carruth. Yet the heart of the college president was heavy, as he failed to congratulate the triumphant orator. A sentence of Newman's ruthlessly haunted him:

"How could I be answerable for souls, with the convictions which I had upon me?—To be answerable for souls,—for confiding, living souls—"

"With the convictions which I had upon me," murmured the president, remorsefully. *"With the convictions which I had upon me!"*

Rejoining his party, Joyce was flattered, yet scarcely pleasantly surprised, by Mrs. Raymond's graciously imperious edict that, since Centreville's Martin Carruth was Maintown's Father Martin, the representative parties of both towns should lunch together at Carruthdale in his honor, before risking their fate at the Omega spread,—the class-spread of the graduated! "Spreads," Mrs. Raymond defined to Joyce's uninitiated parents, as "feasts at which one fasts on chicken mayonnaised with spilled ice-cream!" Hiram Josselyn answered that, for his part, he did n't "take much stock in wasteful messes like ice-cream and such": and Mrs. Josselyn gravely remarked that "chicken-salad and ice-cream mixed would give her her indigestion!"

Raymond looked wistfully at his wife as she pressed her persistent hospitality, wondering at her incredible championship of socially impossible persons. He was her senior by twenty years: and the honeymoon had not waned when the bridegroom knew that its matrimonial love was exclusively one-sided. Therefore, in the presence of handsome, brilliant, effective youth, his sensitive heart tempted him to morbid self-depreciation and reproach. Youth responded to youth, and to Joyce's approximation in age, Raymond ascribed the young man's ability to laugh at his wife's sallies as her husband could not laugh at them,—

to applaud her sentiments as her husband could not applaud them! Yearning the light heart of youth that seemed to make his juniors akin, simple Raymond ignored the truer solution of their social affinity,—a common impassioned spirit of worldliness, and similar material ambitions equally centred in self!

Delicate tact was as natural as life to Joyce, and so spontaneously had he adapted himself to refined environment and new yet congenial social conditions, that already the conventions of Mrs. Raymond's circle were as second nature to him. With the art of the social genius born, he could have glossed over the awkwardness inevitably resulting from his parents unadaptability, and Mandy's aggressive ignorance,—sure to circumvent its own intentions by reckless assumption of social omniscience. But Father Martin, taking the initiative, pleaded an engagement to dine with the parish-pastor, and disappeared in the direction of the rectory: so the Carruthdale party returned to an *al fresco* luncheon served under tents on the lawn, to which passing friends were attracted; while Joyce led the way with his mother to the class-spread of which he was one of the hosts, and which was quietly enjoyed by the Josselyns, in advance of the public rush. Later, Father Martin turned up with the kindly demand that he be allowed to do the honors of Carruthdale to his Maintown neighbors; so Mr. and Mrs. Josselyn disappeared with him, in happy gratification; while Joyce, having fulfilled his transient obligation, was free to remain or leave, as his fancy dictated. Therefore,—though not quite voluntarily,—he left with Mandy! Four years previously, the romantic young couple had exchanged a solemn promise that the final Class-Day of Joyce's college-life should be the day not only of their public betrothal, but likewise of private understanding as to the date for their wedding-bells!

The first four of the eight years elapsing since their immature, almost childish affiance, had revealed to neither their common mistake; for Joyce's immediate recall had deferred the revelations of maturer culture and social experience; while Mandy, in the innocent flirtations of High School, which she had not yet entered when Joyce was graduated, regarded her engagement as a comedy of sentiment, prologuing love's real life-drama! At twenty, however, she resented Joyce's entrance upon a long college-term just as her own belated graduation ended the school-phase of her life, and left her thoughts free to

turn upon speedy marriage. But Joyce's resolution was immutable, and Mandy revenged herself by desperate flirtations with his former rivals, Jim Blakely and Harrison Jones; who, vacillating towards other shrines in their fickle youth, yet returned, as men, to their original allegiance, strong in mercenary as well as sentimental attractions!

But not until a new eligible,—a dashing young commercial drummer by the name of Lemuel Waters,—located in Maintown, opening its first department-store, and tempting Mandy with all the lures fatal to feminine vanity since the jewels of Faust wrought the tragedy of Marguerite, did her allegiance to Joyce falter. Meantime, Joyce's brief and infrequent home-visits were made a torture to him by her resentful sarcasms, and veiled, yet stinging taunts. But in his absence, her letters were appealingly tender; and though the pink-papered, vulgarly scented, commonplace epistles at first welcome to Joyce, became indifferent to him as his ideals altered, and finally even distasteful, yet they established a claim upon his chivalry which he had no choice but to honor in full!

Walking by his side toward his favorite haunt, a secluded pine-grove far outside the college-campus, Mandy was not unaware that Joyce had grown not only away from, but above her; but her vanity persuaded her that Joyce himself did not realize his eminence. She told herself that as his wife she would keep him at her feet; and her sharp little tongue was the weapon by which she proposed to do it! Her under-current of thought reacted exteriorily, not to Mandy's advantage. She was at once constrained and consequential, tossing her head and laughing loudly when observed by passers-by, that none might suspect that she was not at perfect ease with Centreville's valedictorian, Joyce Josselyn!

At first she had attempted to take Joyce's arm, but he did not respond; and as her quick eye remarked other couples, she concluded that the omission she had been tempted to resent as neglect, was only "Centreville style"! When the grove was reached, she sniffed at it disparagingly, but admitted that she was glad to be out of sight of that stuck-up crowd, and said she did n't see that Centreville Class-Day was half as much fun as a Maintown picnic, anyway; and she guessed that she'd been pretty much of a fool to look forward to it,—for eight long years!

Joyce acknowledged that the social functions differed in kind, but ignored the significant reminder. In fact, the power of speech had left him. He was studying Mandy with a keen-eyed criticism whereof was born despair.

In the years of absence that had lent enchantment, he had recalled his sweetheart indulgently, as a pretty, glowing village-maiden, picturesque, if not conventionally fashionable; whose natural charm surpassed artificial refinements. But the reality failed even his modest ideal. His pride was humiliated, his sensitiveness tortured, his taste revolted by her social stamp. Irresistibly he compared her to Mrs. Raymond, to Mina, to Gladys; and poor Mandy did not profit by the contrast. The years between budding girlhood and full-blown womanhood, beautifying in their passage when the type is noble, are fatal to feminine beauty where neither soul nor intellect dominates the physical existence. Mandy's glow of youth had deepened to coarseness; her picturesqueness accentuated to oddity: her quaint simplicity degenerated to the vulgarity of the commonplace, unrefined, complacent coquette of a crude and unfastidious social circle. Her dark silk frock, ludicrously inappropriate the hot summer-day, aged and commonized her, its dreadful maroon conflicting fatally with her too damask cheeks: while her beflowered hat was set rakishly above a row of "beau-catchers" enmeshed in a net miscalled "invisible"; whose perceptible cobweb associated Mandy's curls with the unpleasant idea of spiders!

As if cognizant of his unfavorable criticism, Mandy gave Joyce a suddenly resentful glare, and proceeded to indulge her temper.

"That fine Mrs. Raymond of yours thinks a lot of herself," she burst forth, "but *I* think she's too fresh for an old married woman,—though I suppose she's only trying to catch you for that sickly daughter of hers, who'd be blown away if you set her down in a Maintown field, for all she's as tall as a bean-stalk!"

Not for an instant did Mandy really imagine that Gladys was Mrs. Raymond's daughter; but the maternal suggestion was her feminine arrow, which she hoped might rebound to its mark.

"Miss Broderick is Mr. Raymond's ward, and only a few years Mrs. Raymond's junior," explained Joyce, wearily. "Mandy, shall we talk of—ourselves? You know that I am not going

home with you, so an understanding is necessary. Do you wish—do you care—to announce—our—engagement?"

Mandy prodded the ground with a clumsy boot, while her chest rose and fell convulsively. Ever since the hour of her arrival, repressed emotions had been accumulating. Her surprise and disappointment at lacking Joyce's exclusive devotion from the moment of her appearance, had bewildered and annoyed her; the primitive social tenet that "two are company," still obtaining in Maintown circles. Then her self-love had been wounded painfully, when it dawned upon her that a simpler gown and a less elaborate coiffure would have established her in closer social touch with the radiant girls about her. And even the masculine side of the question opened no refuge to humiliated Mandy. From first to last, the incredible and unprecedented fact had been evident, that she was not having half as good a time as any of the other girls, anyway!

Joyce had presented a number of his friends, but one and all had devoted themselves with unflattering promptness to Mina and Gladys. Not one had sought voluntarily for an introduction to her; not one had asked her to take a turn round the grounds, nor to dance, when the music was started. She guessed Jim Blakely and Harrison Jones were as good as they were; and as far as that went, even Joyce Josselyn himself need n't think he was any smarter than Lemuel Waters, who wore real diamonds in his scarf-pin and ring, and drove fast horses every Sunday afternoon,—with Mandy Johnson beside him! She guessed Lemuel Waters could buy and sell half Centreville, even if he was n't a college-man! Mandy did n't believe she liked college-men half as well as school-boys, anyway! Joyce Josselyn had been a dear, handsome boy; but college had changed and spoiled him. He was now stiff and formal, and put on airs. She did n't see that it would be much fun to be married to a cold-blooded stick such as Joyce Josselyn had turned out! Then pent-up emotion got the better of Mandy, and a shower of tears fell suddenly.

"O Mandy, Mandy!" protested Joyce, flushing hotly as he stood up to screen her. Then the heart of the boy, still surviving in the breast of the man, was touched by the sight of maiden-tears to a pity akin to love's resurrection.

"What is it, Mandy?" he asked with gentle sympathy. "Don't you want to announce our engagement, dear?"

"I—don't—know!" sobbed the discreet Mandy, "but I don't think you're killingly anxious yourself, Joyce Josselyn; and that's nice, I must say, after waiting for you—for eight long years!"

"Am I responsible for what you choose to think, Mandy? I have asked you to announce it!"

"O yes! you've asked me!" admitted the weeper, sharply. "Not because you wanted to, though, Joyce Josselyn; but because you knew you had to ask me! You'd look fine leaving college with a girl yelling after you that she'd waited eight years for you; and got left for her pains! You asked me to save your old honor; that's why you asked me! I wasn't born yesterday and don't you forget it. Some folks can be smart without college!"

"Mandy! Mandy!"

"Don't 'Mandy' me, Joyce Josselyn!" Mandy's temper had risen hysterically. "I'm tired to death of your 'Mandying, Mandying!' I guess I know those better off than you are, that know how to appreciate me, if you don't. You've insulted me all day long,—that's what you've done, with your stuck-up Mrs. Raymond, and your fine Miss Broderick, and all the rest of your grand friends that I wouldn't shake up in a bean-bag together! I guess they'll think a lot of you when I tell them how you've kept me hanging on for nothing, for eight long years! Well, they're welcome to my leavings, and that's what you'll be for the rest of your life, Joyce Josselyn; and you can't get out of it though your high-toned lady-friends make you the President in the White House! Yes, sir, you're my leavings; for here and now, I tell you *no*, Joyce Josselyn; *no*, I won't announce our engagement! But I'll announce the breaking of it; and what's more, I jilt you for a better man, and he's Mr. Lemuel Waters, Esq.! He's worth a dozen of you and your tiresome old valedictory, that's what he is; and there isn't one of your swells can shake a stick at him! I guess the biggest store in Maintown's enough better than your stuffy old Centreville college,—and it better be, too,—or Mandy Johnson would n't wipe her shoes on it!"

The panting Mandy, pausing for breath, suddenly realized that she had burned her ships behind her. Her uncontrolled temper and nimble tongue had betrayed her into a speech that Joyce could scarcely condone,—even should she wish him to

condone it. Was she glad? Was she sorry? Something in the pale, tense face before her reminded Mandy,—tender-hearted in spite of her vanity and temper,—of the boy whose gentle kiss in the moonlight had made him her sweetheart, in the long ago! As the highest and finest sentiment of Mandy's life revived reminiscently, the superior charm of Mr. Lemuel Waters, Esq., suddenly evaporated. When all was said, Joyce Josselyn was Joyce Josselyn,—unlike any other: and after eight years of faith, it was mean to jilt him! Now that she had laid him out as his airs deserved, she guessed she'd make up, and marry him!

But Mandy had reckoned without her host, and looking deprecatingly up to Joyce, she realized it. Still childishly simple under ordinary circumstances, Joyce's blandness, in truth, was akin to the blandness of the heathen Chinese, and therefore not to be relied upon too implicitly. To Mandy's tirade he had listened in silence, although within him seethed a veritable passion of revolt. His pride was hurt, his dignity insulted, his refinement shocked; above all, his heart wounded. Through all these years, Mandy's faith and love, redeeming her less noble traits, had appealed to his heart and honor; yet only to fail him in the end,—for an unknown Lemuel Waters!

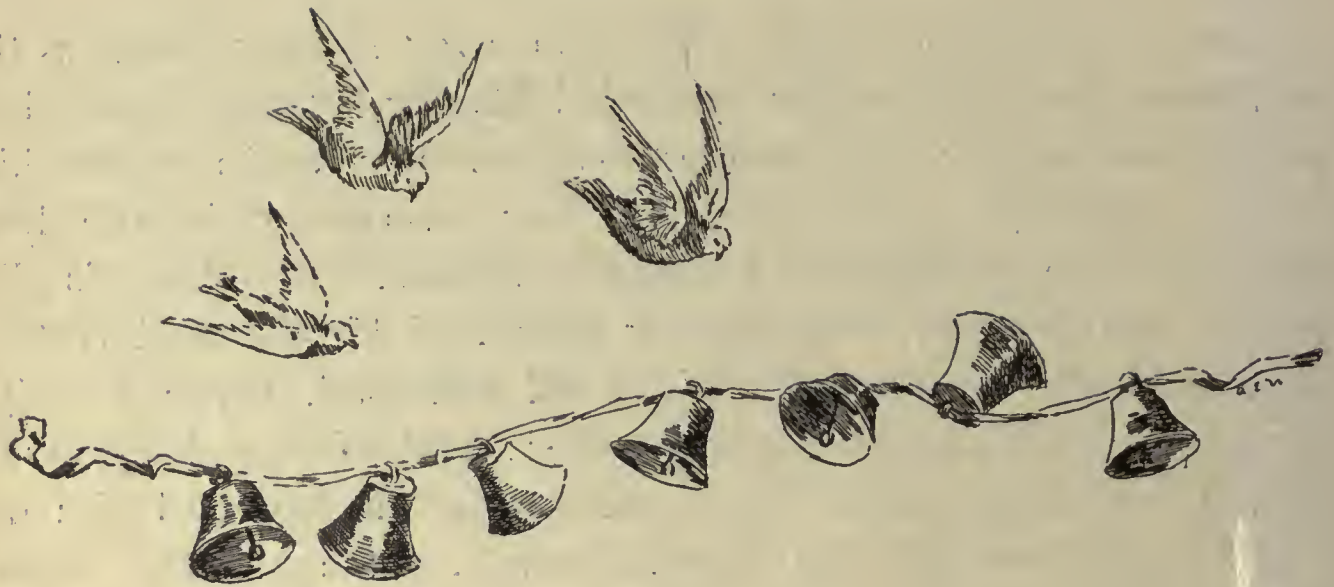
"O Joyce!" gasped Mandy, awed by his stern white face, and suddenly realizing that gentle Joyce was Hiram Josselyn's son;—"O Joyce! I didn't half mean it! My spunk got up, but my bark's enough worse than my bite, I guess! I won't jilt you, Joyce, truly I won't,—if you don't—want me to!"

"Mandy," answered Joyce, with proud finality, "I am glad, sincerely glad that Mr. Waters is a worthier man than I am! The best man is none too good for a good little wife! I hope that your marriage may be very, very happy!"

Had Mandy jilted Joyce, or Joyce jilted Mandy?

The question was indeed a vexed one to Mandy, as Joyce, in the silence of insulted dignity, escorted her back to the campus.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

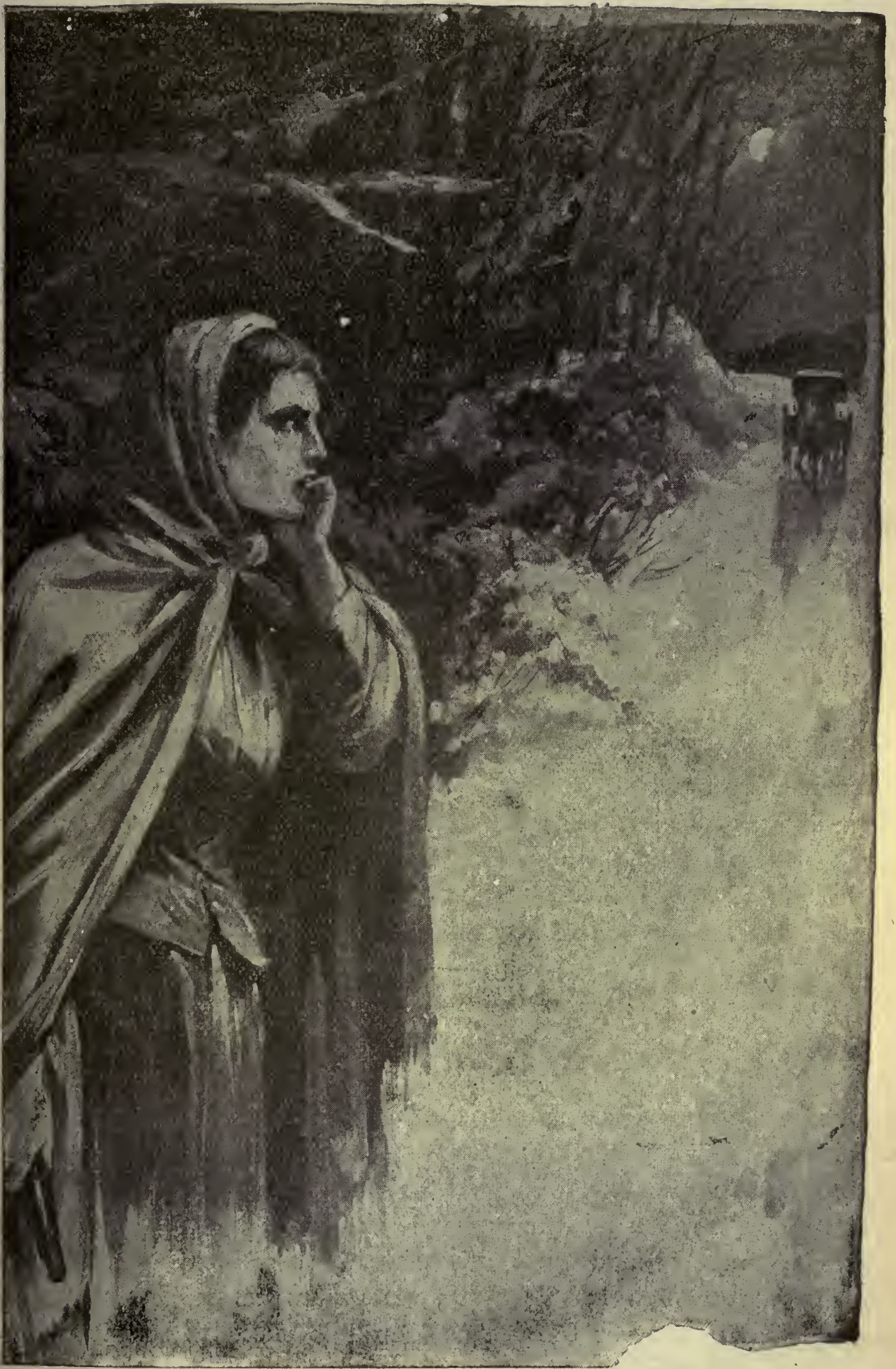


CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Hear the joyous sermon swing
With the Christmas bells,
In their tuneful jingle ring
Over hills and dells:
As they part the icy air,
Leaving warmth behind,
With a message and a prayer—
“Just be kind, kind, kind!”

Other bells give stern command:
Some, “Be brave, be swift, be strong!”
Only Christmas bells expand
With so sweet a song.
Never little song before
All the world in love could bind;
Hear the Christmas bells implore—
“Just be kind, kind, kind!”

MARY PALMER BLANCHET.



"ALL THE WORLD IN LOVE COULD BIND."

PREACHING DURING THE RENAISSANCE.*

BY REV. LUCIAN JOHNSTON.



LIKE all other literary arts, preaching during the Renaissance considerably degenerated from its mediæval simple earnestness under the spell of the too sudden and hence ill-digested importation of Greek culture: in a word, it became classic, just as it was once more to become at the close of the seventeenth century. Sermons grow longer, more elaborate in arrangement, polished in style, affected with the learned and burlesque with the ignorant, are overloaded with metaphor, classic in allusions, they lose their love of nature, of simple life, and therefore much of their power.

Affectation took the place of earnestness; hence we meet with studied gesticulation carried so far that some preachers even made it a rule to cough at fixed intervals, for the same purpose, no doubt, that some modern imitators will make frequent use of a handkerchief. In some old MSS. there are marginal directions of this like: "Sit down—stand up—mop yourself—ahem! ahem!—now shriek like a devil." What a cynical pleasure it would afford to get a similar look at the MSS. of some of our oratorical acquaintances afflicted with such weaknesses!

Then, too, the same sermons would serve for festivals of different meaning, so little connection had they with any event. One preacher took for the text of no fewer than forty-four sermons during Advent, Christmas and succeeding festivals, the words of St. James i. 21: "Wherefore lay apart all filthiness," etc. On to the text there would be tacked an exordium without much apparent intrinsic connection, and this followed by a learned exposition, loaded down with quotations from dogma, civil and canon law; above all, metaphors from classic sources were strung all over the sermon until it looked like the façade of a degenerate Renaissance church with its sculptured ornaments all out of taste.

* See article in November, 1901, issue on "The Art of Preaching in Mediæval Times."

A FRENCH BISHOP SERMONIZES.

This classic mania really never died out completely until perhaps the dawn of the nineteenth century, though the gravity of the situation created by the Reformation did for a time bring Catholic orators back to their senses. As late as the beginning of the seventeenth century a French bishop could indulge in what appears to us of these days well-nigh blasphemy. Speaking of Christmas the bishop thus takes his flight: "We, now, skimming over the sea in our boat, come to behold the Infant born into the world to conquer it. He is our Bellerophon, who, mounted on the Pegasus of His humility, winged by union with the Deity, has overcome the world, . . . the world, a true and strange chimera; lion as to its front by its pride, dragon behind in its avarice, goat in the midst by its pollution! He is our youthful Horatius overcoming the three Curiatii of ambition, avarice, and sensuality. He is our Hercules who has beaten down the triple-throated Cerberus, and who has in His cradle strangled serpents. The one crushed only two, but ours has destroyed three: the vanity of the world by His subjection, the avarice of the world by His poverty, the delights of the world by His mortifications" (Baring-Gould, p. 14).

The good bishop might just as well have said, He is our Charlemagne, our Philip Augustus, our Louis XI., our Joan of Arc, our Bayard, etc., with just as much relevance, if not more reverence.

A CHRISTIAN AND A PAGAN RENAISSANCE.

Just as, however, the reader is previously warned against a too exaggerated respect for mediæval preaching, so a similar caution is necessary concerning that of the period under discussion. Because it should be borne in mind that the Renaissance had its good as well as bad side, or rather that there were two Renaissances—one Christian and moderate, the other utterly pagan and radical. The two tendencies had shown themselves to some extent in the works of the two founders of the new spirit—Petrarch and Boccaccio; by the fifteenth century they were at open war. Utter paganism, along with its thinly disguised agnosticism and unmentionable immoralities, found its admirers and defenders in the able but infamous Lorenzo Valla, Antonio Beccadelli, Poggio Bracciolino, not to mention the more moderate Filelfo and Æneas Silvius Piccolomini. Sharing their

love for classic culture, but keeping themselves unpolluted by its sceptical epicureanism, were a hardly less distinguished body of moderate and Christian men of letters, such as Gianozzo Manetti, Ambrogio Traversari, Lionardo Bruni, Gregorio Carraro, Francesco Barbaro, Maffeo Vegio, Vittorino da Feltre, and Tomaso Parenticelli, afterwards Pope Nicholas V. In fact, we can discern a third class which shared neither the learning of the Renaissance nor its immorality, namely, the party of the friars. Now, in the bosom of this Christian Renaissance much of the old poetry and common sense remained. Hence, right at the very height of the period, the fifteenth century, we meet with a long list of brilliant and popular preachers, such as St. Vincent Ferrer; the Franciscans, St. Bernardine of Siena, Alberto da Sarteano, St. Jacopo della Marca, St. John Capistran, Antonio da Simini, Silvestro di Siena, Giovanni di Prato, Antonio di Vercelli; above all, the great Dominican, Savonarola.*

However, allowing for all this, our contention remains that enough of Renaissance bad taste had penetrated even into the sermons of most preachers to lessen their efficacy. The evil tendencies of paganism had taken a "fearful hold on the upper classes. . . . Many ecclesiastical dignitaries also show undue favor to the false Humanism" (Ib., p. 38). Classicism was in the very air; people of education thought in it and spoke it; hence, too, the preachers, even like St. Bernardine, who is said to have studied oratory from ancient models, and whose disciple, Alberto da Sarteano, certainly did so. Hence the church authorities seem to have been rather amused than otherwise by the fantastic mixture of Christian piety and pagan mythology then quite the vogue. Being "the thing," how could they oppose it? "What need to cry out if a lively orator should introduce a Roman asseveration into his discourse? Who would charge him with polytheism if, instead of calling on the one God, he should on some occasion say 'Ye gods'?" or if, as an enthusiastic *littérateur* did, chose Mercury for his patron saint and address prayers to the same as the "*artium mentis ingenii facundiaque optime dux*," etc.?

THE FOIBLES OF THE FRIARS.

And what if the friars as a body did oppose this pagan spirit? There were too many zealots among them who, unable

* Pastor's *History of the Popes*, vol. i., Introduction, *passim*.

to distinguish between the good and bad in classicism, went to the opposite extreme of coarseness, and thereby indirectly aided the very cause they opposed. These were the men who considered Valla a heretic* because of his attack on Priscian and the mediæval grammarians, and who, as it is said, despised St. Augustine's *City of God* because it contained quotations from Virgil. Their sermons were hardly, therefore, models of urbanity; consider, for instance, this oratorical gem from a Dominican, Gabriel Barletta (1481): "After His (Christ's) victory over Satan, the Blessed Virgin sends Him the dinner she had prepared for herself, cabbage, soup, spinach; and perhaps even sardines"—that "perhaps" being doubtless inspired by the scientific researches of the preacher in the past history of the habitat of the sardine.

How rhythmical in style and logical in deduction is this other masterpiece of Michael Menot, a Franciscan of the same period:

"The dance is a circular way;
The way of the devil is circular;
Therefore the dance is the devil's way."

Proved by Scriptural texts such as "circuivi terram; circuit quærens quem devoret; in circuitu impii ambulant." Again, the same referring to the prodigal son serves up this odd mixture: "Mittet ad quærendum les drapiers, les merchands de soye, . . . quando vidit sibi pulchras caligas d'ecarlade, bien tirees," etc. No wonder such men became the butt for the ridicule and slander of the pagan Humanists, who called them "rude peasants." Still less is it probable that such enemies could successfully tone down the spirit of classicism that had invaded the pulpit like every other branch of literature and art.

This seems enough to sustain the contention that pulpit oratory had in general suffered by this overloading of Greek and Latin culture, in the same way that architecture did; that with all its faults of comparative carelessness in style and looseness of arrangement, the mediæval sermon—fresh, earnest, vigorous, and popular—was a more effective weapon for good than that of the Renaissance, which sacrificed these essential qualities for the more showy elegance of style and harmony of sequence. If the existence of the above-mentioned and other great preachers is still

* It is curious how easily a certain class of combatants throw recklessly and ridiculously charges of heresy.

urged as an objection to this view, we will add anent it that many of them can in a sense be claimed for the succeeding period, so far as they were not so much observers of their own as prophets of the coming age. Many lived after the middle of the fifteenth century, and, like the prophets of old, preached the coming destruction. Above all is this the case with the greatest of them all, Savonarola—a man so completely out of sympathy with his times as to have paid with his blood for daring to rebuke them. Even in his love for art he was “held by great souls of Michael Angelo’s stamp to be, as he truly was, the precursor of a new era, in which the power of Christianity would again be revived, without prejudice to nature or antiquity.” *

Yes, it is significant that the Renaissance should have put to death its greatest preacher (Florence, at 10 o’clock on the 23d of May, 1498); it is equally significant that the church was then on the verge of a conflict from which she was to come forth alive largely owing to the rise of a more efficient class of preachers than those of that formal, polished, and corrupt age.

AT THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION.

The mutterings of the stirring Reformation interrupted the classic quiet of the academies as rudely as the cannon of Napoleon boomed into the ears of the dancers at that ball-room at Brussels. Dilettantes like Erasmus and papal Mæcenases like Leo X. might amuse themselves with witticisms at the expense of this “squabble of monks”; but the more serious felt that a great battle was at hand, and girded themselves accordingly. The story of that death-struggle is as well known as the other at Waterloo.

But there is one phase of it to which few seem to turn their looks; we mean the battle as waged from the pulpit, and the importance of the same in deciding the general result. Impossible will it always be to say what aided most in the Catholic counter-reformation; however, it is not too much to say that the pulpit exercised as much influence as theology, and perhaps more than political diplomacy. At all events, it is significant that the ablest organized body of champions of the church in that dread epoch—the Society of Jesus—made of the pulpit one of its most frequent and effective weapons; that a strikingly large percentage of the great Reformation preachers issued pre-

* *Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola*, by Villari (trans.), p. 145.

cisely from that society: Matthias Faber, Philip von Hartung, John Osorius, Francis Coster, Antonio Vieyra, etc. This becomes all the more probable if we can believe a Protestant testimony to the inefficiency of the reformers as pulpit orators.*

USE OF SCRIPTURE AND OTHER AUXILIARIES.

Allowing, therefore, the importance of the pulpit in the Reformation period, the question arises concerning the elements that gave it such strength. The answer is ready enough. It went back again to its old mediæval traditions, and dropped for a time the classicism of the Renaissance. Again, therefore, we meet with the same familiarity in the use of Scripture. Here we meet with a most extraordinary statement from the writer above quoted: "The main contrast between Roman Catholic sermons and those of Protestant divines in the age of which I am speaking (Reformation) consists in the wondrous familiarity with Scripture exhibited by the former, beside a scanty use of it made by the latter. It is not that these Roman preachers affect quoting texts, but they seem to think and speak in Scripture without an effort, and scriptural illustrations are at their fingers' ends; and these are not taken from one or two pet books, but selected evenly from the whole Bible."† This needs no comment, coming as it does from a Protestant source.

So, too, the mediæval love for nature found its way back to the pulpit; hence we find such as Philip von Hartung preaching a whole sermon upon the lark with all the simple earnestness of a Francis Assisi; Matthias Faber drawing a lesson from the construction and growth of flowers.

Allied to this came the revival of genuine taste and imagination joined to that antithesis of classicism—piety. De Barzia, Jacques Marchant, Osorius, were brilliant examples of these qualities. Naturally, also, sermons became more varied in their matter and practical in tone. Thus, Matthias Faber could leave behind him three huge volumes of sermons for every Sunday in the year, containing some fifteen discourses for each, without losing in freshness and variety. The habit of mystically interpreting the Scriptures—so peculiar to the mediæval mind—repeats itself with these Reformation preachers—Stella, Marchant. Only in manner and construction is there noticeable much of a departure from mediæval models. The Renaissance

* Baring-Gould, p. 59.

† *Ib.*, p. 25.

was never completely ousted, even from the pulpit, by the religious intensity of the period. Hence the sermon was better arranged than in the free, off-hand, extempore sermon of long before; at the court of Louis XIV. only deep piety and solid learning prevented such as Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon from falling back into complete classicism, so faultless in style and construction are their discourses; we must add, too, their sense of their dignity. Buffoonery will every now and then disgrace the pulpit, but during this period it never became so wide-spread or so completely passed beyond the bounds of reason and decency as during the Renaissance and its revival at the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century.

REVIVAL OF CLASSICISM IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

When the warring religious bodies of Christians lay down their arms from pure exhaustion at the Treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, a new era began for the better, so far as religious toleration was concerned. But with the passing of immediate danger the church, to a certain extent, relaxed her vigilance; or, to speak more properly, rested awhile; and so did the pulpit, notwithstanding some brilliant exceptions. Men had begun to think of other things beside the eternal blood-stained Bible. And so again the old classicism raised its head. Strange fact in history is this same love for the ancient Greek and Roman classics. After the fall of Rome it revives with Charlemagne; then after the night of the Northman invasions it revives again in the twelfth, and almost anticipates the Renaissance of the fifteenth century; disregarded for three hundred years by scholastic speculation, it burst out as never before on the eve of the Reformation; still again forgotten in the religious wars of that epoch, it reappears towards the middle of the seventeenth century and reassumes its ancient supremacy over letters and, unfortunately, over the pulpit. Hence the same old faults creep in—tediousness, gaudy ornament, stiffness, formality on the learned and coarseness on the ignorant side. Even Francis Coster, who died a little earlier than this period (1619), is dreadfully tedious and long-winded. Maximilian Deza (born 1610) was as classic as one could well be. Thus, at the marriage of a certain queen of Poland with the Duke of Lorraine he displays his learning by referring to the marriage of no less celebrated

personages than Cadmus and Harmonia, Jupiter and Juno, David and Michol, Isaac and Rebecca, winding up with the marriage of Cana. Such classic extravagance naturally provoked a reaction, which unfortunately went to the other extreme. Thus, Père Guérin condemned a certain book called *La Parnasse des Poètes* (1625): "Cursed be the spirit that dictated such thoughts; cursed be the hand that wrote them; woe to the publisher" *—and so on until pretty much everybody in sight had been cursed. Then when we get down to that ignorant fraternity of popular friar-preachers, hedge-priests, dissenting ministers, we find either the same grotesque display of affected learning or the brutal condemnation of all learning characteristic of their ills in the Renaissance. All suffer from the faults usual in such an age of bad taste: verbal conceits, nonsensical comparisons, divisions *ad infinitum*, extravagances of all descriptions, tediousness. Of course, good preachers there were as will ever be. Here we speak only of the general faults introduced by the baneful spirit of classicism, for to its door are most of these to be laid. Whenever it obtains supremacy religion seems to languish and pulpit oratory, the public expression of religion. With the passing of that age of classicism pulpit oratory, therefore, improved. Witness in England the fervid oratory of the leaders of the Methodist revival,—a movement as much against classicism in the pulpit as Cowper's poetry is against it in literature. And to-day if our pulpit oratory have any virility it is due to the fact that we are still on the wave of so-called "romanticism," which is in many respects synonymous with mediævalism—with the mediæval chivalry of Scott, the mediæval piety of Cardinal Newman, the mediæval free and untrammelled eloquence of a Lacordaire, an Agostino da Montefeltre, a Father Burke.

COROLLARIES.

If the reader has perused the foregoing with reflection, he will have already perhaps drawn his practical conclusions. We make bold to express our belief that they would be somewhat like the following:

1st. Preaching is an essential element in the practical life of the church, and a sure index of her vitality. This is proved by the fact that religion is ever at a low ebb when preaching is neglected—for instance, the period of the Renaissance. Whereas

* Baring-Gould, p. 17 seq.

the church flourishes precisely during the periods of her best oratory—Middle Ages, counter-reformation. Why should this be? Because good preaching gives the church firm hold upon the masses, in whose affection lie her greatest strength and glory. This is the secret. And surely it is amply proved by the whole history of the counter-reformation, when the church, betrayed by politicians, was saved by the masses who were attracted by her eloquence. This too is the view of a writer speaking of the political influence wielded by the orators of the early church; admitting that they owed much of their fame and influence to the prevailing close union of church and state, he adds: "But it may surely be questioned whether their influence at court did not result also from the immense power they wielded over the multitudes of the cities by the purity of Christian doctrine" (as preached from the pulpit); . . . "the history of the church is the history of the pulpit."* We may add: the history of the church is, therefore, the history of democracy.

2d. Preaching to the people, therefore, is as noble an occupation as addressing the most cultured audiences, and to it should be given equal attention. And so we read how the great geniuses of the church, even those whose whole lives were consumed in study, loved, like St. Thomas Aquinas, to go out amongst the poor and preach to them; whilst all the great lights of the patristic age seemed to have taken special delight in it. This is both a lesson and a consolation to some ambitious, bright young assistant who finds little encouragement to oratory in the blank faces of his ignorant audiences, and to the old pastor without ambition who looks upon preaching as a burden to be as quickly disposed of as possible with the usual "stave." Let us be candid, brother preachers! The people are not an encouragement to our oratory, but the fault is in our weakness; for the capacity to interest and move the plain people is the very perfection of oratory, whilst the love of talking to the people is no less a sign of pastoral zeal.

3d. Since preaching must be mainly to the masses, our great orators above described all sought to speak the people's language. Hence their frequent use of similes from every-day life and nature, their aphorisms, terse directness of style, simplicity of construction, avoidance of interminable divisions, etc. Hence, too, their originality in the methods of attracting attention. Now, no

* Hood, p. 196.

sensible man will approve of all the sensational methods of the Salvation Army people, or of the great Methodistical revivalists of the eighteenth century. Yet they are not to be too sweepingly condemned, for certainly the great mediæval divines at times adopted means just as original. Thus, we find one employing the nowadays common trick of "all who are truly penitent hold up your hands." Have not we of to-day lost some power by our timidity?

4th. Lastly, a liberal use of Scripture. This is a delicate subject in a way, and we are fully alive to the danger of criticising too severely the preacher whose thoughts run rather upon saintly lore than Scripture. And yet we have above seen that a close acquaintance with Scripture is the distinguishing characteristic for excellence of the great preachers in the past. It is not our province to offer gratuitous advice, yet we humbly offer the suggestion that a little more Scripture could very effectively take the place of certain hagiographical narrations which more than occasionally find utterance from the modern pulpit.

However, as this paper is intended not so much as an essay upon what preaching ought to be as upon what it has been, we will let the reader go, satisfied if he departs with an abiding belief in the close connection between the life of the church and her preaching; with the firm conviction that the secret of this close connection lies in the imperative necessity of the church to find her greatest strength in the love of the masses whom she reaches through the pulpit. Perhaps she does realize this. Perhaps this is why her unerring instinct insists so constantly and with such emphasis upon the duty of preaching, even when she must know that at times many a poor priest has not an idea in his head intrinsically worth listening to. Perhaps she feels that she cannot afford to lose the love of the masses, even though concordats and politics may go to the winds. At all events, such is the result of our studies of the past, namely, that concordats are not worth the paper they are written upon, nor will ever be respected unless the politicians drawing them up are convinced that the same are backed up by the love of the people for the church; and, moreover, that the people will lose that same love just as soon as they perceive that those representing the church do not care enough for them to preach to them.

CONFIDENCE.

With Thee I walk along life's thorny way
In trusting love.


With Thee beside I struggle through the day
Nor count the heartaches, for Thy Spirit's ray
Guides me above.

I lean, O Christ, when clouds obscure the light,
Upon Thy breast;
Thy loving arm doth guide my steps aright,
And well I know that 'yond life's grief-born night
I'll be at rest.

Why murmur tho' the cross be hard to bear?
Not I alone,
But Thou beside doth walk my griefs to share,
And safe Thou'lt lead me in Thy tender care
Unto Thy throne.

MAY CARROLL.

FATHER TYRRELL, S.J., AS AN APOLOGIST.*

 This, we think, not too much to say that since Newman no English Catholic writer has more fully gained the ear of the non-Catholic English reading public than Father Tyrrell"; so writes, in the pages of the *October Month*, a reviewer of this author's latest publication, *The Faith of the Millions*.

At first sight, we must confess, the eulogy impresses us as being over-hearty—say, rather, extravagant; for it is unusual to find any writer linked in so close a connection with Cardinal Newman. Yet there are few, if any, readers whose reflection will suggest a name worthy of being substituted for Father Tyrrell's in the sentence quoted. What further vindicates the justice of thus ranking the distinguished Jesuit is the fact that, among various differences, the two writers in question possess some very decided resemblances, over and above their having addressed themselves with marked success to the same public. Mental sympathy, quick discernment, and an unusual gift of expression make the younger man a valuable interpreter, as temperament makes him a born disciple, of the great Cardinal. And if it be true, as is almost necessarily the case, that to be mentioned in connection with Newman insures a writer's being relegated to second place, it is likewise true that Father Tyrrell has notably extended the range of his teacher's influence and brought many a new intellect into captivity to his principles. Indeed, whatever unanticipated delights may await the readers of the long promised and much delayed biography of Cardinal Newman, only with the greatest difficulty will it overcome our

* *The Faith of the Millions : A Selection of Past Essays*. By George Tyrrell, S.J. London, New York, and Bombay : Longmans, Green & Co. 1901.

First Series. Pp. 344. Introduction. A More Excellent Way. Wiseman : His Aims and Methods. The Prospects of Reunion. "Liberal" Catholicism. "Rationalism in Religion." Sabatier on the Vitality of Dogmas. Authority and Evolution, the Life of Catholic Dogma. "The Mind of the Church." The Use of Scholasticism. The Relation of Theology to Devotion. What is Mysticism? The True and the False Mysticism.

Second Series. Pp. 369. Juliana of Norwich. Poet and Mystic (Coventry Patmore). Two Estimates of Catholic Life (*One Poor Scruple* and *Helbeck of Bannisdale*). A Life of De Lammenais. Lippo the Man and the Artist. Through Art to Faith (J. K. Huysmans). Tracts for the Million. An Apostle of Naturalism. "The Making of Religion." Adaptability as a Proof of Religion. Idealism in Straits.

antecedent dissatisfaction that another than Father Tyrrell has been chosen as the biographer; for, almost surely, certain features will be missing that he better than any other could have supplied.

Newman, when all his many-sided genius has been studied, remains of peculiar interest to us as an apologist; and it is in the conception and conduct of contemporary apologetics that the two writers most truly may be likened to each other. Since the new volume sums up Father Tyrrell's apologetics as developed in contributions to periodical literature and afterwards retained as representative of his maturer reflection, it affords a good chance to compare and contrast him with the great Oratorian. Our own conviction is that it reveals its author both in characteristic guise and at his best; further commendation it would be difficult to give.

THE METHOD OF THE MODERN APOLOGIST.

Of the various fraternal discussions that have exercised the energies of Catholic theologians during recent years none, perhaps, has been more lively than the debate upon the method that ought to be pursued by the modern apologist. In France, for instance, and to a lesser extent in Germany and Italy, a perfect storm of disagreement, dispute, and denunciation has raged around the proposal to substitute a new "method of immanence"—based upon the admissions of the Kantian school—for the traditional method of demonstrating Christianity by proofs from miracles and prophecies. Then, too, there have arisen controversies whether the analysis of conscience, or the causality proof, or the argument from design, deserves the foremost place in the demonstration of Theism. The possible construction of an apologetic from the view-point of evolution, the validity of a strictly historical method in investigating early Sacramental Theology, the right to lay aside "theological prepossessions" in studying Scripture; these points, likewise, are discussed—over-warmly sometimes—by writers concerned about the proper method of spreading the Gospel.

Alongside of, or rather dominating, these issues is a question of supreme importance, affecting less the special points of doctrine than the general attitude to be assumed by theology in the face of warring science. Uncompromising reassertion of all traditional opinions until their falsity has been scientifically demonstrated is

the answer of some who, for love of orthodoxy, submit to the charge of defending untenable posts and of sinning alike against "freedom of conscience and the liberty of science." From the use of this method, says a recent writer, there follows this inconvenience, "that a series of assertions originally considered to pertain to faith, or at least to be of obligatory belief for Christians, have had to be abandonèd, and that each one of them has been abandoned only when science has scored a victory."* Hence another class of minds prefers a policy of conciliation and alliance, encouraging and cultivating science, readily tolerating, and even tentatively employing, scientific hypotheses as yet unverified; but since disciples of this "advanced" school sometimes incline toward rashness or headiness, they lie at times under the imputation of heterodoxy. So a great deal of the energy that might profitably be expended on the work of winning souls to the truth is wasted in domestic frays; charges of heresy, counter charges of ignorance and tyranny, suggestive epithets like "Obscurantist" and "Liberal," have been freely interchanged, until it is now generally recognized that the present generation is witnessing a real crisis in apologetics. There is no small significance, therefore, in the position assumed by a writer of Father Tyrrell's stamp, who unites to the very considerable weight of his own authority the official sanction attaching to any pronouncement that issues from a member of the Society of Jesus.

A DEFINITION OF LIBERALISM.

It will be remembered that Cardinal Newman, in his day, suffered some embarrassment from a prevalent tendency to make the word "Liberalism" connote all sorts of rationalistic infiltrations into Christian thought, he having identified himself with a type of mind which deserved the appellation "Liberal" by right of etymology, of history, and, to some extent, of usage too. He had but one resource—to define his precise position so as to be judged on his own merits, and thus be acquitted of the odium attaching to what Father Tyrrell calls "the glorious but hopelessly perverted title of 'Liberal'." In the first edition of the *Apologia* its author had written himself down as an opponent of "Liberalism." This statement he had been asked to modify.

* *Les Progrès de l'apologétique.* Par M. l'Abbé de Broglie. Paris, 1886. Au Bureau des Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne. Pp. 16-17.

Instead, he added to the second edition of the *Apologia* a note containing eighteen propositions which he considered to be characteristic tenets of "Liberalism," and which he earnestly renounced and abjured.

Now, Father Tyrrell's position is analogous to Newman's, for he is of a cast which, according to all dictionaries, may very justly be described as liberal. But, as any reader familiar with the history of English Catholicism will at once perceive, a progressive and outspoken thinker to-day runs some risk of being mistaken for the representative of a most pernicious tendency that commonly goes by the name "Liberalism." There is, after all, a good deal in a name—especially when dextrously handled by an enemy. So Father Tyrrell has had to provide against the possibility of his views being confused with a rash humanism utterly foreign to him, and to head off any denunciation prompted by his consenting to lighten cargo before his decks were actually under water. His essays, he writes, "are, as every patient and intelligent reader will see, entirely conservative in their aim and spirit; for 'liberal' and 'conservative' are terms that have reference to the end by which, as the scholastics say, a movement is specified or characterized. The merchant who throws his goods overboard to save his vessel and his life is certainly a conservative; he does not part with them willingly; but because go they must. Similarly, he who honestly and firmly makes every concession needed for the preservation of essentials, is most iniquitously classed with those, if such indeed they be, whose very aim is destruction; whose desire is to believe, not as much as is truthfully possible, but, as little." * Consistently with this statement, made in the Introduction, our author continues, in his paper on "Liberal" Catholicism: "If to be 'Liberal' is to be a Utilitarian of the vulgarest type; if it is to have a secret contempt for anything that savors of mysticism, or that cannot be rationalized or made 'common-sense'; if it is to declaim against the religious state; to censure the hidden service of contemplative orders as wasted, as something better 'given to the poor'; if it is to be dead to the 'liturgical sense,' and to have lost all love and reverence for what has come down to us through the ages; if it means playing fast and loose with dogmas which martyrs have died for; in a word, if it means obliging the world to the extent of sawing through

* Introduction.

the very bough that we are sitting on,—if this is to be liberal and broad, then be our soul with the narrow-minded, and let our last end be like his!”

THE “SO-CALLED” AMERICANISM REPUDIATED.

Readers on this side of the Atlantic will immediately advert to our own need of guarding against a similar danger, of repeating,—“Americanism” being substituted for “Liberalism,”—this ringing denunciation of a false and ungenerous conception of the Catholic ideal. Neither in this country shall men be permitted to cloak unspirituality with the mantle of a glorious name. And if there were, as it has been said there was, stalking among us in the wrappings of American Catholicity a temper of mind disposed to measure things heavenly by the standard of practical reason and business instinct, to wink knowingly at the mention of voluntary poverty and an unrequited apostolate, to sneer at the religious life, to discredit obedience and humility, to belittle the dignity and power of the Mother of God, to despise Indulgences, to disapprove of fastings and disciplines, to reject all spiritual guidance, to cheapen the value of mental prayer and the frequenting of the sacraments, to remain utterly insensible to the beauty of the cloister and the sublime sweetness of the contemplative vocation, calling St. Teresa a neurotic and the Poverello of Assisi a crank—if in truth there existed any such pseudo-Catholicity, such “shirt-sleeve” Americanism, it would be repudiated heartily by all who prize those precious seeds of faith and practice which the church has cherished in her bosom for many a long century that in this day and land they may be planted in the souls of our people to bring forth fruit a hundred-fold.

Our author then, to return to him, makes it clear that rationalizing is as repugnant to his mind as it was to Newman’s. The rejection of *soi-disant* liberalism, however, does not prevent him from assuming an attitude of ready sympathy with the best tendencies in contemporary thought; for there is probably no living Catholic writer quicker to discern scattered germs of truth, none more keenly sensitive to the intellectual difficulties attendant upon certain orthodox positions, or more thoroughly honest in admitting the possibility and even the fact of good faith on the part of those who are alien to us in religion. In addition to this valuable mental adaptation he possesses another, very

precious to any who would minister to the present age; he is familiar with its forms of thought, he can speak to it in its own language. Not only does he command respect in those domestic arenas where disputants argue in terms unintelligible to all not of the household, but he takes an honorable place in a larger school and shows himself to be a master in the learning of the Egyptians.

THE ART OF USING THE LANGUAGE OF THE AGE.

An instance of Father Tyrrell's wise "conservatism"—a point to which he has drawn attention repeatedly—is the necessity of speaking to an age in the language which it uses and on truths which it is debating, not in unintelligible speech, nor on topics devoid of living interest. He is at pains to show that the church's constant policy has been a conscious adaptation of herself to her environment: "It is not that the modern church absolutely understands the faith better in any appreciable way,* but that she understands it in a way better suited to the modern mind. Had she used our language to a former age she would have failed in wisdom as much as were she now to use notions and expressions that for us are meaningless and obsolete. The questions that are put in different ages are different; but in all diversities of age and country the church follows the example of her Founder, who always used the categories of those to whom He spoke: to shepherds He is a shepherd; to fishermen He is the great fisher of souls; to lawyers He is the universal judge; to traders He is a merchant; to the rabbis He is the one Master; and so, with all, He is Father and King, or whatever will best bring home supernatural realities to their imagination and customary forms of reasoning. And in like manner the church has used the categories of Platonism, of Roman jurisprudence, of Aristotelianism, or of whatever thought-system she has found in vogue, for the moulding and setting forth of her message."† In another place Father Tyrrell explains the use of Scholasticism: "The Catholic religion can no more be independent of philosophy than it can of language." And so the church took a philosophy "which when living obtained an universality even wider than that of the Latin or Greek tongue, . . . and in this philosophy she eventually decided to embody her dogmas, leaving it to those who should care to do so, at

* The context explains the exact meaning of this phrase.

† I. p. 196.

their own risk, to translate them from the mind-forms of Aristotle into the mind-forms of other thinkers, *salva substantia*."* But "if a man has closed his teeth against everything that savors of scholasticism, we must either abandon him, or else see if there be any among the methods he will submit to, which may in any wise serve our purpose." To abandon earnest and honest inquirers is, of course, an impossible alternative; and so when "the scholastic apologetic was in disgrace with all but those who stood least in need of it, some more acceptable method had to be sought out"; for "to suppose that Christianity is pledged to more than this common substratum which none deny, except through verbal confusion, that there is no road to faith but through what is peculiar to scholasticism or that my first step in converting a man to Christ must be to convert him to Aristotle, is about as intelligent as to suppose that because the church has adopted Latin as her official language she means to discredit every other."†

AN APOLOGIST MUST BE UP TO DATE.

Of course, the apologist should model his policy upon that of the church. The *Génie du Christianisme* is cited as an instance of new departures in apologetic made "with a view of meeting the exigencies of the world as it is, not as it might or ought to have been."‡ Evidently Father Tyrrell thinks with the Archbishop of Albi:§ "The apologist must be up-to-date; he has not, like the theologian, a share in the impassibility and eternity of God." Both these writers evidence the earnestness of their convictions by living up to them, despite the risks inevitably attaching to this sort of "conservatism." So true is this in Father Tyrrell's case, that when his readers meet his outline of the ideal present-day apologist, they will be apt to conclude that they have happened upon a delightful bit of unconscious auto-photography. Says our author: "We need interpreters or go-betweens; men, that is, who know and sympathize with both sides, who have at once a comprehensive grasp of the 'idea' of Catholicism and are possessed with its spirit, and who are no less in touch with the spirit of their own country and age, its strength and its weakness; who can understand and speak both languages, and, recognizing unity of thought under diversity of

* I. pp. 121-123.

† II. pp. 279-281.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ See his Pastoral on Clerical Studies, *Revue du Clergé Français*, December 1, 1900.

expression; can translate from one into the other, interpreting the age to the church and the church to the age."*

Words like those cited above, especially when coming from such a source, should do considerable toward effecting that revival nowadays agitated for on so many sides. Often we are forced to ask ourselves what becomes of the rich ore mined in our Catholic schools of learning; for in more than one sense we seem to be in the world and yet not of it. It is not merely that we do not guide the thought of the day; nor that we fail to have a voice in discussions most deeply affecting the acceptance of the fundamentals of our faith; but, too frequently, we remain even unaware that such discussions are going on; and further, we feel ourselves unable to appreciate their import, inasmuch as we cannot understand the language in which they are conducted. To-day the current speech of the learned world is full of scientific phraseology, and, therefore, strange to many of us; again, it is inspired with notions and allusions suggested by the Transcendental philosophy; and it supposes at least a bowing acquaintance with such occult symbols as "Hegelian phenomenology"; yet we, with all our poring over "safe authorities," are apt to be perfectly innocent of familiarity with these ideas and theories, baneful and banned from our schools, though at worst as indispensable to us, even if as dangerous, as poisons to the medical practitioner.

THE BIDDING OF ST. IGNATIUS.

The very reading of Father Tyrrell's plea that in order to speak to the heart of a people the church must study its language, makes one revert to the memory of an encyclical letter sent out to all the Jesuits in the world by St. Ignatius on the first of January in the year 1556—a message written by Polanco and recorded by Genelli. It contains a command to every Jesuit to learn and to use the vernacular tongue for the greater "edification and profit" of the peoples amid whom he resides. The analogy appears to be worthy of mention, were it only to show how aptly this son of Loyola interprets the mind of his father, and how baseless is the popular calumny that represents the Jesuit ideal to be one of immovable and unadaptable sameness. "Speak the language of the land: Spanish in Spain, French in France, German in Germany, and Italian in Italy"; such

* I. p. 9.

is the bidding of "the first Jesuit," and similar is Father Tyrrell's counsel concerning the policy that should be adopted by us in the midst of a cultured, non-Catholic world. Whether or not we consider ourselves the heirs of a finer learning; whether or not, at heart, we are touched with that self-sufficiency to which Mr. Wilfred Ward* intimates that members of an infallible church are sometimes liable: even so, we must adapt ourselves to the exigencies of the situation in which Providence has placed us. Be we better or worse than our surroundings, in any event we shall do well to follow the lines laid down by St. Ignatius, and imitate the conduct of those children of his who in China assumed the garb of mandarins because they found this course expedient for the success of their missionary enterprise. They did not repudiate thereby their convictions of the superiority of European culture; neither are we disloyal in recommending that cadet apologists be initiated into the mystic language of modern philosophy and science lest, listening to some great man's pronunciamiento and not knowing the meaning of his words, they will be to him that speaketh as barbarians, and he that speaketh as a barbarian to them. Even supposing that, like the reawakened sleepers of Ephesus, they possess good gold, if it is of a coinage unknown in the mart it will remain useless for all purposes of trade.

TEACH THE TEACHERS.

In line with this insistence on the need of keeping in touch with advancing thought, Father Tyrrell advises that defenders of the faith apply their energies not merely to "sledge-hammer controversy" with the multitude, but to influencing the few who lead and determine the opinions of the many. He is not blind to the difficulties of this burdensome task; apparently he has been made acquainted with current prejudices against its possibility; but he continues to protest vigorously against what he calls intellectual quietism, and to insist that the church's aim has always been to understand and utilize the mental forms and presuppositions of every great school of thought and, as in the period of Scholasticism, to translate theology into "the fashionable mind-language" of the day. "If we may appeal to reason at all, we should surely appeal to the highest and best as well

* *Life of Wiseman*, Epilogue.

as, or in preference to, the lowest; we should go to the root of the evil instead of endlessly nipping off buds; we should care chiefly to influence those who influence others" *—all of which will suggest to some, who have not perceived it before, the intimate connection in our own day between the apostolic, missionary spirit and the very finest and deepest learning that the world has to offer.

The indications already given make it apparent that Father Tyrrell aims, above all else, at the needs of the present age. He is wide-awake. He perceives the drift of events, and studies their significance with deeper insight than most of us. For example, insisting, as many do, upon the fact that Protestantism is in the last throes of its death-agony, he draws attention, as few do, to the consequent change that must take place in methods of controversy. It is not a world inoculated with the poison of formal heresy that surrounds the church nowadays. "In English-speaking countries her environment is, to a growing extent, that of a cultured paganism, and to such an environment she must now adapt her conduct." † Nevertheless, habits of three centuries are slowly altered, and we "find here and there Catholic controversialists in full armor sawing the air with their heavy broadswords, disproving justification by faith alone, and the all-sufficiency of Scripture as a guide to truth." ‡ How this strikes home if one has gradually drifted into a habit of mind where he rests content with a refutation of the errors defended by teachers dead and gone these many generations, and largely discredited among contemporary Protestants. For the outlining of our doctrinal differences with Luther and Calvin, Bossuet's *Variations* and Möhler's *Symbolik* are books of immense value; but if we seek no further we shall be ignorant of a very different story of Protestant variations revealed in such volumes as Schaff's *Creeds of Christendom*.

PROSPECTS OF REUNION.

It is due to Father Tyrrell's familiarity with the religious phenomena of his immediate neighborhood that we owe a rather novel view of the "Prospects of Reunion." His study of High-Churchism results in a verdict quite startling at first sight, that the movement is so distinctly Providential, so fruitful in preparing converts to Catholicism, that we are bound to rejoice at the

* Introduction.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

failure of Catholic attempts to retard and weaken it, said attempts being made "largely through the exigencies of duty, partly through that ovine artlessness which has ever distinguished the faithful." This, in all likelihood, is an accurate estimate of the religious situation in England; and, in fact, a volume* published this very month bears timely witness to the precious gleanings gathered by Catholicism in the fields of the Establishment. In our own country, however, Anglicanism can hardly be regarded in the same light; not that it fails to send us valuable recruits, but because we seem to gain fairly satisfactory results, even when, without its mediation, we deal direct with Protestantism pure and simple. A partial explanation of the difference may be the lesser strength of Ritualism among Anglicans and the lesser prevalence of bigotry among Evangelicals, in this country.

All thus far said of the volumes before us has been by way of comment upon them as a work of apologetics. This, possibly, is calculated to dismay the lay mind, either altogether ignorant of that department of sacred science, or disposed to believe that it is cultivated exclusively through the medium of formal treatises and forbidding dissertations, studded with theses and laden with references—in a word, wearing their skeletons on the outside. It must not be supposed that our author's work is of this sort. His own admonition is needed to arouse us to a proper sense of the range and consistency of this plan; to the glance of the ordinary observer his book is simply a collection of magazine articles on a variety of topics connected with religion, literature, and art. Estimated even thus superficially, however, it has its charm. It would be regrettable, therefore, if any one diffident of his or her philosophical acumen were to be deterred from approaching these pages through fear of being inveigled into a tiresome study of Christian evidences.

A THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED WARRIOR.

Father Tyrrell is a theologian; but he knows something of science and of recent philosophy and of literature as well. He is modern in build, in sympathies, and in training—trained being the only word that describes his mode of thinking, be it in-

* *Roads to Rome*: Being Personal Records of Some of the More Recent Converts to the Catholic Faith. Compiled and edited by the Author of *Ten Years in Anglican Orders*. With an Introduction by Cardinal Vaughan. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

herited, acquired, or infused. For his gifts of clearness, boldness of speech, luminous and original thought, wit, and happy phrasing, we consider him remarkable. Add to this that he is deeply spiritual in tone and thoroughly reasonable in his appeals, and you have what seems to be a very good reason for reading his book. Now and again, it is true, one finds a sentence apt to distress a sensitive nerve, apt to suggest disagreement even on the part of those in deepest sympathy with the general attitude of the writer. But few, we venture to say, will lay the volumes down unwilling to admit that they have gained a great deal in the reading; and this holds good eminently with regard to readers seeking intelligent and inspiring treatment of subjects connected with the spiritual life, for the pure fragrance of the mystic's ideal is spread abroad in these pages. That each of this writer's previous works has gone into three editions is something of a proof that ordinarily his words do not deserve to pass unheeded.

The non-Catholic mind also, it would seem, finds Father Tyrrell to its liking. It is an omen of progress that this has not been imputed to him unto unrighteousness; for we are so curiously constituted that we are prone to wonder how a friend of ours can be first friendly towards and then popular with our antagonists. In truth, when, a few months ago, Lord Halifax quoted approvingly a statement by Father Tyrrell upon the limitations of the scholastic philosophy, some thrilled with expectant fear. But the incident passed unnoticed, as a token, no doubt, that we are all approaching, *quasi per ignem*, perhaps, but nevertheless approaching a condition of calmness and Christian forbearance which will do more than many battles to build up the kingdom of God.

THREE SOLITUDES.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE vast, dark wilderness is solitude—the hush
Of secret-hiding woods, beyond the haunts of
men,
Where birds unseen sing ghostly songs, and
far-off rush
Of waters seems God's solemn Eden-voice again.

But deeper solitude than wraps the wilderness
Envelops me amid the city's mighty throng,
Where we, whose very shoulders touch in the mad press,
To distant orbits of the spirit-world belong.

But ah! that last unspeakable deep solitude,
The loneliest, saddest, darkest path that mortals tread,
When one gives all his life to that which seemeth good
To him, and by his own is misinterpreted!



PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

BY CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.



ON the bank of the bayou stood the cabin of mud-chinked logs, with a mud chimney at one end and a paneless window on each side of its open door. From the casements wooden shutters hung lopsided on rusty hinges; it was only a question of time and tempestuous winds when they would fall upon the gourd-vines beneath.

Naked, the cabin would have been a miserable sight, but in the land of the sun Nature is a prodigal mother, covering even her step-children with gay garments of green moss and aspiring creepers that offer to the joyous winds their silken trumpets of rainbow hue.

Majestic oaks with a swaying drapery of mysterious gray towered behind the tiny dwelling, contrasting their permanence with its pitiful decay. Above it hung, in magnificent condescension, the vanished leaves and alabaster blossoms of the magnolia, glorious empress of the summer woods, fit to adorn a regal park or the mirador of a poet's villa.

In a japonica but a few feet from the door a mocking-bird, attracted by the profusion of rosy flowers, perched and sang rapturously, filling the air with his melodious clamor.

A young girl just within the cabin got up from her chair, exclaiming in a poignant voice:

"Oh, that bird!"

"No, Marie," came pleadingly from the bed in the corner, "do not drive him away. I will not hear him sing to-morrow."

"Mother!" cried the girl sharply, then sank upon her knees at the bedside and clasped in her brown hand the pale one of the dying woman. In the other, toilworn and clammy, the beads slipped like a measure of heart-beats. Three children on the doorstep immediately turned inquisitive little heads. The eldest, a boy of ten, crept to the foot of the couch.

"Mutterchen!" he murmured, and the tears rushed to his eyes.

The dying woman looked from one to the other:

“My poor little ones! You will be good to them, Mariechen?”

“Oh, mother,—thou knowest!”

“Do not leave us! Do not leave us!” mourned Rudolf at her feet. He squeezed himself between the wall and the bed and lay down beside her, snuggling his face against her arm, wetting her sleeve with his tears. The other small creatures came into the room also. The youngest, a baby of three, puckered her cherry lips and set up a pitiful whimper.

“Nein, nein, Lottchen! Cry not,” said Marie softly, picking her up. Her blonde moon-face was stained with blackberry juice, betraying her disobedience, and her sturdy white legs, sadly scratched, showed through the rents in her coarse homespun frock. “Do not whip me,” she pleaded, in baby German, helplessly; widening her lovely eyes of forget-me-not blue. “Nein, liebchen,” whispered Marie, kissing her apricot cheek, “sit there, sweet,” and put her on the bed beside the mother, who held her tenderly, kissing her soft neck and dimpled shoulders. The other girl, Odile, slipped under Marie’s arm with jealous eyes, and from the shadow of the fireplace a tall, handsome lad of fifteen stole to her side. They knelt with heads huddled together, and the mother’s soft black eyes lingered from one to the other. She stretched out her hand; it wandered from Lottchen’s golden curls to Marie’s black ones, from Odile’s flaxen plaits to Hermann’s short brown bristles.

“My children, my children!” she said faintly; then more clearly: “You will be always good children? You will mind the father? You will keep the house clean, my Marie? Odile, you will knit the stockings, and Lottchen will pick up the chips for Marie, and Hermann will help the father in the field, for the sun is hot and the ploughing is hard. My little Rudolf will milk the Kuhchen and see that the ducks and chickens are fed, and—” her voice ebbed away.

“Yes, yes,” they sobbed.

She slipped the beads between her delicate fingers and began to whisper the rosary, the children responding. The doorway darkened as the husband and father entered—a patient creature with stooping shoulders and myopic eyes. He went to the foot of the bed and leaned heavily upon it.

“Oh, my Eliska,” he murmured, “thou art very ill to-day, then?”

"Yes, Rudolf;—I think it is time to send for the priest. Things look strange to me,—even my children! And your voice sounds far away."

"Yes, it is time," he answered, and went out with dragging feet. Herman kissed his mother again and again, and stole away. The old plough-mule was at the door with a miserable saddle strapped over a ragged blanket.

"You must go to the Fathers at Palmetto," said Rudolf, "and beg one of them to come quick. Tell them your mother is dying. I have never seen her look like this. Ask for Father Vogel."

Hermann rode away, holding the sobs in his aching throat. He usually liked the journey to Palmetto, under the interlaced boughs of the tall trees that made a green roof for the road, and he always kept a lookout for a fern or a flower for his mother. But now he was too occupied with the idea of her going away from them to think of anything else. She had never been one of those loud-voiced, bustling, scolding women like some he had seen and heard. She was always smiling and merry of speech, and even if she had to punish, it was with a light hand, and she would cry as much as the naughty child. So it was seldom that she had to ply either hand or switch. For the rest she was a slender little figure with abundant hair like the silk of young corn, eyes like blots of ink, and a clear singing voice. People always observed her curiously in return for the timid, deer-like regard of her soft eyes, as if there was something uncommon about her. There was; but not as they thought.

The father of the family, Rudolf Raubtier, had drifted to the South after emigration to the North, where he had been on the verge of starvation. His father and grandfather had been game-keepers in a nobleman's preserves near Kalisz, and Rudolf married Eliska Timanoff, the daughter of one of the Countess' Polish serving-women. People touched their foreheads significantly whenever they saw the girl, for her ethereal beauty was of a type decidedly more aristocratic than is to be expected among women of her class. Certain things were whispered behind her back, and fingers were pointed at various portraits in the splendid gallery of the castle in confirmation. But Eliska's mother was herself beautiful and married respectably, and the girl grew up in the lodge-keeper's cottage, became a wife when she was

but fifteen, and when her eldest children were eight and six years old emigrated to America. The Raubtiers knew nothing of life outside the forests of the Polish frontier, and glad the wife was when they left the crowded, squalid quarter of the cold Northern city for the bright, open clearing on the banks of the bayou.

The Southern woods were fairyland to her with the spiky palmettos, the lustrous magnolias, the swollen cypresses and spreading live-oaks. How beautiful to her was the sluggish bayou reflecting in its deep bosom the golden constellations of the summer skies, and cradling in its shallows the splendid water-lily above whose ivory shallops fluttered the blue sails of the Flower of France!

The heron, the flamingo, the snowy crane, mallards with peacock necks, and hundreds of wild fowl unknown to her built nests—as she did—in the swamp and reared their young in peace. When the full moon hung its glorious glassy orb in the profound skies the mocking-birds sang all night long, perched in ecstasy upon the dazzling pyramids of the daggered yucca. Yet, at times, when Eliska awoke in the midsummer brilliance at dead of night, her heart would stand still at the sound of the rapturous trilling of the Southern nightingale. Again she saw the vast expanse of snow beneath the northern lights, the black and solemn firs against the mountain side, and heard the faëry sound of distant sleigh-bells, or the long cry of the wolf from the dismal wood.

Very often the heating, incessant sunlight sickened and blinded her. When Lottchen was born she had a hard fight for life, and after that her step became less and less elastic; there was an oppression at her heart. At times she could breathe with difficulty. Often Marie would find her half-sleeping, half-fainting in her chair, the darning-needle in her fingers, or the pan of peas or potatoes in her lap. She had to give up digging in the garden, but the flowers grew bravely as if to reward her past attentions. A thick bush of white roses made a great bouquet on one side the doorstep, a red rose on the other. They were the Polish colors, so Eliska—after plaiting her abundant hair—would stick a flower from each bush over her ear, and pin others on the bosom of her cotton gown.

Remembering this, Marie gathered a quantity of them and scattered them over the coarse but clean coverings of the death-

bed. Her mother held out eager hands for them, inhaling gratefully their pure, delicious fragrance. The little shrine, just where her eyes could rest most easily, was bright with the flowers, hiding the cheap cups and taper-stands before the crucifix that Hermann had deftly carved for her.

"Marie," said the dying woman presently, "look in the old trunk—in the bottom of it—and bring me—" her eyes and languid hand completed the sentence. She was almost too tired to look at the garments Marie brought her. The young girl looked at them covetously. She was thinking of Arsène de l'Île Dormante and her promise to marry him. The mother read her eyes and murmured:

"Mariechen—would you wear—as a bride—things that were woven and made—for death-clothes? If so—I will give them to you."

"No, no!" cried Marie, shrinking away. "But they are beautiful, mother."

"Not beautiful enough," whispered the mother. "Do I not remember how the countess dressed to go to court? Oh, if I could dress like that? All silk—with a veil like mist—white feathers in my hair—satin on my feet—pearls like moons and diamonds like suns!—"

"Mother!" cried Marie in alarm.

"I am not dreaming, my child. Am I not to be presented to a Queen?—the Queen of Heaven! Oh, Marie, how glorious it will be!" Then, as a sudden thought occurred: "But what shall I *say*? What shall I *say*?"

"Say—mother?"

"Why, yes," continued Eliska, sitting up in bed, her face bright with anxiety. "One must not be dumb like a fish—or a peasant—when a Queen speaks. Oh, if I could only remember what the countess said when she went to court! Can you not think, Marie?"

"How can I, mother?"

"Perhaps your father will remember."—She fell back on her pillows, while Marie whispered to Rudolf, who sat on the door-steps, holding his head miserably in his hands.

"Poor thing her mind wanders," he said. Then went in and sat beside the sleeping woman until the priest came in.

Father Vogel, besides his duties as a priest, taught a class of most unruly boys in the college in the town, of which estab-

lishment he was also housekeeper; so a horseback ride in the heat of the day was not soothing either to mind or body. The animal he bestrode was never intended by nature to wear a saddle, and Father Vogel groaned despite himself when he dismounted at the cabin-door, being a merciful man and regretting the necessity for the application of the hickory to urge his unwilling beast from a stiff and solemn walk into a perpendicular, tongue-biting trot, or a gallop that loosed every joint in its socket. A sympathetic traveller could have easily forgiven him for seeing nothing but the poverty of the place; the rotting casements and threshold, the bare floor, the children in faded clothes, greasy from dinner, uncared for in the stress of grief.

The heat made him perspire profusely, to his great discomfort and mental disquiet. He mopped his dripping head and hands, and sat for a few moments on the rude bench in the shade of the magnolia while Marie offered him a glass of lukewarm bayou water, which he poured over his wrists, an unpremeditated libation to the earth. When he went into the cabin he was surprised by the white death-bed which love had spread with roses.

Eliska's simple confession was soon made. No gravid, life-weight was here to be disposed of. A little, pitiful, month-old list of home-longings, of pardonable scoldings, of tiny vexations, of mild envyings of the fortunate of earth, of a regretted shrinking from her voluble neighbors, the L'Ile Dormantes; a mother's natural jealousy of her daughter's betrothed. Then the priest beckoned and the family knelt in a decorous row, the father at the head, his rosary in his hard hands.

After receiving the last Sacraments the dying woman turned her white face to the wall; the priest bent an ear to her breathing—she was still alive. How bright and hot the sunlight was! How intense the odor of the flowers! How shrill the filing of cicadas! Sounds were borne from a great distance in the quivering air—the screech of a saw-mill a mile away, the rhythmical plash of oars in the bayou, the intermittent tap-tapping of a hammer in some distant clearing.

As Father Vogel was leaving the room, thinking that the sick woman might sleep for hours and perchance wake to renewed life, she turned her face and called imperatively:

“Father, father!” and he hastened to her. She was sitting up, her eyes brilliant. “Oh, father—I almost forgot! What

shall I say when I meet the Queen of Heaven? What do the ladies say when they are presented at court?"

The priest was astonished; he knew nothing of Eliska's history, but her question made him look at her attentively. He noticed the unusual refinement of her features, the careful arrangement of her beautiful hair, the delicacy of her transparent hands, the sweetness of her voice.

"See, father," she continued, "I have kept the best I had to wear. I embroidered these. I made the lace. Once I made some like them for the wife of a grand duke. She wore them when she went to court. But I cannot remember what she said when she was presented to the queen. What will the Queen of Heaven think of me if I stand tongue-tied and stupid before her? What shall I say?"

The poor priest was himself at a loss. At first, like Rudolf, he thought her delirious. Then, remembering the ineradicable vanity of the sex, he considered this exhibition of it on the grave's edge something extremely reprehensible, and—in connection with Eliska's appearance—denoting unusual frivolity. He stood silent and accusing, groping for words that would not wound too much, yet determined that the dying should not expect to enter Paradise or Purgatory as a princess. He himself was of the people; his father had been a metal-worker in Munich, and his mother helped her maids with the work. His life as a priest had been spent in a republic and among the poor. He had small ideas of the etiquette of courts, never having given the matter any thought; and although comprehending it necessary perhaps, none the less despised it. He therefore looked at Eliska, and suspected that she had beguiled her small leisure, or had neglected her duties, with romances of a life far different from her own. So he finally said:

"We call the Blessed Mother of God the Queen of Heaven, but do not imagine on that account that she is like an earthly sovereign. She will not appear to you wearing an ermined robe, a diamond crown, and carrying a bauble in her hand. Do you suppose she could care for such gauds?"

"But," answered Eliska with quivering lips, "is she not the Mother of the King?"

"That she is."

"And does not our Lord shine in Heaven like the sun?"

"Most certainly."

"Then do you think He would let the Queen of Heaven look like an ordinary angel, or even archangel?"

"No; I suppose not."

"She was poor, father—like me?"

"Poorer, my child."

"She worked and wept and suffered—as I have done?"

"Ay; and a thousand times more."

"Doesn't our Lord say, father, that if we love and serve Him He will give us things so grand and beautiful we cannot even imagine how they will look?"

"That is true. We have His word."

"Then Heaven must be perfectly glorious"; her eyes lightened extraordinarily as she put her head a little back and looked upward. "And when I see our Lord and His Mother, the Queen of Heaven, and all the angels and saints shining like the sun, moon, and stars, what shall I say to thank them?"

"Your guardian angel will tell you what to say," replied the priest, with sudden inspiration. "He is here to instruct you, my child."

A vivid smile illumined Eliska's childlike face. Her eyes rested upon the tiny shrine.

"Of course, of course!" she exclaimed joyously. "Thank you, dear father,— " She paused as if listening. "He has told me what to say—he has told me!"

Then, as the door of God's House opened, she paused upon the threshold, leaning back from the strong hand that guided her over it. Looking earthward, her triumphant voice rang clear and sweet:

"Praised be Jesus Christ!"

And at that Name every knee in Heaven bowed, and countless multitudes proclaimed Him Lord of All.





SECKAU IS OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK.

TWO SANCTUARIES IN STYRIA.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O.S.B.



WE were two worn-out travellers who had spent the whole night in unrest. For some four hours we had tried, with but scant success, to get some sleep, lying on the hard benches of the comfortless waiting-room of an obscure Austrian railway station; the remainder of the night had been passed in stuffy second-class carriages. Added to this we were driven slowly uphill, through splendid mountain scenery, it is true, but upon villanously bad roads—for all the roads are bad in Styria—and it was two hours since we had bidden a ready farewell to the railway at Knittelfeld, down in the valley of the Mur. The road ever mounted upwards, and yet we seemed no nearer to our destination. Suddenly, as we rounded the curve of a mountain spur, the distant scene broke upon our view. The sight of the Abbey of Seckau, for which we were bound, acted as a restorative to our jaded spirits. At some distance away, on a green plateau across another valley, its clustered buildings shone

out in the noon-day sun; towers and spires of varied form, long ranges of creamy-white walls and red-brown roofs rose from a belt of foliage, while lofty mountains with a faint powdering of white upon their summits formed a background to the enchanting picture. Before long we had alighted at its hospitable gates, had received a warm greeting from old acquaintances among its inmates, and had already begun to taste in those peaceful cloisters the rest that both mind and body had so long desired.

Seckau is out of the beaten track, and its very name will be strange to the majority of those who read these pages; yet, apart from the striking circumstances of its origin and the diversity of its history, it possesses many points of interest which justify its introduction to the general reader. The abbey stands on a high table-land of Steiermark, nearly two thousand feet above sea-level, between the ranges of the Noric and the Styrian Alps. It came into the possession of the Benedictines of the Congregation of Beuron some fifteen years since, and is now inhabited by a large community of monks; though in the first instance it was founded for Austin Canons more than seven centuries ago. The causes which led to its foundation must be first recorded, for its after renown is intimately bound up with them. The legend runs thus:

Count Walram of Waldeck, a wealthy Styrian noble, was one day hunting on the spot where the abbey now stands, when he heard a voice cry out to him from among the branches of a tree hard by: "Hic seca"—"Cut here!" On examination he could find no person in the tree or near it. The incident made a great impression upon him. He was a pious-minded man, and recognized in it something preternatural. He had previously founded lower down in the valley, at St. Marein, a monastery of Austin Canons, and thither he naturally went for counsel in the matter. The provost, hearing his strange story, was also much struck by the extraordinary occurrence, and resolved upon an investigation. So they visited the spot together and made diligent search among the branches of the tree from which the voice had issued. To their astonishment and joy they came upon a small marble bas-relief of Our Lady and the Holy Child, so securely fixed among the thickest branches that many of them had to be cut away before it could be removed. The sculpture seemed of ancient workmanship and was of great beauty. It had



COUNT WALRAM IS BURIED BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR.

long been the wish of the canons to remove from St. Marein to some more secluded spot, and the count, on finding the picture, resolved at once to build a church in that very place for a sanctuary of Our Lady, and to establish the canons there in an adjoining monastery as guardians of the treasure thus bestowed upon him. The result was the foundation in 1143 of the Abbey of Seckau—a name derived, it is said, from the “seca” of the old legend. Count Walram became in after years a lay brother in the abbey.

The church was consecrated in 1164 by Blessed Hartman, Bishop of Brixen. He had been a Canon Regular before he was raised to the episcopate, and for that reason was invited by the Archbishop of Salzburg to act as his substitute in the cere-

mony. The representation of the Blessed Virgin, discovered in the tree, was enshrined upon the high altar, where it received for many succeeding centuries the special veneration of the faithful, under the title of the "Hausfrau von Seckau"—the "Lady and Mistress" of the entire institute—and was the object of frequent pilgrimages.

About fifty years after these events a new honor was conferred upon Seckau. In 1218 Eberhard II., Archbishop of Salzburg, resolved upon the division of his vast diocese. With the permission of the emperor he obtained authority from the pope to make Seckau the centre of a new episcopal see. By this arrangement the abbey church became the cathedral of the newly erected diocese, and the Austin Canons with their provost formed the chapter. This arrangement continued till about a century ago, when the Canonry of Seckau was secularized and the cathedral of the prince bishop was transferred to Grätz; the ancient name of the see, however, is still maintained as its formal title.

The church erected by Count Walram is the only portion of the original buildings now remaining. It is in very fine Romanesque style and of large size. The two western towers are capped with high-pitched pointed roofs covered with red tiles; the roof of the church is of the same material. The interior is sombre in tone, but beautiful in form. Its rich brown-tinted stone walls and pillars serve as a foil to the bright colors and ornate gilding of the baldachin over the high altar, to the artistic rood-beam with its painted statues, and to the many paintings and colored figures which adorn the aisles and altars. It has been tastefully restored and beautified by its present possessors. Many little chapels open out from the aisles, some of them of great architectural beauty and all adorned with a like artistic skill. An ancient decoration in the shape of a carved altar-piece in one of these chapels is worthy of note; it is of sixteenth century work, painted and gilded, and represents the Blessed Trinity crowning Our Lady. The Three Divine Persons are curiously represented as three exactly similar crowned heads united to one body. Similar works of art of quaint mediæval type exist in other parts of the church.

The tomb of Count Walram, the founder, is in front of the high altar, covered by a flat slab in the pavement. He was buried as near as possible to his beloved picture, which was

formerly enshrined there. The quaint reredos of late sixteenth or early seventeenth century work is still preserved in the abbey as an historical relic. It represents the famous tree, surrounded by huntsmen and dogs, and a niche in the tree-trunk shows the position of the picture. The whole is covered with gilding. Though interesting, it is not particularly beautiful or artistic.

The historical picture, or rather, sculptured bas-relief, found



THE CHURCH STILL STANDING WAS ERECTED IN 1143.

by Count Walram, was removed from its previous site by the Benedictine Fathers. It was thought that a special chapel devoted to its veneration would be more fitting, and would afford greater convenience to pilgrims and visitors. Accordingly the leave of the prince bishop was obtained for its translation, and that prelate himself deigned to take part in the solemn ceremonies of its enthronement in its new position, bearing the sacred object in his own hands in the procession on the occasion.

The chapel chosen for the reception of the picture was that known as Bishop Brenner's. It is a beautiful little Gothic building opening from the north aisle. Originally it formed the choir of a body of Austin Canonesses who had a monastery connected with it, and consequently it stands detached from the church. In later centuries its walls were decorated with portraits of the various bishops at the expense of the Prince Bishop

Martin Brenner, who died in 1616. This prelate was a man of sterling worth, who from his apostolic labors among the numerous Styrians who had embraced Luther's new doctrines, and his success in combating the heresy, won the title of "*Malleus hereticorum*"—"The Hammer of heretics." It is noteworthy that the frescoes of his predecessors, painted at his desire, are adorned with sundry extracts from the Fathers relating to the Primacy of the Apostolic See. A fine marble bas-relief of this illustrious bishop is still to be seen in the north wall of his chapel, and his body lies before its altar.

The representation of Our Blessed Lady—the *raison d'être* of the church and monastery—enthroned over the altar of the same chapel, is of small size but of very fine workmanship—Byzantine, as it is supposed. The figures are exceedingly beautiful; they have always been colored. A new altar has been placed in the chapel for the more worthy exposition of the sacred picture which forms its prominent object. Two angels support the frame of the picture; over it is a golden crown from which depends rich drapery of crimson satin lined with white satin and embroidered with gold, and caught up on either side by golden cords and tassels. The altar is surmounted by a beautiful Gothic baldachin of carved wood, artistically colored and gilded. Upon it, on either side, are handsome colored statues of Sts. Joachim and Anne. Special indulgences have been granted by the Holy See to all who shall visit the chapel out of devotion to Our Lady. It is very touching to see the long procession of black-robed monks belonging to the large community of Seckau entering this little sanctuary, as the custom is, after Sunday Vespers and Benediction, to recite the Litany and sing a German hymn to the Mother of God; the sight moves one involuntarily to pray earnestly that the devotion to Mary begun in this church so many centuries ago may flourish vigorously now that its second spring has thus auspiciously set in.

A notice of the beautiful church of Our Lady of Seckau would be incomplete without some reference to another chapel, which cannot fail to strike even the casual visitor. Besides the founder and the noble bishop who did so much for religion in his day, a third illustrious man has been laid to rest beneath its vaults—an imitator of the first in his love for the Madonna of Seckau and his generosity towards her shrine, and of the second, whose dear friend he was, in his zeal for the defence of

the Holy Roman Church. This is the last Archduke of Styria, Charles II., father of the Emperor Ferdinand II. A chapel on the gospel side of the sanctuary has been converted into a mausoleum for the remains of this pious and noble prince. It was completed in 1598, some years after the archduke's death, and is consequently in the somewhat florid style of architecture belonging to the period. The chapel is enclosed within an elaborately carved screen of marble; the spaces between the small square pillars are filled in with richly chased balusters of gilded bronze; and it is an instance of the lavish expenditure made upon this magnificent mausoleum that the balusters in question were each tuned to a particular musical note; consequently it would be possible to ring changes upon them, as upon bells, by striking them in rotation with a piece of metal. High above the arch of the sanctuary, shut in by the screen, hang on crimson velvet shields the archduke's helmet and sword, dagger and stirrups. The interior of the mausoleum is rich in marbles and paintings. The scheme of the decoration seems intended to illustrate the four last things—Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. The pavement is of black, white, and brown marble. On the north side stands the splendid marble tomb of the archduke, bearing the figures of himself and his consort, though the latter was never buried here. Four marble angels, at the corners of the sarcophagus, are represented as lifting its cover on the Judgment Day. The chapel is considered a particularly fine specimen of the art of the period. The vault beneath it, where the bodies lie, is approached by steps in the aisle covered by a slab of stone. Several members of the prince's family are buried there; among them are two of his daughters, both of whom were betrothed in succession to Philip III. of Spain, and both died young.

The abbey buildings were erected by the Augustinians at a much later date—probably some two centuries back. They are very extensive, and have various interesting features. Many of the public rooms are of unusually large size, and some of them are lofty and decorated with elaborate stucco-work. Perhaps the most striking portions of the buildings are the arcadings round the quadrangle. It is curious to find so far north, and in a country where the winters are really severe, such a southern feature as open cloisters. But at Seckau not only cloisters, but all the galleries running above them, are exposed to the outer



INTERIOR OF THE ABBEY CHURCH.

air by large circular arches. In the smaller quadrangle this entails less inconvenience, as most of the apartments lying round it are public rooms, such as the refectory, sacristy, and the like. In the larger court, even the cells of the monks open on to these exposed galleries—a somewhat trying circumstance in cold or stormy weather. The long stretch of three-storied arcading in the great quadrangle marks the portion of the buildings known as the *prelatur*, containing the apartments of the provost, with reception halls for guests, and rooms in which to lodge them. These large and lofty rooms have been in most instances divided to form smaller cells for the Benedictines. In this larger quadrangle stands the fine covered well to supply the monastery with water. The approach to the western entrance of the church, as the illustration shows, has been walled

off for the public; this was done in order to preserve the necessary privacy of the monastic enclosure.

The refectory has been beautifully frescoed by the monks of the congregation, who form what is known as the "Beuron Art School." Behind the abbot's table is a very fine representation of the crucifixion with adoring saints. The Chapter House, also, has been much beautified by its present owners, and other public apartments have been considerably enlarged and improved.

A curious feature of the large and somewhat straggling groups of buildings is the variety of their levels. Flights of steps have to be constantly scaled or descended in one's progress from one part of the monastery to another, and consequently the number of staircases and their variety seem to be unlimited.

Some readers might be disposed to ask what the Benedictine Fathers can find to occupy themselves with in a mountain solitude such as this. Such a question put to one of the fathers would provoke a smile of kindly amusement. Every Benedictine Abbey has as its first duty—imposed by the great Legislator St. Benedict—the solemn, daily celebration of the Canonical Hours of the Divine Office of the Church. No one could visit Seckau and fail to remark how carefully and regularly this paramount duty is fulfilled. Every day the whole Divine Office is celebrated—partly chanted, partly recited, in accordance with the rank of the feast; on the great solemnities a considerable portion is sung to note. Daily, too, no matter whether it be feast or feria, a solemn festival or a simple week-day, there is a sung Mass in the great church, and sung Vespers in the evening. On the chief festivals of the year the Lord Abbot, with mitre and pastoral staff and all the insignia of a prelate, celebrates the Mass and Vespers, surrounded with numerous attendants clad in rich vestments, with all the pomp demanded by the august ceremonies of the church.

But functions in choir or in sanctuary do not occupy the whole day, and there are some hours remaining to be filled up. For these there is no lack of occupation in a properly constituted Benedictine house. At Seckau there is a large school in which boys who have a desire to join the order receive a careful education in humanities to fit them for their future career; the instruction of these young students and the general care of them provide sufficient work for several of the fathers. Then, again, Seckau is no longer a solitude as it was in Count Wal-

ram's days. Round the abbey sprang up by degrees what we may call a little town. It has, indeed, the dimensions of a village rather; but as it possesses the privileges of a town, with a public market and the rest—granted to it by the old provosts—it may also claim the title. Formerly nearly two thousand people were under the care of the canons; since their time, however, other churches have been built in the neighborhood to provide for the spiritual wants of the people. Nevertheless, a parish is still attached to the abbey, and the apostolic ministry forms a portion of the duties required of the fathers. There are two sung Masses and two sermons every Sunday, and the people—a somewhat heavy, serious-minded race they seem—attend in large numbers from the district round as well as from Seckau itself.

Other occupations connected with the temporal cares of the abbey, the theological instruction of the younger monks and the like, fall to the lot of some of the fathers, while art and literature provide abundance of work for those who are not already fully employed. The methodical and scientific working of the large farm belonging to the abbey must not be overlooked in the enumeration of monastic occupations. In the mechanical arrangements connected with it electricity is largely used, and modern improvements of various kinds have been wisely introduced—much to the bewilderment of the stolid and old-fashioned Styrian peasant.

But another sanctuary of Mary exists in connection with Seckau which must not be overlooked. On a lofty mountain in the neighborhood stands a little chapel known as *Maria Schnee*. It was built in 1660 by the provost of the Austin Canons of Seckau, so that the many herdsmen who were accustomed to spend the summer in huts on the mountain and in its vicinity might be able to hear Mass. He dedicated it to Our Lady, under the title of *S. Maria ad Nives*; for from its altitude and exposed situation it is nearly buried in snow during the winter months. During the summer the spot is notorious for frequent thunder-storms; many of the trees bear witness to the destructiveness of lightning strokes, and cattle have not unfrequently been killed by such catastrophes.

A chapel dedicated to Mary in so prominent a position began at an early period after its erection to attract the notice of pious peasants, until *Maria Schnee* became a famous place of



THE COURT-YARD OF THE MONASTERY.

pilgrimage from all the country round. At the present day as many as fifteen or sixteen hundred people assemble there on July 2, the feast of Our Lady's Visitation, and August 5, that of *S. Maria ad Nives*. These days are known as the "Alm" days, the mountain being colloquially known as *Hochalm*, or High Alp. On these occasions crowds may be seen climbing the winding path to be present at the services. Two High Masses are generally sung and a sermon preached. The latter takes place in the open air—a veritable "Sermon on the Mount"—for the tiny chapel cannot contain the multitude. Many of the faithful take care to approach the Sacraments on these pilgrimages.

On a bright, calm day in autumn the writer was privileged to visit this interesting mountain shrine. The way led through green pasture lands into forest paths and out again to the freer air of the hill-side, but always tending gently upward. Soon it became more steep, and the stout alpenstocks were distinctly serviceable on the bare, stony slopes. Near the highest ridges the path curved round by a bold sweep; for it needed much energy and still more breathing power to scale the face of those

barren heights. Down below the atmosphere had been mild—even oppressive to vigorous walkers; but at a greater altitude it grew colder by degrees, then bitterly chill. Drifts of snow lay at intervals across our path, several feet deep in places; climb as energetically as we would, the chapel seemed still a long way distant. At length we boldly struck off across the stony steep, leaving the path to meander round the rocky ledge for another mile to meet us at the summit; in a few minutes, breathless and tired, we staggered to the door of the humble sanctuary.

There is little beauty in the exterior of the building. Its walls are of stone, plastered and lime-washed; its roof of wooden shingles, stained by the weather to a rich red-brown; its windows plain and filled with common glass. A bell-turret containing one small bell projects from the roof. Within it has little of the picturesque. Two poorly furnished altars, a confessional, a floor of rough red bricks, a gallery containing a small organ—its tone and tune too terrible to contemplate—a statue of Our Lady, a few common-looking little pictures and many faded paper flowers for decoration; these make up the description of its interior. But something else must be added to the mere furniture of the place to give a true picture of it. On the walls hang numerous *ex votos*, telling of graces received. Rude paintings, models of various human limbs, votive hearts—each offering gives its own special record of Mary's help implored and vouchsafed. The place is poor, but so was the stable of Bethlehem. Perhaps for its very poverty this newer sanctuary has been chosen, as that ancient one was, to be a well-spring of graces. How many fervent prayers have risen from this mountain top, mingling with the odor of the Adorable Sacrifice—offered in this humble sanctuary so often during two centuries and more! The many vows paid and promises fulfilled in all those years, Heaven's registers alone record.

The mountain top was bleak and chill. Not a tree or shrub for shelter from the bitter wind that raged shrilly. And yet one forgot all such minor inconveniences in the glorious scene that lay beneath us. We stood more than five thousand feet above the sea. Far down, beyond clumps of trees and patches of moorland, lay the village of Seckau and in its centre the group of abbey buildings. Spreading wings and ancient towers were dwarfed to insignificance, yet easily distinguishable. Even the various gardens and orchards and cloister garths could be discerned.

As the eye travelled onward chain after chain of mountain ranges could be seen; vegetation covered the lower slopes and even the summits of the smaller hills, but autumn had toned everything to a sombre grayish green. Looking down upon those many peaks, one compared them involuntarily with the billows of some stormy sea, frozen suddenly rigid. Beyond them in the farther distance rose the snowy mountains of Carinthia, to the north-east those of Admont, to the west the huge Dachstein, highest of all, lifting its giant head more than seven thousand feet above sea-level, and closer still, Zinken, only a few feet less, formed the summit of the range of Hochalm on which we were standing.

It was sunset, and the western sky was gloriously tinted with rose and scarlet, flecked with bars of shimmering gold; but soon the light faded and all the land grew dusky in the fast-coming twilight. We had brought refreshments with us, for the climb had taken three hours and more, and we had partaken of them in a little tumble-down shed, at the back of the chapel, through whose many chinks the whistling blast penetrated and chilled our very bones. So, now that the sun had set, we made haste to reach lower ground before darkness should overtake us; for the mountain paths are devious, and precipices abound.

It was even more tiring to descend than it had been to climb, for we chose a straight way down for quickness, and the stony slopes crumbled beneath the feet and alpenstocks proved invaluable. Before we reached the forest it was dark, and our lantern—thoughtfully provided—was lighted; but before long the moon arose and put to shame all earth-born lights, flooding our path with radiance bright as day. It was pleasant to come in sight of the ruddy twinkling from the abbey windows, and to anticipate the rest and warmth one needed after six hours in the open.

As the Benedictines have succeeded to the possessions of the Austin Canons, so also have they incurred certain of their responsibilities. One of these is the care of the little chapel of Maria Schnee and of the spiritual necessities of its pilgrims. Accordingly, on the "Alm" days they provide for the celebration of the usual Masses, the preaching of the sermons, and the administration of the Sacraments as required. Frequently, during the summer months, the fathers and their students and guests make excursions to the summit of the mountain. During

the winter the place is necessarily deserted, even by the herdsmen and their cattle. Only a week before our visit snow had fallen in Seckau to such an extent as to crush to the earth whole trees under its weight. We were, accordingly, congratulated that we had been able to ascend to the highest sanctuary in the whole of Styria, with no more discomfort than the few drifts of snow which had at intervals barred our path. A few days before it would have been utterly impossible to have achieved even a third part of the distance.

Such are the two Styrian sanctuaries in honor of the Mother of God, which have left on the memory of the writer of these pages an impression never to be effaced. For seven centuries and more the one has been a centre of devotion to Mary for all the country round. Pilgrims have climbed again and again that green plateau, where Seckau stands shaded by its many woodland trees, and have crowded the worn pavements of its ancient church to pay their debt of love and honor and gratitude to the Virgin Mother of their Redeemer. Some have gone to beg her help with earnest tears: others to pour out at her feet their grateful thanks for favors received. Many a distressed mother has pleaded with the Mother of Sorrows for a wild and wayward son; many a loving child has begged her powerful aid for loved ones stricken down with suffering or distress. Weeping mourners have there sought and found healing comfort for their sorrows and entire resignation to their Father's will. Sinners—however deep their guilt—have been able to cast down in that blessed spot the load of sin that lay heavy upon them; innocent souls have drawn from the Pure Heart of Mary strength to enable them to resist temptation and render their purity still more shining. Surely, none who there sought help with trusting, childlike faith have ever been "sent empty away."

It would seem, too, that our Lord beheld with joy the honor in which those Steiermark mountaineers held His beloved Mother, and as a reward would fain multiply the centres of her gracious working among that truly Catholic people. And, therefore, when centuries had rolled over the older shrine, He would raise another and a humbler one, to attract men to a loftier mountain still—nearer the skies; as though He wished to teach more emphatically that great lesson, which the mists of heresy tend to obscure—that Mary's power is always exerted to draw souls nearer to Heaven.

IS THIS HONEST?

BY REV. JAMES J. FOX, D.D.



ONE of the most surprising works that has ever come under our notice is *The Bible and Rationalism*, the author of which is the Reverend John Thein. It consists of four portly volumes. Its title-page informs us that, under a different name, it is a new edition, completely revised and greatly enlarged, of Father Thein's former volume, *Answer to Difficulties of the Bible*. On examining that earlier book we find that, in the preface, the author states that among the works used in its composition were *Les Livres Saints et la Critique Rationaliste* and *La Bible et les Découvertes Modernes* of Abbé Vigouroux. The present work, which is practically a new one, contains no acknowledgment whatever from the author of books that have helped him. Greatly enlarged it is, indeed; we have to see what the author means by completely revised. In the *Difficulties* Father Thein digested and threw into a compact form a great deal of matter from the sources which he specified. A comparison of both works shows clearly that the new one is not an expansion of the other; the new one deals with the topics common to both in a much more detailed manner; and, besides, treats of a large range of subjects which are not touched upon in the *Difficulties*. Glancing through the pages of *The Bible and Rationalism* one receives the impression that the writer is a man of vast learning, familiar with the immense encyclopædia of knowledge that bears upon biblical studies. Several periodicals, whose reviewers have examined it, bear flattering testimony to its excellence. Among others, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, so discriminating in its praises, after remarking upon the vastness of the work's scope and the depth of knowledge it implies, congratulated the distinguished and laborious author upon his success. The *American Catholic Quarterly* expressed the opinion that Father Thein's book ought to be deeply appreciated by Protestants, and that it is a work which was much needed and ought

to be well patronized. It may seem an ungracious thing to register any protest against this consensus of praise. Yet a decent respect for literary, not to say common honesty, demands that somebody should show the true character of this work. Knowing absolutely nothing about the author except what may be gleaned from his books, we feel that we may discharge the disagreeable duty without any suspicion of personal bias. The impressions of the Reverend Father Thein which an examination of his publications make on us are, that he is a gentleman who to a contemptuously low estimate of the culture and mental alertness of his prospective readers unites a rare coolness that may well win for him the motto: *L'Audace et toujours l'audace*. Now for the *opus magnum*.

Noticing that the fourth volume deals with the same subjects as the author's earlier work, *Christian Anthropology*, we confess to having, for a moment, entertained the suspicion that the present treatise might be but a synthesis of Father Thein's two former books. But it would be doing scant justice to the extent of his resources to fancy that his force of genius could no further go than to form a third by joining the other two. Many and great excellences, as the *Quarterly* states, the book has; but it has also many grave defects. And, unfortunately for its producer, all its defects belong to him, while all the excellences belong to another man. With the exception of a very few unimportant chapters, the contents of the entire four volumes are neither more nor less than an undisguised translation of Vigouroux. Page after page, chapter after chapter, volume after volume, have been put together by translating, word for word and line for line, Vigouroux's correct French into shockingly bad English. When the original text is too long for his purpose, Father Thein drops here one or two paragraphs, there several pages; and occasionally, but not always, closes the ragged edges with a sentence of his own. In making these omissions he rarely exercises any discrimination; for frequently he omits something essential to the full statement of an argument or view, and, on the other hand, carefully transplants every line of Vigouroux where the latter is unnecessarily diffuse. The headings of his chapters are copied, with very few exceptions, from Vigouroux. But he sometimes renders them ridiculous by clapping under them, along with their proper matter, other articles on entirely different subjects. The minor lines of

Vigouroux's divisions are closely followed; but by distributing between his first and his last volumes a number of cognate topics relating to Genesis, which are consecutively treated by Vigouroux, he substitutes for the logical order of his original a chaotic jumble. The cuts and illustrations of the French works are omitted, but their memory is commemorated by the retention of those passages in the text which refer to them, and are pointless without them. When by these operations, and by discarding foot-notes everywhere, and necessary references almost everywhere, he has effaced from the work the distinctive cachet of the scholar, Father Thein offers it to the public without a hint as to its origin, and is overwhelmed with praises of his profound study and erudition.

This imputation of wholesale plagiarism is a serious charge; so we hasten to substantiate it in detail. The editions of Vigouroux to which we shall refer are:

La Bible et les Découvertes Modernes. Paris: Berche et Tralin, 1889.

Les Livres Saints. Paris: Roget et Chernovitz. 1890.

We shall now indicate the places in Vigouroux *translated* by Father Thein:

THEIN.

VIGOUROUX.

Vol. i. Preliminary Chapter. *The first book of the old Testament is the Pentateuch*, etc.

Chapter i. *Christian tradition has always been unanimous*, etc.

Chapter ii. *Before establishing the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch*, etc.

Chapter iii. *The arguments alleged by the Rationalists*, etc.

Chapter ix. *A part of the events related in Exodus*, etc.

Chapter x. *Rationalists attack, not only on the ground of improbability, the facts*, etc.

(In this chapter we find, beside the corresponding chapter in Vigouroux, two others on entirely different subjects.)

Les Livres Saints, vol. iii. p. 4. *Le premier livre de l'Ancien Testament est le Pentateuque*, etc.

Ibid., p. 9. *La tradition chrétienne a toujours attribué*, etc., to p. 16.

Ibid. *Avant d'établir l'origine mosaïque*, etc., pp. 19 to 130 (with many omissions).

Ibid.

Les Livres Saints, vol. iv. p. 363. *Une partie des événements racontés dans l'Exode*, etc., to p. 400.

Ibid. *Les rationalistes n'attaquent pas seulement au nom de la vraisemblance, les faits*, etc., to p. 405.

THEIN.

Chapter xii. *In regard to the history of the temptation and fall, etc.*

Chapter xiii. *Until now they have not found in the history of the Assyrian tablets, etc.*

Chapter xiv. *Genesis, after having related the fall of Adam and Eve, etc.* (In this chapter we find, beside the corresponding chapter of Vigouroux, another from a different part of the same author's work; it begins p. 125: *The infidel critics and a great number of non-Catholic commentators, etc.*)

Chapter xvii. *Before circumscribing definitely his history, etc.*

Chapter xviii. *The infidels of our day treat as myths, etc.* (This final chapter contains four pages not drawn from the corresponding part of Vigouroux's work.)

Vols. iii. and iv. are a consecutive translation from vol. iv². of *Les Livres Saints*, with scarcely a single interruption.

The fourth volume opens with what are styled a first and a second preliminary chapter. They resemble an elementary textbook on geology; and the mastery of them by a student would require several months of hard study under a competent instructor. After thus disposing of what he calls, in his own spacious way, these preliminary notions, Father Thein invites us to a discussion of the Mosaic cosmogony, which will lead him into an exposition of Darwinism and the entire evolution theory. Chap. i. is a translation from *Les Livres Saints*, vol. iii. pp. 227-239. Chap. iii. is translated from the same volume, pp. 240-265. Chap. iv. is taken from *La Bible et les Découvertes Modernes*, pp. 227-239. In chapter v. Father Thein returns again to *Les Livres Saints*, vol. iii., and translates his author, line for line, with scarcely a break, through all the exposition, criticism, and refutation of Darwinism and Monism, a discussion occupying eighty pages and five chapters. He himself furnishes Huxley's speech on the Bathybius, and towards the end he adds a few pages of his own. In Chap. x. he harks back to p. 1 of the

VIGOUROUX.

Ibid., p. 142. *Pour ce qui regarde l'histoire de la tentation, etc.*, to the end of the chapter.

La Bible et les Découvertes Modernes: vol. i. p. 224. *On n'a point retrouvé jusqu'ici, etc.*

Ibid., p. 240. *La Genèse après nous avoir raconté la chute, etc.*, to p. 246. See also *Les Livres Saints*: vols. i.-iv'. p. 233. *Les critiques incredules et un grand nombre de commentateurs protestants, etc.*

Les Livres Saints, vol. iv'. p. 271. *Avant de conscrire définitivement son cadre historique, etc.*

Ibid., p. 298. *Les infideles de nos iours traitent de mythes, etc.*

same volume. The remaining portion of his work consists of a chapter on the Noachian deluge, another treating of Bible chronology, and one composed chiefly of moral reflections on the destiny of man. Thus we see that of his greatly enlarged and carefully revised work two volumes entirely, and at least three-fourths of the other two, are nothing else than Vigouroux done into English. Comment would be superfluous.

Though Father Thein can lay no claim to the matter contained in *The Bible and Rationalism*, there is no room for doubting that he is beholden to nobody for his style. He has set up unconsciously as a successful rival of the author to whom we owe *English as she is Spoke*. He shows himself as indifferent to the claims of the tongue which he uses as he is to ethical considerations. The commonest terms of speech are grotesquely perverted. The preposition *at* is used instead of *in*; *until* is constantly doing duty for *to*; the definite article is used continually according to the French idiom; French words are naturalized by giving them a twist; throughout his pages all sorts of Gallicisms come not as single spies but in battalions. Instead of stereotyped English phrases Father Thein presents us with wonderful inventions of his own. A few examples, taken at random, may help to convey some inadequate notion of his picturesque variety of expression, which custom cannot stale: "from the amorphous mone until the speaking man"; "formerly they believed to obtain"; "pennons flutter according to the wind"; "he believed to speak figuratively"; "behold therefore at a people"; "the microscope permits to recognize." The struggle for life is "vital concurrence"; Harvard is called "Cambridge University"; the British Association is "the Britannic Association"; comparative anatomy is "compared anatomy"; and Ecclesiastes, "the Ecclesiastes." He uses the expression "an attempt of the woman" and "an attempt of the man," instead of an attempt to produce the woman, etc.; "deduct" is used for deduce; "approachment" for comparison; "retrenchments" for entrenchments; and "a becoming soil" for a suitable soil. Mistakes like these swarm everywhere. On one page there are seven, out of which we select the following gems: "From the moment one places the essential characteristic of the hand into the thumb, etc., etc."; "At certain apes the most characteristic part of the human face, the nose, exactly develops itself like at man." Occasionally there are sentences

which defy all but conjectural interpretation; as, for instance: "The length of the voyage traveled by large blocks with intact angles, joint with the presence of artic-marine shells, which they believed of having established, caused them to attribute, till lately, these deposits to a phenomenon of transport through icebergs across submerged plains. But the marine shells appear to be absent from the real erratic ground, and it seems that both the Baltic and the North Seas, even with a more elevated level, were not deep enough and too narrow to escape them to a complete obstruction by the ice" (vol. iv. p. 23). If our readers can stand another specimen here it is. Father Thein is treating the difficulty raised against the possibility of our resurrection on the ground that decomposition destroys the identity of the body: "The more one will try to increase it, the more one will insist on the continual circulation of the living atoms, and the more one will try to prove the simplicity of the solution, it will be better to make one understand that the identity of a living body does not depend at all on the identity of the material elements" (Ib., p. 227).

The impertinence of Father Thein's attempt to write a book in English without submitting it to competent revision appears in full only when he re-translates from French works versions of passages from well-known English authors. Huxley, for example, is made to say: "It was me who caused to be known, etc."; "I regret of being obliged"; "they never succeeded to find." Huxley used to complain bitterly that the theologians misquoted him; but if he had lived to read the version of his famous Bathybius speech which Father Thein declares is textually Huxley's own words, we think he would say that "this was the most unkindest cut of all." But Huxley need not complain when even Shakspeare has not escaped metamorphosis consequent on a passage through the alembic of Father Thein's mind. Most school-boys know the lines:

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."

Father Thein has tried his hand on these with the following result:

“The proud Cæsar dead and changed into clay, perhaps to-day
stops a crevice to repel the wind.

Ah! the mortal who formerly filled the world with terror
Stops the hole of a wall to keep away the rigors of the
winter”;

and with artless candor he adds: “One remembers and applauds these words of Shakespeare.” Then he continues to make this very pointed reflection: “But if Julius Cæsar, of whom there remains only a little clay in the crevice of a wall, called himself Nero or Domitian, when he caused to be dragged before his tribunal thousands of innocent victims, when he tore them with iron rods, when he outraged them, butchered them because he wished to remain Christians or simply honest?”

Comparing this present work with Father Thein's *Anthropology*, published several years ago, we find the latter almost free from the verbal blemishes which disfigure this one. Five or six years ago evidently he submitted his pages for revision to somebody who spoke English. But the acclaim with which he has been received as a new prophet arisen in Israel apparently has led him to think that any such refinements are unnecessary in view of the undiscerning taste of the public to whom he caters. We had almost forgotten to mention that the price of this work is five dollars, and that each volume may be bought separately.

As *The Bible and Rationalism* is now about five months old, another epoch-making book may be expected shortly from Father Thein's indefatigable pen. Might one suggest to him the propriety, even at the risk of causing a temporary halt in his encyclopædic tasks, of making a short study of Lehmkuhl's exposition of the principles which regulate the ethics of copyright?

AN ANSWER TO CHARGES OF LOOTING.

BY RIGHT REV. ADOLPH FAVIER (*Bishop of Peking*).

ON the 16th of August, 1900, at eight o'clock in the morning, the allied troops came to the relief of my residence at Pétang. The Boxers and the Chinese volunteers made a very determined resistance. The fight lasted for three hours, and at the end of that time everything was on fire. There were eighteen different conflagrations right in our immediate vicinity. The people took to flight, leaving their homes, their shops, and their stores. If a man had a thousand dollars he could not have bought one single pound of flour, as there was no one to sell it to him, although the flour itself was there in abundance. The six thousand Christians, who had stood the siege of Peking and a starvation lasting for sixty days, were now without either shelter, clothing, or food. They had seen one thousand five hundred and sixty of their relatives massacred by the Boxers, and four hundred others die of want during the siege of Pétang. When they came in our direction, to be saved by the allied forces, we could not permit the multitude to die of hunger. It was then that I authorized my steward (ministre) to keep an exact account of all the food that should be taken from the government stores in order that it might be deducted from the indemnity to be asked later on. A similar account must be carefully made of all things taken from the residences and stores of private citizens. This he did. The value of things taken from the government stores was deducted from the amount required as indemnity; and the owners of the residences and stores were all reimbursed. On the main street of the city I had public notices put up, asking those who had applications to make for indemnity to come and see me. All those who came were paid immediately. Concerning the particular case with which we are now dealing, here are the facts:

On the 9th of February, 1901, some reporters from Marseilles came to tell me of an American despatch, which stated that I had taken a million taels from the home of a man named Lu Sen. The telegram went on to say that I had also taken a collection of porcelain, which I sold to Mr. Squiers. It also

said that Lu Sen had made a complaint in the matter to the allies. My reply to the reporters was: "I am going back to China to-morrow. I cannot for the life of me make out who this Lu Sen is. But on my arrival in China I will put myself in the hands of the allies, if necessary; and if any injustice has been done in spite of my orders to the contrary, I will see that it is repaired."

On arriving at Peking I questioned the generals, the diplomats, and the Chinese themselves. Not one of them had heard any accusation against me. I tried to find out who Lu Sen was. It occurred to me that the writer meant Li Sen, or rather, skipping the first word, as is often done, Yen-Li-Sen. According to the French pronunciation and the Chinese characters, the name is Yan Li Chan. This man had a fairly good residence near my own. He was condemned to death, and executed by Prince Tuan. His house was pillaged by the Boxers, who also burned it in order to make their escape. That happened on the 16th of August. The Christians saved four cases of beautiful porcelain from the flames. These were put in my house, where there was already a beautiful collection with which every one is acquainted, and which I had been collecting for thirty years. This valuable collection of my own, containing among other things a superb vase which was a present from the Empress to myself, I decided to sacrifice in order to send money to the 18,000 or 20,000 Christians of the province who were in the same pitiable condition as their brethren in Peking. It was reported that the family of Yan Li Chan had been wiped out entirely. But notwithstanding that, I had kept a careful separate account of everything that had come from his house. It was my intention to deduct the amount from the indemnity, or to return the value of the things taken to his heirs, if they should turn up. Mr. Squiers chose the pieces that pleased him most from among the objects in my collection, and also from those of Yan. He paid their exact price for them, and sent me a check for one thousand pounds sterling, which I distributed immediately to those who were in need. There is the story of the transaction.

When I returned to Peking, about the end of March, I found that there was one son of Yan still living. I looked for him, and invited him to see me. A few days after he called. He was most thankful to me for having protected some other houses that belonged to the family, and for having repaired the

wall about the burned house so as to keep the property from being estranged from its owners. I asked him if there was any money concealed in the house that had been burned. He said that his father made it a rule not to keep money in the house at all. In fact, I do not think that any one could by any possibility have found any sum of money there. I told him that I wished to make good the value of the objects saved from the conflagration, and later sold for the benefit of the perishing. He refused to receive anything. But I compelled him to take it. This payment was made by check on the "Bank of Hong Kong." And the payment was made in full, just as had been done for all the other private citizens and store-keepers.

Now I have written exactly what happened. If any man does not wish to take the word of an old man and a bishop, who has lived for forty years in Peking, I can obtain and send the affidavits of all those who have suffered loss and been indemnified. These grateful and generous pagans have presented me with testimonials and addresses of thanks for what I have found it possible to do for the protection of their property. Some of their testimonials are signed by more than four hundred persons. We have never had the least trouble with the good people of Peking, who know well that I am the friend of the pagan just as well as of the Christian. Since the siege we have had a great many converts from among these excellent people. All this as a consequence of the esteem in which they hold us. We have since baptized more than 1,400 adults; and more than four thousand have given in their names to become Catholics.

You have no idea how sorry I am to hear that these reports have come from America. I admire that country of free liberty for all. The diplomats, and the officers of the army and the navy of the United States, have always been most friendly towards me. Among them are some of my dearest friends. The Protestant ministers from the United States are also on terms of the most friendly and cordial relationships with me.

I am fully convinced that these accusations against me are the result of incomplete reports of the things that have been done. So far as I am concerned, I shall have no hard feelings towards those who have made the accusations, for I know that they are not deceivers. They are only the victims of deception.

The above statement was made by personal letter to the Editor of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE* in response to a

request made by him of Bishop Favier for an exact recital of facts. Charges had been made that the Bishop in conjunction with Mr. H. G. Squiers, the First Secretary of the United States Legation in China, had possessed himself of some most valuable articles. The charges were denied at the time by the following cablegrams:

"Pekin, April 1, 1901.—Bishop Favier denies utterly the accounts published in Europe and America, to the effect that he conducted an immense loot sale. The Bishop says he never looted in his life. After the siege many presents were made to him by rich people, and he ordered them to be sold in behalf of the native Catholics. Probably some of the things at the time of the general loot may have been acquired that way by the donors, but not to Monseigneur Favier's knowledge."

The following statement from Washington protected Mr. Squiers' character:

"Washington, March 7, 1901.—Secretary Hay to-day received a cablegram from Minister Conger at Pekin stating that the reports that have reached America, to the effect that H. G. Squiers, the United States Secretary of Legation, has been guilty of looting were based on misinformation. As a matter of fact the minister states that Mr. Squiers is entirely guiltless of any such thing."

The two statements should have settled this matter at once and for all, but it was the old story that falsehood goes on the wings of the wind, while truth can only follow with leaden steps.

The story appeared again in the daily press through the following statement, made on the authority of a certain Mr. Runge, in September. It was very generally believed, because it appeared from the story of the transaction that Mr. Runge was familiar with all the circumstances:

"The moment the allied forces captured Pekin, Bishop Favier, the present Roman Catholic Bishop in Pekin, made a descent upon Yen-Li-Sen's palace and completely stripped it of the enormously valuable collection of art articles, leaving the articles of coarser grain and of less value to followers whose culture was not up to the Bishop's standard."

It became necessary to secure an authoritative denial. In response to a request for a denial, Bishop Favier writes the above statement and asks that it be given all the publicity possible.



1. Pepper: *Maids and Matrons of New France*; 2. Williams: *J. Devlin—Boss*; 3. Kipling: *Kim*; 4. Sanders: *Fénelon*; 5. Repplier: *The Fireside Sphinx*; 6. Bacheller: *D'ri and I*; 7. Messmer: *Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine*; 8. Ollivier: *Le Père Chocarne de l'Ordre de Saint Dominique*; 9. Tileston: *Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day*; 10. Mother Juliana: *Revelations of Divine Love*; 11. Lang: *The Violet Fairy Book*; 12. *The Roman Missal*; 13. Souben: *Les Manifestations du Beau dans la Nature*; 14. Eastwick: *Beyond these Voices*; 15. Pacheu: *Introduction à la Psychologie des Mystiques*; 16. Maher: *Her Father's Trust*; 17. Wallace: *One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing*; 18. O'Reilly: *The Six Golden Cords of a Mother's Heart*; 19. Catholic Truth Society: *Publications*; 20. Hoxie: *Civics for New York State*; 21. Barry: *The Place of Dreams*; 22. Hylan: *Public Worship*; 23. *Roads to Rome*; 24. Father Finn: *But Thy Love and Thy Grace*; 25. Garesché: *The Little Imperfections*; 26. Metcalfe: *Passion Sonnets and Other Verses*.

1.—As romantic as a novel and better, because truer, is Miss Pepper's delightful book* on the ladies of New France. We have long been familiar with the maids and matrons of New England, but are less acquainted with those who, coming from France or born in the Canadian wilds, had no other aims in life than God and country. There has been hitherto no work devoted entirely to these, and it is this deficiency that Miss Pepper's volume supplies. The author is well qualified for her undoubtedly pleasing task. Her connection with that monumental work, *The Jesuit Relations*, has given her many advantages, so that her history has reason to be authentic. Besides this, she enters with sympathy into the lives of those of whom she writes, accepting "their divine inspirations unquestioningly as they did." We closed her book filled with a deep sense of admiration for the noble women she revivifies before us; women as virtuous, heroic, and, to quote the author, "as worthy of

* *Maids and Matrons of New France*. By Mary Sifton Pepper. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

eternal remembrance as their Anglo-Saxon sisters of New England." Whether as missionaries among the Indians, as educators, as recluses or as defenders of their homes, their "lives were monuments in themselves, their deeds commemorative inscriptions which no temporal change in their adopted land could efface." We can only regret that such women as the Marquise de Pompadour should have introduced into their country the frivolities and vices of the Old World, and thus should have caused, indirectly at least, the fall of New France.

The volume itself is beautifully gotten up.

2.—The history of Jimmie Devlin* is a clever exposure of the aims, methods, and principles which regulate American politics as played on the subordinate stage of municipal life. The small arts of the local politician, the cut-throat competition for power, the petty intrigues, the mining and countermining through which a backing at the polls is obtained, are sketched with vigor and fidelity. We are introduced to Jimmie in his early years when he has just been promoted from the news-boy ranks to the position of messenger-boy in the office. With good natural parts and the instinct of self-preservation strongly developed by the acute form taken on by the struggle for existence in his surroundings, Jimmie goes forth conquering and to conquer. We follow him on his upward orbit through the various stages of henchman, district leader to the dictatorship, and finally, through a political Waterloo, till he acquires respectability and a bank-directorship. Although moving in a vitiated atmosphere Jimmie gains, with some reservations, our sympathy from the first. If his political ethics are loose, his private character is irreproachable; faithful to his friends, generous even to his enemies, his shortcomings seem to be the outcome of his environment, while his good qualities are his own. An unsuspected chord of romance lies hidden underneath the worldly outside. His defeat is brought around not through any failure of judgment or over-reaching selfishness, but by his uncalculating chivalry which prompts him to risk his position in order to save from persecution by her worthless husband a good woman who, when they sold newspapers together, won Jimmie's affections. Another slight love-theme which runs through the plot helps to make the book a very readable one.

* *J. Devlin—Boss*. A Romance of American Politics. By Francis Churchill Williams. Illustrated by Clifford Carlton. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

3.—One thing we are sure of after having finished *Kim*,* and that is Mr. Kipling's ability to sustain the rôle of artist beyond the limits of a short story. Unkindly critics have heretofore challenged his possession of this power; but his last achievement is a refutation, if there be truth in the old saw of the scholastics: *Ab actu ad posse valet illatio*.

Yet, perhaps, critics will still find some ground to stand upon; for the construction of *Kim* has not called for any great architectonic power on its author's part. The story is a long-drawn series of brilliant sketches studied out from a single pair of characters. It cannot be enjoyed by a reader who "skips" through the volume trying to trace out the plot; for the plot—if we can call it that—is well hidden away between the lines and not to be suspected save by a careful reader. And for all its interesting description of the Indian Secret Service and of the impudent successes of a dare-devil Irish-Indian boy, the story may fail to fascinate many who are wont to profess themselves ardent Kiplingites.

But the tale is full of strength; it is redolent of the odor of Indian life, the plains, the towns, the railroads of that "only democratic country in the world." It seems to be the work of an author maturer and surer of himself than in his earlier work. An under-current of grave oriental mysticism running so steadily alongside of palpable fraud and charlatanism produces the rather queer impression that the writer wishes to be taken seriously. There is much pathetic poetry in the story of the venerable lama and his search for the river that washes away sin; and there is true art in the great varied picture of the Indian character, curious, elusive, fascinating, that peers out from each page with some new revelation. But, alas! as yet Mr. Kipling has found no true woman's soul in all his wanderings up and down this Eastern land.

The contrasted sketch of parson and priest is amusing. "Between himself and the Roman Catholic chaplain of the Irish contingent lay, as Bennett believed, an unbridgable gulf; but it was noticeable that whenever the Church of England dealt with a human problem she was very likely to call in the Church of Rome. Bennett's official abhorrence of the Scarlet Woman and all her ways was only equalled by his private respect for Father Victor." Another specimen of Mr. Kipling's eclecticism; but at

* *Kim*. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

any rate he is, as we always supposed, fair. Only we trust that he does not carry his disinterestedness quite so far as to think with Mahbub Ali: "The matter of creeds is like horse-flesh, . . . each has merit in its own country."

4—Dealing as it does with so attractive a subject as the personality of Fénelon, Mr. Sanders's new volume* could not fail to be entertaining; written, as it is, by one who is neither a theologian nor a Catholic, it could not hope to be quite satisfactory. The author has studied his subject well; his language is pleasant and his style is smooth; he is free from conscious bigotry and is disposed to be sympathetic; he refrains from the common fault of rushing into untempered admiration of his hero. Yet who will be content with excellences such as these? Despite evident effort the biographer falls short of a thorough appreciation of his subject—not far short, perhaps, and not short at all if we accept a merely profane view. Nevertheless, as we read these pages we feel an uneasy consciousness that Fénelon is not all there, that his deepest spiritual characteristics have not been caught, cannot have been caught by a writer who sees something almost inconsistent in a mysticism that is ever docile to the church's teaching.

Our author is a little bit given to harsh judgment even in estimating his hero; with others less entitled to consideration he is even more drastic. When he comes to consider Bossuet's treatment of Fénelon, he is downright in his condemnation of the Bishop of Meaux. His critical attitude, however, may be condoned the more readily in view of the fact that writers who speak with authority are convinced that Bossuet, upon reflection, would have disowned some of the things done and said by him in the heat of passion.

From a literary point of view we judge the book to be short of perfection. The plan is good, and seems to have been successfully studied out with the aim of presenting a new and vivid picture in each separate chapter; but the treatment of details is rather hazy at times. The writer appears to presume on the reader's general knowledge so far that events are not pointedly and plainly stated. Instances are the actual papal condemnation of Fénelon, and again the vacillating conduct of Cardinal

**Fénelon: His Friends and His Enemies.* By E. K. Sanders. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

de Noailles—neither of which is clearly described. Sometimes our author makes statements like the following: “Molina, who was originally a Jesuit, attempted to combine the two theories (viz., those of Augustine and of Pelagius) in his treatise, ‘The Compatibility of Free-will with the Gifts of Grace’; but they seem to have been incompatible, and the Jesuits would not allow their rivals to preach a doctrine which, if it had no other flaw, was so evidently destructive to the supreme spiritual power of the priests.”

5.—*The Fireside Sphinx** is Miss Repplier’s memorial to Agrippina, her dead darling, that now for seven years has been sleeping sweetly in fields of asphodel—dear little ghost, whose memory has never faded from her faithful mistress’ heart. The book is not only witty; it is filled with numberless characteristic instances of the author’s gift of making peculiarly happy allusions to history and literature. Lovers of cats will rejoice over the wealth of anecdote here displayed; lovers of English that is at once sparkling, dignified, and clean as the soul of a child, will congratulate themselves that Miss Repplier has written again. And let the reader bear in mind that for all its lightness and pleasantry the volume represents no small amount of painstaking work.

6 —With a new volume† that has already attained a circulation of sixty thousand, and a hero who is the rival, and in some sense the reincarnation, of Eben Holden, Mr. Bacheller is again before the reading public. The serial publication of this latest story in the *Century Magazine* has, apparently, done nothing to lessen its chances of popularity; some fifty thousand copies of the book were ordered in advance of publication. Coming in the wake of its author’s previous immensely popular novel, it runs some risk of being considered as one of those usually disastrous afterthoughts of a writer who has made a hit; yet in the present instance that danger-point seems to have been safely weathered.

D’ri and I deals with the days of “1812,” when the borderland between New York and Canada “was a theatre of

* *The Fireside Sphinx*. By Agnes Repplier. With illustrations by E. Bonsall. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *D’ri and I*. By Irving Bacheller. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

interest and renown. Its play was a tragedy; its setting the ancient wilderness; its people of all conditions from king to farm-hand." So speaks the author, and he adds the assurance that "the most important episodes herein are of history."

That the book is in any sense great we can scarcely allow. D'ri is Eben Holden turned into a border-scout, and sent through a series of thrilling but impossible adventures. In this the author seems to verge on the extravagant, for a good deal of the plotting and counter-plotting is carried out with a rather reckless regard of *vraisemblance*. It must be confessed, too, that the frequent attempts to make D'ri witty and epigrammatic are in great measure failures; very, very few of his remarks bear the stamp of original genius.

The story itself contains several good surprises, including the *dénouement* and Ray's final choosing of Louise rather than her sister as a bride. In fact the closing scenes grow quite serious and inculcate a moral which is both beautiful and elevating, namely, that the greatest love is a response to the attractions of spiritual rather than of physical beauty.

The book may be classed among the legion of good historical novels of the present day. As it has been provided with a new set of illustrations and is handsomely bound, it will no doubt be a very popular holiday gift.

7.—A Manual for Priests, Teachers, and Parents is the subtitle of a new translation* from the German of Francis Spirago, the writer whose *Catechism Explained* went through seven editions in two years. It is a useful volume for those engaged in the task of instructing souls in the truths of Catholic faith. It contains a summary of considerable church legislation, outlines courses of Christian doctrine for schools of various grades, and imparts useful information as to the qualities and the methods of good instruction and the right use of educational tools. A Catechist's Library is added as an appendix. Valuable as the work was in the original, it has of necessity been made much more so to us by the painstaking revision of the learned editor, Bishop Messmer. We trust the volume will fulfil his hope by helping to drive out the pernicious system of making Christian doctrine a mere memory drill. The Bishop's preface

* *Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine*. Edited by the Right Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Green Bay, Wisconsin.

is an inspiring appeal for wise treatment of the most important problem, how to effect thorough doctrinal training in the young.

The volume is modelled to a great extent upon Monseigneur Dupanloup's *Ministry of Catechising*, and contains many quotations from this and from other valued sources. That it breathes the spirit of the zealous Bishop of Orleans is in itself a strong reason for expecting good things of it. Apostolic zeal for the ministry among the little ones is one of the fruits likely to be gathered by the attentive reader. Further than this, the book will do much to insure that the catechist's zeal is "according to knowledge"; for the practical suggestions are wise as well as numerous and have evidently been developed in the school of experience. It might well be said that no one interested in the religious instruction of children should neglect to examine this new contribution to a most important class of pedagogical literature.

8.—There are many readers who will need no other invitation to Père Ollivier's new volume* than the knowledge that it is the life of the author of that wonderfully beautiful biography, Chocarne's *Inner Life of Lacordaire*. The two books, of course, are not to be compared with one another, for their subjects are of very different importance; nevertheless the more recent volume contains the account of a distinguished and admirable character. So far as it goes it is reliable and conscientious, although less exhaustive than it might easily have been.

Of special interest is the account of Père Chocarne's visit to the United States and of his warm admiration for this country and its institutions. He came in contact with Father Hecker, and we find a pleasing description of the cordial relations established between them. The writer insists with considerable emphasis on the fact that the French priest did not fall under the influence of his American friend; and, indeed, there is nothing in the volume to indicate that the connection was anything more than a temporary but sympathetic association.

Of course it need not be said that readers interested in the recent religious history of France will find the book replete with serviceable information. Written as it is in a spirit of filial affection, the biography still remains a calm and conscientious recital of events, and is free from intemperate enthusiasm.

* *Le Père Chocarne de l'Ordre de Saint Dominique*. Par le Père M.-J. Ollivier. Paris: Lethielleux.

9.—Mary Wilder Tileston's new book* is made up of 366 pages of brief quotations in prose and verse from many writers, of many countries and ages, and of various faiths. Sometimes this variety makes a combination almost startling, as when a single page contains selections from Wesley, Faber, Scupoli, and St. Francis de Sales, or from Monsell, Sidney Lear, Rutherford, and À Kempis. Generally, though not always, the selected passages are worth reading; and the book is a pleasant and convenient way of receiving cheering and inspiring suggestions in time of clouds. Its index makes it superior to many similar volumes. The Catholic taste of the writer is evident.

10 —It was of Mother Juliana that Father Hecker was speaking when he wrote in the preface to the 1864 edition of her Revelations: "We know of no spiritual writer who has combined such rare thought, warmth of piety, and charming simplicity, as our English nun. There is no attempt at composition, no mere reproduction of remembered thought, but the very heart of a contemplative soul, whose inspirations, whether natural or above nature, are fresh and divine. The book will have a special interest, moreover, for a distinct class. It possesses an historical value, showing what hearts beat in English cloisters in the olden time, and how sweetly the voice of piety sounded in our good old Saxon tongue."

It seems timely to recall these words in view of Miss Warrack's beautiful and carefully prepared edition of the book in question.† Never have the Revelations been presented in more attractive and accessible form; and we may reasonably hope the present edition will encourage many new readers to become acquainted with the rare beauty and fine spirituality contained in its pages. It may help to develop, or at least it will feed that appetite for sublime communion with God the absence of which is so painful a feature in many a conception of the spiritual ideal. Sympathy with the mystics and aspirations toward perfect prayer are things to be cultivated with profit; and Miss Warrack has earned great praise by thus helping to circulate a book so redolent of the sweet fragrance of a con-

* *Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day*. Selected by the Editor of *Daily Strength for Daily Needs*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† *Revelations of Divine Love, Recorded by Juliana, anchoress at Norwich*. A version from the MS. in the British Museum, edited by Grace Warrack. London: Methuen & Co.

templative life. It may be said, too, that while her modernizing of the text will perhaps dissatisfy critics fond of the antique and obsolete, it will do a great deal toward encouraging a multitude of readers whose first wish is for intelligibility. Some of the alterations are of questionable worth, indeed, but the difference is trifling, and the divisions, headings, and punctuation are made carefully and intelligently. The Glossary is less complete than that contained in the American edition, but this lack is more than made up by the abundance of explanations given elsewhere; so that from a literary stand-point we deem the present volume to be very satisfactory, even though Miss Warrack, in enumerating the editions of the Revelations, utterly ignores the existence of the Ticknor & Fields edition from which we quoted above. Her theological qualifications are less satisfactory, and though her evident sympathy and honesty make criticism an unpleasant task, it does seem sometimes as if only the vagueness of her language saves her from being downright offensive, both to Mother Juliana and to ourselves. However, though we cannot heartily endorse the Introduction, we do thank the editor for having presented us with a deeply interesting text in so agreeable a form.

11.—The tales of Mr. Lang's new fairy book* are translations of the popular stories of a number of different races. Most of us will find many old favorites here in some slightly varied form. The collection is superior to the ordinary fairy-books familiar to all children, chiefly in this, that it is made up only of tales which Andrew Lang deems eligible, that the translations have been made under his supervision, that the source of each story is indicated, and that the volume has been beautifully constructed by the publishers. As a holiday gift it seems to meet the requirements of a large class of people often hard pressed to make a choice.

12—It has been said that Catholic lay people know much too little about church ritual, its divisions, forms, prayers, the relative importance and the significance of these, and, above all, the surpassing dignity and beauty of these, as they are actually used. In view of this deficiency, the little volume be-

* *The Violet Fairy Book*. Edited by Andrew Lang. New York, London, and Bombay Longmans, Green & Co.

fore us* ought to be an invaluable help in promoting a better knowledge and appreciation of divine service; and it should be very serviceable in effecting a more intelligent and more devout attendance at Holy Mass.

The edition is entirely complete, of course, in the ordinary and canon of the Mass, and in the common and proper prayers for each day and season. The rubrical portion also is quite full. It is supplemented likewise with various appendices proper to particular places or communities.

13.—The field of æsthetics is one that has been little worked by Catholics. This is a regrettable fact, since, aside from the charm attaching to it, it is so fruitful, and worthy, too, of the especial attention of Catholics because of its apologetical value. We are glad to note, however, that several æsthetical works by Catholics have appeared recently. One of these, an English translation of *L'Esthétique du Dogme Chrétien*, has already been noticed in these pages. The present work† is by the same author, Father Souben, and considers the various manifestations of the beautiful in nature. In an interesting introduction the author reviews the ways in which the people of different epochs have appreciated and interpreted the beauties of nature; and criticises the æsthetical works of Hegel and Theodore Vischer. He then examines the sentiments we experience in the presence of the beautiful and their causes. After a few words on method he enters upon the main part of his work and considers the various manifestations of beauty: light and color, air and water, man, the human race, and, finally, the Author of nature—God.

14.—“A Modern Pagan,” the heading of the first part of Mrs. Eastwick’s novel,‡ gives the reader a far better insight into the true nature of the story than the title does. The work is a psychological study of Iolanthe Geraint, a young woman of pronounced character, self-willed and ambitious, who has been brought up under the influence of her father’s atheistical philosophy. The author finds in her pagan heroine a practical application of the absolute insignificance of life, and the want of contentment therein when it is viewed from the stand-point of scepticism.

* *The Roman Missal*. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Les Manifestations du Beau dans la Nature*. Par R. P. Jules Souben. Paris: P. Lethiel-leux.

‡ *Beyond these Voices*. By Mrs. Egerton Eastwick. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Left alone in the world at the age of seventeen, Iolanthe abandons her home in South America for England, where she lives with her uncle, Francis Geraint, at Braedon, a little village near London. Her great beauty and marked individuality soon claim for her many admirers, among them her cousin, Lucas Geraint, the heir to the estate, who is already practically engaged to another lady. Iolanthe finds her greatest opponent in the old family chaplain, Father Galbraith, who, perceiving her want of faith and distorted views, defeats her when the prize is all but won.

In the second part of this most interesting novel, after a lapse of two years, we again meet Iolanthe in London at the Athenaion, a school of philosophy of her own founding. Lord Sherington, one of her coterie, falls in love with her, and the engagement is announced; but finding herself afflicted with some fatal malady, she breaks this engagement. After a lingering illness, and confident that there is nothing beyond this present life, she secretly obtains a drug which brings her painful existence to an end.

This modern Aspasia as depicted by Mrs. Eastwick is but the semblance of that type of civilization whose views are unmodified by admixture with a society governed by ethical and Christian principles; a class of individuals who hold that from darkness we have come and to darkness we shall return—that death is the end of everything.

The interest of the story depends not upon the plot nor adventure, but upon fine delineation of character, and the praiseworthy manner in which Mrs. Eastwick sets forth the false teaching and ultimate end of scepticism by a comparison with the true teaching of philosophy based on solid Catholic doctrine. The characters all live; and are well sustained throughout. The novel is original, and shows the fruits of deep study and keen observation. It is filled with bright dialogues and good situations, and doubtless will meet with a warm welcome at the hands of the reading and thinking public.

15.—Father Pacheu, S.J., as an author, has become pretty well identified with the subject of mysticism, both by his various writings and by his lectures at the Catholic Institute of Paris. His volume *De Dante à Verlaine* was widely circulated, and very highly praised by competent critics in three or four

different countries of Europe. He has now presented to the public an enlarged reproduction* of a paper read before the Fourth Congress of Psychology in 1900—a contribution referred to in very complimentary terms by M. Pierre Janet in a lecture before the Sociétés Savantes last May, when the speaker praised “the breadth of mind, the talent, the delicate art, and the honesty” of this work of a Catholic priest. The brochure served as an introduction to the lectures on Mysticism commenced last term at the Catholic Institute and resumed this November. It will be eagerly and profitably considered by those interested in the study which has become so strangely popular among a generation professedly naturalistic. On the meaning of the word Mysticism, and on the spiritual and psychological significance of the phenomenon, Father Pacheu has pages that deserve to be thoughtfully read.

16 —*Her Father's Trust*† is an Irish story, sweet, simple, and elevating. The book contains many pretty word-pictures, and more—spiritual epigrams which, if lived up to, would insure no mean perfection. Besides, it puts forth a plea for the Catholic education of youth, presenting arguments well worth consideration. For years, until after the death of her mother and brother, and the marriage of her sister, the heroine's life is almost a journey to Calvary; its *motif* being, “Fiat voluntas tuas.” The result of her sacrifice is the sure crown which comes to those who dare to suffer much. In this case the heroine also meets the reward of earthly happiness, which perhaps in real life is rarely so perfect.

17.—Here is a little tale,‡ well told, of how a cripple was cured at the Shrine of our Lady of Perpetual Help, in the “Mission” Church, Boston. Whether or not the story itself be true, the author leaves unsaid; but the setting, the pictures, and even the people mentioned, are from real life. It is a pretty little gift book, specially adapted to children, and among them, as the author says, to “Children of Mary.”

The preface is rather pretentious for so unassuming a volume, and it certainly would have done no harm to state that most of it is a direct quotation from the historian Lecky.

* *Introduction à la Psychologie des Mystiques.* Par Jules Pacheu, S.J. Paris: H. Oudin.

† *Her Father's Trust.* By Mary Maher. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing.* By Kathryn Wallace. New York: The Abbey Press.

18.—Those who have read *Seven Jewels from our Saviour's Lips* will be glad to see Father O'Reilly's more recent publication.*

The "Six Cords," the golden protectors, are the six precepts of the church, which the author explains clearly and concisely. A strong point is that the author shows Mother Church in establishing these laws, as in all her dealings with her children, acts lovingly and reasonably, in conformity with natural and divine laws. The little book closes with a paraphrase of the "Hail Mary" in which instructive thoughts are beautifully set.

This book can be profitably read by Catholics, and will be most helpful to those of our separated brethren who are seeking explanations. So it is a book to be owned and loaned by Catholics.

19.—The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco presents us with lives of Cardinal Newman and Father Damien in pamphlet form,† from the pens of Rev. Dr. William Barry and Dr. Charles Warren Stoddard.

Cardinal Newman's life-long struggle with error and final attainment of truth are told with clearness and simplicity; and with a spontaneity, too, which indicates the intimate acquaintance of the author with the life and times of him whom he is pleased to call "the most distinguished convert since the Reformation." Dr. Barry well understands the spirit which so wilfully misunderstood Dr. Newman.

The heroism of the "Martyr of Molokai" receives that treatment of grace and charm and unforcedness which is peculiar to the writings of Dr. Stoddard. The admiration of the doctor for the martyr-priest is at once detected in the earnest narrative of the self-sacrifice which he had personally witnessed at the leper colony.

20.—*Civics for New York State*‡ is a carefully prepared manual containing the more important principles of our government, and especially adapted to the needs of students in the schools of the Empire State.

* *The Six Golden Cords of a Mother's Heart*. By Rev. J. O'Reilly. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Cardinal Newman*. By Dr. William Barry.—*Father Damien*. By Dr. Charles Warren Stoddard. San Francisco: Catholic Truth Society.

‡ *Civics for New York State*. By Charles De Forrest Hoxie. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: American Book Company.

It presents attractively a subject which too often has been considered dull and uninteresting; and, by the systematic arrangement of its parts as well as by the good judgment manifest in the notes and references, it appeals immediately to the progressive teacher. The book contains excellent maps and diagrams; and this fact, together with its conciseness, mark it as well suited for the class-room.

Though intended merely as a text-book, the pleasing style in which it traces the gradual development of many of our laws makes it valuable also to the general reader. Indeed, it seems admirably calculated to stimulate in the student a desire for a more thorough knowledge of our national institutions, to awaken a deeper love for country, and to beget a keen appreciation of the responsibilities of an American citizen.

21.—In his latest book* Dr. Barry enters an uncanny province. Satan and Satan-possession; houses haunted and souls imp-ridden; midnight-noises and nether-world visitations, are the ghastly themes of three out of the four stories in the collection. It requires consummate power to make out of such matter a successful literary venture. It requires a Teutonic imagination too. We doubt whether a Celt will ever succeed in such an enterprise; for though the Gael is always a mystic, and is marvellously sensitive to impressions from the spirit-realm, he is weak in a two-fold faculty which makes the Teuton pre-eminent in works of this kind: the inventive imagination which furnishes the literary raw-material, and the constructive imagination which builds the raw-material into the architecture of letters. Dr. Barry is a skilled literary craftsman, and it is hardly to his disparagement to say that he has not achieved his usual success in entering a field where all the antecedents were against him.

22 —This pamphlet† consists of the answers given to questions propounded to a certain number of church-goers inquiring principally into the reasons for attending public religious services; and consists, secondarily, of the author's reflections upon and conclusions from these data. The author holds religion to be, in its essential feature, "a feeling of personal responsibility

* *The Place of Dreams*: Four Stories. By William Barry, D.D. London: Sands & Co.

† *Public Worship*: A Study in the Psychology of Religion. By John P. Hylan. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.

towards the conditions of the environment." With such a definition—whatever it may mean—in his mind, it is not astonishing to find in his work no study of the sense of dependence on a Supreme Being, and consequently little of philosophical value. Another sentence of his quite as mischievous in tendency, and quite as befogged in meaning as the one just cited, asserts that "it was not until Christianity became Romanized that it became separated from morality through penance payments." Conscientious and scientific students of empirical psychology often express irritation because so many suspect their science, and would exclude it from the dignified family of philosophical studies. They may have to wait long for the recognition they seek, if pamphlets like this continue to represent them.

23.—Those who keep track of the progress of the Catholic religion will remember that about this time last year the great statistician, Michael G. Mulhall, read a paper at the Australasian Catholic Congress, bringing to light, among other things, some striking facts concerning the growth in the number of Catholic communicants all over the world. We are reminded particularly of one feature of the conversions to the faith in England, by the publication of *Roads to Rome*.* It is this—that a large proportion of the English converts is of the educated classes. Since 1850, 721 university graduates have taken their various *roads to Rome*.

In the volume in hand we have accounts of many of the most recent of these conversions, written by the converts themselves.

Of course, most all of these English converts have started from Canterbury on their journey to Rome—a fact which may indicate that Anglicanism is a preparation for Catholicism.

The present sketches are all interesting, well written, and in their variations illustrative of one phase of the catholicity of the church, namely, that she supplies the needs and supports the religious convictions of "all kinds and conditions of men."

We should like to see more works of this sort. Illustrious converts in our own country could, and doubtless would, at the request of some editor, provide for our people an equally interesting volume.

* *Roads to Rome*. Compiled and edited by the author of *Ten Years in Anglican Orders*. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

24.—Father Finn's reputation as "a boy's writer" has been well established for some time; his latest volume* is a bid for equal popularity among little minds. It is a simple tale of a good, pious factory-girl—the kind every priest has encountered and admired—an instance "of the loveliness born of frequent Confession and Communion." The scenes are drawn from events ordinary enough in any city parish: a bazaar, a love-affair, a sick-call, deeds of self-denial, charity, and love of God, and a death-bed where the angels seem very near.

25.—A treatise of twenty-five brief letters on *The Little Imperfections*† is presented to the public with the aim of calling the reader's attention "to some of those little defects from which the purest souls are not exempt, and to induce them to reflect upon the little imperfections which tarnish our most perfect actions." The author deals with his subject in a sensible, pointed, and practical way. To one who is inclined to dodge the necessity of constant vigilance in trifling matters of every day, this book will be a useful reminder of duties neglected and an indication of how to improve. A reader inclined to over-introspection, however, may just as well leave it alone and try some other line of improvement than that of minute attention to actions and motives.

26.—*Passion Sonnets and Other Verses*‡ is the title of a cute and neatly bound volume. As the title indicates, the subject-matter is mainly concerned with versifying the more affecting incidents of our Saviour's Passion.

The matter does not lend itself, as readily as one would be led to imagine from its nature, to smooth poetical treatment; however, the author has succeeded admirably well in clothing his thoughts with simple, graceful language, and with a rhythm harmonious and musical. He shows himself a master of the sonnet. Care and conscientiousness are evidenced in every line. His versatility allows him to treat of the pathetic and joyful with equal facility. There are many efforts of exquisite beauty scattered throughout the volume; and there is no verse for which one will not feel the better for reading.

* "*But Thy Love and Thy Grace.*" By Francis J. Finn, S.J. With Illustrations by Charles C. Svendsen. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Little Imperfections.* Translated from the French. By Rev. Frederic P. Garesché, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

‡ *Passion Sonnets and Other Verses.* By R. Metcalfe. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company.

A SCIENTIST'S PROFESSION OF FAITH.*

There is a touch of pathos in the fact that the last thing to reach us from the gifted pen of the late John Fiske is his little monograph on the immortality of the soul, and that it has appeared only after the author has himself passed over the bourne whence no traveller returns. It is not a positive argument for immortality; it is only the refutation of an objection advanced against that universal belief of mankind. But, and herein its value lies, it is a conclusive exposure by a thorough-going evolutionist of the fallacy so commonly entertained by the rank and file of anti-Christian pseudo-scientists that the establishment of the evolutionary theory renders the doctrine of immortality incredible. Fiske shows conclusively that, even though all the evolutionist's contentions concerning origins be granted, no legitimate inference against survival after death can be drawn from modern science. Thirty years ago this concession from an eminent evolutionist would have been received with joy, one might almost say with deep gratitude, by the defenders of orthodoxy. Then Mr. Herbert Spencer was professing to show, by the help of biology and psychology, that consciousness was but a mere phenomenon of molecular motion, and all the Positivists were shouting Amen! Time, however, has substituted the sobriety and diffidence which come of second thought for the extravagant self-sufficiency of youthful Positivism. At present every man of standing in biological science or in psychology admits that there is no possibility of identifying consciousness with nervous function. It is true, however, that, to borrow Fiske's words, "even to-day we may sometimes be entertained by a belated eighteenth century naturalist who is fully persuaded that his denial of immortality is an inevitable corollary from the doctrine of evolution."

* *Life Everlasting*. By John Fiske. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LIBRARY TABLE

The Tablet (12 Oct.): Fr. Gerard answers an article in the *Monthly Review* (Oct.) written by Mr. Dell in criticism of Fr. Gerard's previous article in the August *Monthly Review*. Mr. Dell having said the reason for Jesuit unpopularity is that "the Society combines the qualities of a fussy, interfering woman with those of an officious detective officer," Fr. Gerard submits that his own opinion, resting on an experience of forty-five years in the Jesuits, is of more value than the opinion of Mr. Dell, who has been a Catholic only for about forty-five months; other statements of Mr. Dell are criticised also.

(19 Oct.): Reprints part of an article in *The Pilot* by Mr. Andrew Lang rebuking Mr. Dell's unfairness and extolling the Jesuits for their courage, self-denial, benevolence, intellectuality, and honesty. A list is given of over a hundred religious congregations of women that have quitted France as a result of the new Associations Law.

(26 Oct.): Details are given of a bill introduced into the Jersey Parliament to prevent the French religious orders from settling in the island.

Church Quarterly Review (Oct): An article upon Father Elliott's *Life of Father Hecker* speaks with great respect and admiration of the founder of the Paulists as a loyal and consistent representative of integral Roman Catholicism, and utterly distinct from the so-called "Liberals," since he heartily accepted the Infallibility of the Pope and all that it involved.

National Review (Oct.): Dr. Barry, in an article upon the Prospects of Catholicism, estimates some of the reasons why the church is destined not simply to survive but to flourish, and perhaps to rule, in a social state democratic by constitution, tolerant of all beliefs and unbeliefs by laws, scientific in its great processes of industry, and subject to rapid developments or crises in its daily life.

Dublin Review (Oct.): Fr. Ryder points out the defects of Canon Gore's recent volume on the Eucharist. Barbara de Courson sketches the wonderfully interesting story of Mère Angelique Arnauld's early life. Fr. Aveling com-

mends Caldecott's work on Theistic systems as careful, clear, just, and analytical—a book deserving a welcome from many schools of philosophers, and not least among these Catholic students. Fr. Scannell declares that the new work on the Popes of the Middle Ages by Fr. Grisar, S.J., is a fitting companion volume to Pastor's History of the Popes of the Renaissance. Dom Camm gives an account of the result of his researches concerning the relics of the English martyrs. Fr. Kent, O.S.C., concludes his sketch of Catholic literature during the nineteenth century:

Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Oct.): Fr. Pope, O.P., in answering the question put to him by a Protestant: "Is it true that the next Pope is to be an American Jesuit, and that he will remove the Curia to New York?" says: "One day, perhaps, a son of America's soil will fill Peter's Chair, but we think it impossible that a successor of St. Peter will ever set up his see on American soil." Fr. Murphy writes on Lacordaire as not improbably "the greatest preacher of all time."

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Oct.): P. Desers discusses the chances of the return of ninety million separated Russian Catholics to the Roman communion, and says the one hope of its accomplishment lies in the endeavors of certain noble and upright souls among the Russian clergy. Mgr. Mignot prints part of his pastoral letter on the Law of Associations, saying the like has not been enacted since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and exhorting all to unity and to trust in the integrity of their bishops despite malevolent insinuations. The four Jesuit provincials print their reasons for deciding to abstain from any demand for authorization, since such a demand would seem to sanction the iniquitous law. A reprint from the Brussels *Devoir* gives part of M. Faguet's paper in which he indicates some practical advantages of clerical celibacy as a means of preserving dignity and authority before the public.

Le Correspondant (10 Oct.): Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, devotes nearly forty pages to a careful and detailed sketch of the church's growth in the United States during the past century. Count Grabinski gives some curious details concerning the youth of Francesco Crispi.

(25 Sept.): M. Edouard Rod has an interesting sketch of President Roosevelt's career as a writer, as a politician, as leader of "Les Rudes Cavaliers," etc., and concludes thus: "Whatever be Mr. Roosevelt's destiny, it will be of singular interest to the world to observe its phases; to see him struggle, be tossed about, triumph or surrender, impose his own ideas upon or submit to the nameless forces which will try to weigh him down,—to see this will teach us what can be done by a man—who is A MAN—in a democracy where custom and law unite to limit his action." M. Nourisson, apropos of the last International Masonic Congress, comments on it in the words of Montalembert: "The triumph of the wicked is due to their energy, their resolution, their boldness, their perseverance, so strangely superior to the weakness, idleness, accursed and sordid avarice of those who are called honest folk; when will these honest folk be willing to open their eyes?" M. de Rousiers describes the formation of the Steel Trust in the United States, and its menace to European manufacturers.

Études (5 Oct.): P. Longhaye sketches George Sand's work, indicates her weaknesses, and says had she remained good and Christian, her work would have lost nothing and gained much. P. de la Serviere describes the controversy in England during the sixteenth century as to the legitimacy of the oath required of English Catholics, viz., that the Pope had no power over the temporal affairs of princes. P. Bremond describes scenes in certain romances dealing with departure from old homes, and concludes with a touching farewell to the building hitherto used by the writers of the *Études*. (The publication of this magazine has been transferred to the house of V. Retaux, in view of the new law.)

La Quinzaine (1 Oct.): P. Pisani gives a sketch of Protestant missionary activities fostered in various countries of Europe and in America, "where their number is greater, but their importance less." It is clear, he says, that Protestantism is progressing rapidly in this field. P. Ermoni writes on the need of combining the speculative and the historical method in apologetics; of emphasizing the former method among the Latin races, and the latter among those races nowadays called the Anglo-Saxon

peoples. M. Butel describes the founding of the University of Pau, in 1725, the last representative of the *ancien régime*.

(16 Oct.): A chapter from M. Ruel's posthumous work on Montaigne (about to be published by Hachette) deals with *Les Essais* as a work of art. M. Jorgenson discusses the *Inferno*, a new and celebrated work of the Swedish writer Strinberg, who seems, somewhat after the fashion of Huysmans, to be slowly working himself from unbelief into faith. P. L'Ébraly urges the need of organizing the treatment of tuberculosis.

Revue Bénédictine (Oct.): Dom Morin advances reasons for thinking that St. Cæsar of Arles was possibly the author of the Athanasian Creed. D. Berlière publishes a paper read at the Munich Scientific International Congress, describing the triennial chapters of the Benedictines, their historical importance, and the state of the literature of this subject. D. Chapman suggests some corrections to Harnack's conclusions as to the list of primitive Roman Bishops.

Echo Religieux de Belgique (16 Oct.): P. Nimal, C.SS.R., writing upon ecclesiastical history, says that only a Catholic can understand history aright, because he alone can perceive the working out of the divine plan. J.-B. P. gives warm praise to P. Fontaine's volume, which alleged the occurrence of Protestant infiltrations in the French clergy. P. Halflants publishes notes of a trip to Cork last summer.

Le Monde Catholique (15 Oct.): X. declares that almost the entire public press applauds the dignity and frankness of the attitude assumed by the Jesuits in refusing to apply for "authorization." From the pen of Dom Plaine is printed a sketch of the traces of St. Columbanus' visit to Armorica.

Revue de Lille (Sept.): Mgr. Baunard, Rector of the Catholic Faculties of Lille, writes upon the childhood and youth of Cardinal Mermillod, his intellectual brilliancy, eloquence, and apostolic zeal. C. Looten reviews the Abbé Klein's translation of Bishop Spalding's essays, declaring the book adapted to enlighten, instruct, and encourage Europeans amid the difficulties of the present day. A. d'Hoorne, reviewing G. Goyau's *Lendemain d'Unité*, speaks of the

author as already famous among defenders of the Catholic faith by his luminous and solid treatment of social questions; at an age when few would dare dream of undertaking so great a work this author "has arrived."

Revue Générale (Oct.): Ch. Woeste says that the parliamentary régime in Belgium has been steadily sinking into decadence for the last few years and is now at a critical point where every one is wondering "what next?"

Revue Bibliographique Belge (31 Aug.): V. D. B. makes a venomous attack on Bishop Spalding's *L'Opportunité* as a book full of "worn-out axioms and advice known to all the world." The bishop is one of those "astonishing American thinkers"; and when his thoughts are not commonplace, they are "terribly false and perfidious." Says the critic: "Possibly there is a truth specially reserved for the Americans. How I envy the Cubans who are now in the way to learn it!"

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (20 Oct.): M. le Mis de Nadailac writes on various points concerning prehistoric Ireland. P. Delattre, S.J., commences a long account of the travels of Marco Polo and the veracity of his narrative. G. Houdard writes on the science of Gregorian chant, saying that plain chant was but a temporary stage and the Palestrinian music represents the true development. M. Lambrechts discusses the proposed reforms in the Belgian laws upon co-operative societies. P. Prat, S.J., gives praise tempered with some criticism to Max Müller for his work in the science of language.

Civiltà Cattolica (5 Oct.): Apropos of the assassination of President McKinley, is shown the connection between such crimes and the "stiletto theory" defended by Mazzini and Garibaldi. Advocates a popular democratic movement to better the condition of the proletariat.

(19 Oct.): Tells of the genesis of the name Christian Democracy and the controversies concerning it; and says it represents a principle evangelical in origin and leading the way to the highest progress. A serial autobiography by an anonymous writer contains a most amusing chapter descriptive of an Italian boy's experience at the English college of Richmond Hill.

Rivista Internazionale (Oct.): E. Agliardi writes on the manifest need of an official bureau to orientate the unemployed as

to variations in local industrial conditions. G. Tuccimel, discussing the evolutionist argument from rudimentary organs, speaks of the pretended instance in the pineal gland, and examines the proofs of it. P. Piavoni protests that state monopoly of education contravenes a plain right.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Oct.): L. Vitali writes of Bishop Spalding as the spokesman of the Catholic spirit of to-day, which has taken refuge in America, where, as in the days of paganism, it is preserved by a minority of the population indeed, but a minority inspired with hope, a definite aim, and the sense of a mission; the writer hopes that Italy may soon welcome Bishop Spalding's ideas and try to live up to them. S. di P. R., writing on Feminism, emphasizes the need of great care in order that the education given to woman may be such as to increase her usefulness to herself, to the family and to society.

Studi Religiosi (Sept.-Oct.): Apropos of Tolstoi's excommunication by the Russian Church, G. Gabrieli sketches the principal points of that writer's religious doctrine and his ethico-theological evolution. U. Fracassini concludes his summary exposition of the opinions of modern critics concerning the Gospels and the resulting influence upon traditional views. F. Scerbo writes on the Songs of Moses and of Deborah, two of the most beautiful examples of the oldest Hebrew poetry.

Razón y Fe (Oct.): P. Urraburu writes that although God has no need of human aids yet he condescends to make use of them in spreading his religion; and one of the best is a union and alliance of science and philosophy. P. Murillo having sketched the attacks on the church during the past century, now describes the defence made by Catholic writers. P. Minteguiaga points out why it is right to say that the real fanatics are not the Catholics but those who make war on them.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (21 Oct.): P. Wasmann writes on recent advance in the notion of cell-structure. P. Nostitz-Rieneck describes the function of the apostolic authority in the building up of the World-Church. P. Schmid notices an interesting volume by a Benedictine on the reform of church-music under Gregory XIII.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE publication of the papers read at the Conference in Winchester, Tenn., where the missionaries to non-Catholics were gathered in convention, has caused not a little comment. To some it has been a revelation of a deep and powerful undercurrent that has been gathering strength during the past few years until it has assumed the proportions of a great movement. To others it has been the cause of no little anxiety, inasmuch as they have fixed their attention on the record of the losses that we have suffered. To all, it marks the passing of a great milestone in the history of the church in the United States. According to the paper by Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, the experience of four years and a half as the leader of the diocesan band of missionaries to non-Catholics in New York has demonstrated that these bands have not only a large sphere of usefulness in every diocese, but that they belong to the machinery of a fully equipped diocese, and that no diocese can solve its obligations to the souls within its borders unless a provision of this or of a similar nature be made for those who have never been attached to church homes or who have strayed away from the church of their youth.

The paper of Rev. W. S. Kress is a revelation of a "leakage" which, if his locality be taken in any sense as typical of the country at large, is not only disquieting but absolutely alarming. With his confrères he made a most searching visitation of every family within a certain district, and he found the apostasy among the Germans to be twenty-six per cent. of their own number, among the Irish thirteen and one-third per cent., and among other nationalities a proportionate percentage. If these figures be applicable to the whole country, they become nothing short of a revelation, and they demonstrate the absolute need of far-reaching measures being adopted to stop the loss.

It has frequently been said that there is no better way of stopping the leakage than by starting a vigorous propaganda all over the country. When converts come in large numbers, the outgoing losses will be stopped.

The Winchester Conference stands for a vigorous and growing movement in whose ultimate triumphs are wrapped up the destinies of myriads of souls.



THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

AT a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Columbian Catholic Summer-School, held in Madison, Wis., the Right Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D., of Green Bay; the Hon. M. J. Wade, of Iowa City, Iowa, and the Rev. J. M. Naughtin, of Madison, were re-elected directors for a period of three years.

At the conclusion of the stockholders' meeting the directors met and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, the Rev. P. Danehy, Minneapolis; first vice-president, the Rev. William J. Dalton, of Kansas City; second vice-president, the Hon. M. J. Wade, of Kansas City, Mo.; secretary, John A. Hartigan, of St. Paul; treasurer, L. B. Murphy, of Madison.

Committee on Studies.—The Rev. P. Danehy, ex-officio, the Rev. P. J. McGrath, the Rev. William J. Dalton, the Hon. M. J. Wade, Mr. L. B. Murphy.

Finance Committee.—Mr. L. B. Murphy, Mr. M. J. Cantwell, and the Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp.

The Right Rev. S. G. Messmer, who has held the office of president for the past seven years, declined a re-election. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered him for his earnest efforts and untiring labors in behalf of the school.

The selection of the place for the next meeting was left to the decision of the directors at their next meeting. From the views expressed at the meeting it seems probable that either Dubuque or Milwaukee will be selected.

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The eleventh annual meeting of the Emma Willard Association was held at Sherry's building on Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mrs. Russell Sage, the president, gave some good advice in her opening address when she stated that:

We want the American woman to show to the world what a woman should be; not to represent the well-groomed, massaged, and manicured woman, but the higher order of purity. Woman is the spiritual maker of the home. Her spiritual influence should sanctify the Sabbath, and make the Bible what it was in the days of Emma Willard. After a girl goes through college she should not take life leisurely. Life is too full for that. Out of the home of the college woman should emanate twice what the home stood for sixty years ago.

Mrs. Sage said that when she taught school, in 1854, she had to teach a half-dozen subjects, and never took a book into the school-room with her. Now a woman sets up to be a teacher and teaches only one thing. We want the all-around woman.

Mrs. Nason, of the Troy chapter of the association, brought a bouquet of rosemary and pansies as her contribution to the programme.

Mrs. Helen Morris Hadley, wife of President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale University, said that the daughters of to-day cannot afford to be mediæval. It has grown difficult for them to maintain self-respect and unconsciousness of themselves if they feel at a disadvantage with the increasing number of

well-educated and cultivated women. Time was when to study earnestly, to think intelligently, and to exercise self-control was reserved for man; but that is so no more.

The general health of the educated woman is better than that of the uneducated. While marriages are later, they are numerous and are permanent. The care given to their homes by educated women is faithful and intelligent. They cannot be new women with a capital N. They must have the qualities which made the mediæval woman beloved.

Every woman may fit herself for business or professional life without loss of caste, but if she ceases to be a womanly woman she loses all advantage. If a girl wants to be mannish her system of education is defective or she is freakish. The brain should be used in all circumstances of life and not on books alone.

Professor H. N. Gardiner, of Smith College, applied three fundamental principles of Plato's theory of education to the higher education of woman. Woman can act on public life in matters of taste and morals. He pleaded for simplicity in dress and manners in these days when fashion sets so great an example and creates envy among the working classes.

The regard for Platonic feeling between the sexes probably had been increased by Professor Gardiner's speech, but St. Clair McKelway had little taste for anything so cool and middling. He referred to the influence of women in public affairs, which he said had been exerted recently sanely and triumphantly. It was not properly estimated at first by the friends or opponents of good government. The friends appreciate it now and the opponents resent it. Many scented danger in the activity of organized women, but they showed unity, discretion, and enthusiasm. Their reserve was their characteristic and has become their vindication.

About one hundred and seventy-five were present at the banquet held in the large ball-room, the tables being decorated with pink chrysanthemums and pink ribbons.

At the table with Mrs. Sage, president of the association, were seated Mrs. Hadley, Helen Gould, Russell Sage, Charles MacCracken, Professor Gardiner, Mr. and Mrs. McKelway, Dr. W. F. Searle, Judge and Mrs. Patterson of Troy, Mrs. Frank Bosworth, Mrs. Walter Warren, Mrs. Washington Roebling, Mrs. Isaac Russell, Mrs. A. J. Vanderpoel of Kinderhook, N. Y., Mrs. Moffitt, Mrs. C. A. Edwards, Mrs. Esther Herrman, and the Rev. Morris Kemp.





The Cathedral at Amiens.

(See article on "Sculpture in its Relation to Church Decoration."—Page 493.)

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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“O WHITE NEW YEAR!”

O white New Year, I know not what you bring!

I only know the long highways seem white

With untrod snow that sparkles thro' the night

Where brilliant diamonds lie glittering.

Far thro' the dark my heart and soul take wing,

Longing to know if all the road be bright.

Yet blind am I—it may be dim or light—

I cannot know—but shall I cease to sing?

Nay! let some canticle of faith be heard

From my weak, doubting soul. And let me take

Thy hand, O white New Year, when morn shall break,

And with a heart by trust and gladness stirred

Go forth upon the snow-strewn paths that lead

I know not where, save on toward God indeed!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
OF NEW YORK, 1902.

THE MOBILIZATION OF CHRISTIAN FORCES.

WHEN, moody with our individual cares, we lift up our gaze to survey the larger problems of our generation and our race, there is a temptation to give way to dark forebodings. To liliputian hopes all portents easily take on shapes of titanic struggles. Prophets of pessimism and lamentation lack no hearing, and taking counsel from our fears we lend easy credence to seers of seething perils for which they have ready-made labels like the traffickers of trade.

It may not be uninspiring to let Faith too take the pulse of humanity, and tell us what cheer it chance may find in the great throbbings which mark its life.

The words at the head of these lines may serve to express or to symbolize a fact, or rather a series of tendencies ripening into fact, which it is no overbold synthesis to gather even now for brave hearts into that hopeful phrase, and for timid ones into that call of *ralliement*.

The days of purely destructive criticism are numbered. When all have become critics, the philosophy of scepticism and cynicism finds that it cannot escape its own darts and its own poisons. Pure negations and sneers carry in themselves the elements of self dissolution and of death. The doctrine of negation and dark doubt is suicide. Men may flutter awhile from the gospel of disbelief to the gospel of I-don't-know, and alas! many may become mired in the practice of I-don't-care. But the nobler instincts of humanity at large, its experiences in the graver moods and circumstances of existence, demand a higher evangel and a better fate. Its energies clamor for life and life-making, for construction and upbuilding. Life itself postulates affirmation and faith. And faith, like an undefined rumor through mists of night, reaches even to those who see not, and to-day it vibrates, more or less distinctly, more or less cogently, in more human bosoms than are dreamt of in the citadels of unbelief.

The Voltairean sneer has in great part expired from human lips, even in hostile camps; and the world turns with disgust

from the last raucous screech of an Ernst Haeckel—which he himself only dared to name a “riddle.”

Life implies an antecedent life-giver. And between an Infinite, perfect and adequate cause; and *an infinite series* of finite, imperfect and inadequate causes, each of itself fore-shortened of efficient ability, each of itself in worse case than its effect, each looking backward to a worse and worse estate; prolonged retrorsely further and further by the necessities of multiplied and indefinite assumptions, without ever affording imagination even with anything primitive enough, imperfect enough, bereft enough, bad enough—yea, it is lawful to say it, anything God-forsaken enough, to be the starting point, the nearly nothing, the less than nothing—from which to begin, from which to trace all our ancestry; and this something, if it be something, to be the original, primal source of truth, beauty, order, righteousness and life!

Pah!

One must be a born deicide, or a devil-made one, to choose of a set purpose, and on the ground of intellect, of mind and of reason the latter proposition as and for the everlasting truth.

And humanity will not have it. The more its knowledge is diffused, the more it understands the necessary postulates as well as the necessary corollaries of the creed of the unbeliever, of the agnostic, and of the infidel, under any name or fashion of form or fancy—the more clearly and the more thoroughly its rejection, its disgust and its indignation will become.

Ah! well hast thou spoken, Psalmist:

“The fool alone has said: there is no God.”

And this rising age will not tolerate the fool.

But alas! the difficulty which has occurred is that the era of scepticism and cynicism, of criticism and doubt, has indeed failed to rob us of God, but in the tumult it has almost robbed us of Christ.

Yes, there is the difficulty, the deficiency and the danger of modern democracy. For modern democracy has “arrived.” It has abolished kings of human manufacture, or at least it has dethroned them from the heart of humanity. It has destroyed in the mind “the divinity that doth hedge a king.” It has laid its strong arm, the arm of the multitude, with unabashed familiarity upon the backs of the “separate” class, the select class, the

higher kind of humans. It has whispered with its rough, strong voice to arrogance and to station—no longer the words of humility and subjection—but the portentous word: equal. It has opened all the closed doors and invaded all the reserved seats. It has proclaimed opportunity a common heritage or a common right. It has put its coarse but powerful hand into the seamy places of privilege—the hand of labor, of industry, of trade, of plebeian science—the associated hands of the people. All this with rude eagerness, with brutal assertiveness, and with the headlong heedlessness of triumphant numbers. And in the effort and the struggle and the rush, political, social, industrial, scientific, there has been *tumult*: tumult in minds as well as deeds.

Yes, unfortunately in the tumult modern democracy has largely forgotten Christ. But modern democracy has come to stay, to thrive and to grow.

It must be baptized.

That is the word and that is the work: it must be baptized—its spirit, its achievements, its tendencies, its thoughts and its speech;—baptized with the Christian baptism, the only divine consecration of human progress and human welfare here as well as hereafter.

Oh! my conservative friends, my fearsome friends: start not at the phrase, but gird up your loins and face the fact. Did not Christianity baptize pagan Rome? And what was it afterwards that it did and had to do with the Scythian and Teutonic invasion of Hun and Goth, Visigoth and Frank, Norman and Saxon—but to baptize them. The age of assimilation of all these mongrel elements, with their customs, organizations, ideas, pursuits, tongues and life, what was it but a long baptism, taming and shaping their exuberant energies and successes into the paths of peace and progress and the ennobling ideals of Christian civilization?

Now has come from within, from the teeming masses below, surging up to an equal share of air, sunshine, and space at the top, a new irruption, with new vital forces, with new aspirations and hopes, new methods and new speech;—yet quivering with life, with principles socially potent and mainly proper and beneficial to the race—a *new catechumen*; the modern world, the present age.

It must be baptized. For one reason or another, it largely

lacks knowledge or true knowledge of Christ. In the stress of achievement of its material purposes, in its education as publicly furnished, in many of the leaders of its exodus, in the enthusiasm of its shibboleths, in the triumphs of its ally: material science—it has largely forgotten Christ, the necessary link between God and man, the corner-stone on which alone a lasting belief, a living belief, and an efficacious belief in God the Father, can rest and reign in human society, as in man individually.

And mark now the movement of God to effect this thing. Mark the recrudescence of living and enlightened faith among those who do believe in Christ, His Church, His Sacraments, His doctrines. Mark the ever growing number of His disciples who find tongue and resolution, who walk out of themselves and their personal life and purposes to speak His name in the language of the day, in the aims of the hour, in the interests that agitate humanity *now*. Mark the action of the Church and its Pontiff; the agitations of the grace of God in so many pious and prayerful movements, associations, and undertakings, in so many lands, in so many ways, in so many directions. Mark the union, cohesion, and loyalty of the Church's members.

Is this not a rallying "to the colors" of the army of the Prince of Peace—a mobilization of the Christian forces for this great effort, this grand purpose, this auspicious triumph: the baptism of modern democracy, and the adaptation of its lawful progress, aims, hopes, thoughts and speech, to the everlasting Truth.

With these great truths in view the New Year brings to every Christian heart newer duties and higher responsibilities. It is necessary to translate into the language of the age the old truths of Christianity so that the modern mind may so assimilate them that they will become a part of its very nature. It is by methods such as these that its regeneration will come.





MURILLO'S ST. MARGARET OF CORTONA.

THE THABOR OF PRAYER.

"Lord, it is good for us to be here."



SWEET Presence that attends our prayers,
Invisible yet near;

O patient Listener, awaiting ever,
And never weary to hear—

On the breath of petition my spirit upsoars,
To be lost in the love of the God it adores.

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Lip-words are tokens for men: for Thee, Lord,
Form the speech in my heart.

Read there what Thou likest, as Thou likest—content
I, to be where Thou art;

To be as Thou willest, these few moments at least,
When, with Thee communing, all things else have ceased.

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Has flesh been dissolved; or is Heaven a-leaning,
With its Court and its splendor,

To the soul that is led to the mountain of prayer,
To the will no longer defiant offender?—

To this worm that is man, to this slime of the earth,
Doth worship bring Eden, and God speak as at birth?

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Is it Peter that says: let us build an abode;
It is good to be here?

Nay, sweeter than Thabor is Thy whisper, O Lord:

"It is I, do not fear."

And I feel as I kneel at the call of Thy voice
All my being rejoice—


At the glow of Thy grace, at the flow of Thy peace,
All human cares cease;—

And Thy presence unseen encompassing me,
My Lord and my God! in sweet converse with Thee,
Be my life all its days
Only this: Thy praise.

ALBERT REYNAUD.

MR. W. H. MALLOCK ON "THE CONFLICT OF SCIENCE
AND RELIGION." *

BY REV. JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

N the *Fortnightly* for September and November Mr. W. H. Mallock contributes two articles, as part of a series, on a timely topic which, although it has been threshed out a hundred times, from every stand-point, still divides, and most probably will long continue to divide, the world of thinkers and the larger world of non-thinkers into two hostile camps. That topic is the relation of Science to Religion. The passing of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth century inspired a vast number of retrospects, and prompted a host of writers to enter upon an intellectual stock-taking to ascertain the amount of progress which the passing age had contributed to the sum of human knowledge. Most of the panegyrists of the nineteenth century have united in proclaiming that its chief glory consists in its having established a new method of interpreting nature directly opposed to that which had been derived from Christian philosophy and theology. The opinion that the long struggle between free-thought and religion has terminated in the complete and final triumph of the former is one, Mr. Mallock says, which only the most thoughtless or most sanguine can entertain. The struggle, he states, is not over, but it has entered on a new phase. What is now wanted, he continues, is an accurate summing up of the present position of the contestants.

AN INTELLECTUAL ACCOUNTANT.

For this task, in his opinion, both the scientist and the theologian are equally disqualified, because each is incapable of taking a full and impartial view of the other side's case. This task he considers to be "a work which belongs to the province, not of the discoverer or the thinker but of a much humbler kind of person, whom we may call the intellectual accountant. This expert accountant's business will be to examine and to

* *The Fortnightly Review*, September and November, 1901.

tabulate what either side has to say—to reduce its arguments to their clearest and simplest forms, to note or strike out such as are inconsistent with others; and so to arrange the whole that any intelligent inquirer may see how the account on either side really stands.” To draw up such a balance sheet is the scope of Mr. Mallock’s present series of papers. When he has presented the account he purposes to deduce some conclusions which will open the eyes of both parties; for, he is convinced, our scientific and religious thinkers alike are laboring under a delusion about their actual positions. Granting Mr. Mallock’s postulate, that an expert knowledge of either side of the case would be a disqualification for the business of summing up and comparing both, Mr. Mallock is probably the best equipped of all our publicists to discharge the task which he assumes. Brilliant dialectical skill, a keen power of analysis, an infallible scent for a question-begging argument, a rare capacity for disentangling a knotty question, and for distinguishing between true and false issues, are, with felicity of expression and the knack of clever illustration, the characteristics which have conferred on Mr. Mallock his eminence as a controversialist. He excels in forcing his adversaries to swallow the disagreeable conclusions of their own principles. With irresistible logic he has followed up Anglicanism in its hopeless quest of the Holy Grail, authority; and he has exposed Broad-churchism as naked rationalism by stripping it of the borrowed clothes of Christianity. He has given Christian apologists valuable advice against the mistake of continuing to direct their artillery against the abandoned positions of the enemy, instead of turning their energies towards the point where the fiercest attack is now being delivered.

MR. MALLOCK MISSTATES THE CASE.

Nobody can doubt but that the present series of papers will be a new illustration of his ability, and his devotion to the cause of theism. Yet it is plain that in the very start he has committed just such a blunder as he would infallibly swoop down upon if it lurked in the position of an opponent. And, furthermore, in making this mistake he seriously misstates the case, to the prejudice of religion. To pursue his own simile drawn from mercantile life, when investigating the affairs of two rival concerns, so related that the solvency of one involves the bankruptcy of the other, he has substituted the name of an unim-

peachable firm for that of one of the parties whose credit is under grave suspicion. He endorses the discredited paper of a reckless trader with the signature of the Bank of England. For, to abandon metaphor, what he dignifies with the name of Science is nothing but wild philosophical speculation. Before entering upon the discussion, Mr. Mallock, very properly, takes care, in order to avoid confusion, to state in what sense he shall use the term religion in the progress of his inquiry. The word is used so loosely that accuracy and clearness require that it be precisely defined. Now, if accuracy demanded that the term religion should be clearly defined, it required, no less peremptorily, that the other term, Science, also should be defined. If the word religion has been abused, so has Science. The defenders of religion justly complain that the misapplication of the term Science has contributed in a very considerable measure to the popularization of unbelief. One of the most efficient resources for the propagation of irreligious opinions is to send forth theories, opinions, conjectures as the well-established conclusions of Science. His failure to clear the ground on one side as he did on the other has led Mr. Mallock to stand sponsor for the common error so industriously propagated by the "camp-followers" of Science and the half-educated. In stating the case against religion he brings forward as Science the monistic philosophy of the most extravagant of dogmatists, Professor Haeckel. The confusion is embodied throughout the discussion and explicitly formulated in his thesis: *Science is opposed to Religion, not as a Materialistic Doctrine to a Spiritual, but as a Monistic Doctrine to a Dualistic.*

HUXLEY VERSUS HAECKEL.

Science is neither materialistic nor spiritualistic, neither monistic nor dualistic. To call monism Science is as illogical as to confuse the multiplication table and the controversy on *Filioque*, or to enter an opinion about the validity of Anglican orders as an item in the chronological list of English sovereigns. Had Mr. Mallock taken religion to mean Supernatural Religion, then there might be some excuse for his confusion. For rationalists contend that the established facts of science formally contradict the Pentateuch. But he expressly states that by religion he means, not Christianity, nor even any particular form of theism, but merely the underlying doctrines which every form of theism

supposes,—the existence of a personal God, free-will, and the immortality of the soul.

HAECKEL'S PHILOSOPHY IS NOT ACCEPTED BY SCIENTISTS.

It is scarcely worth while to call witnesses in proof of the fact that everybody who has any pretensions to clearness of thought now recognizes that upon these three fundamental truths of religion Science has nothing whatever to say. Yet to emphasize the unwarranted nature of Mr. Mallock's assumption that Science speaks by the mouth of Haeckel, it may be interesting to contrast the statements of that philosopher with those of a scientist who was never suspected of any partiality towards religion. "The three great buttresses of religion," says Haeckel—and his statement Mr. Mallock calls the conclusions of Science—"are God, Freedom, and Immortality; and the great work of Science, as the liberator of human thought, is that it annihilates all belief in them." Now, against this purely gratuitous statement of the Jena professor let us place the testimony of a man who, as he said of himself, was never suspected of any tendency to contract the empire of Science. The witness, too, is a man eminent in that particular branch of knowledge in which alone Haeckel has any authority. He was, furthermore, one who enjoyed, and returned in kind, the highest consideration of the German zoölogist. The scientific mare's-nest known as *Bathybius Haeckelii* will perpetuate for a long time to come the mutual admiration of Huxley and Haeckel. Now, as long ago as 1886, in his reply to Mr. Lilly, Huxley wrote: "If the belief in a God is essential to morality, physical Science offers no obstacle thereto; if the belief in immortality is essential to morality, physical Science has no more to say against the probability of that doctrine than the most ordinary experience has; and it effectually closes the mouths of those who pretend to refute it by objections from merely physical data. Finally, if the belief in the uncausedness of volition (*Huxley's erroneous definition of the doctrine of free-will*) is necessary to morality, physical Science has no more to say against that absurdity than the logical philosopher or theologian." It may be mentioned, too, that Huxley admitted not only that Science does not overthrow theism, but also that it cannot disprove the miraculous evidences of Christianity. "Physical Science," he writes, "in fact, has nothing to do with the criticisms of the Gospel; it is wholly incompetent to furnish demon-

strative evidence that any statement made in these histories is untrue."

HAECKEL ADMITS THAT MONISM IS BUT SPECULATION.

The oversight of Mr. Mallock in identifying monistic philosophy with science becomes the more glaring as one observes that, if he did not draw exclusively from the recent English translation of Haeckel's *Die Welträthsel*, he had it under his eyes as he formulated the anti-religious position. In the Preface to this work Haeckel explicitly states—and Mr. Mallock ignores the admission—that the Monism contained in the book is not Science, but philosophy. "Unfortunately," writes Professor Haeckel, "the vast progress of empirical knowledge in our 'century of progress' has not been accompanied by a corresponding advancement of its theoretical interpretation." And he continues, "most of the representatives of what is called 'exact science' are content with the special care of their own narrow branches of observation and experiment, and deem superfluous the deeper study of the universal connection of the phenomena they observe—that is philosophy." Then, after bewailing "this unnatural and fatal opposition between the results of experience and of thought," he gives notice that he is going to undertake the rôle of speculator; and, furthermore, he has the candor to warn his readers that the solution which he offers them "must be merely subjective and only partly correct." Finally he designates the work as an integration of the "views" which he has held for a generation. Nobody could more clearly mark the antithesis between *Science* and *philosophy*, between *exact knowledge* and *subjective, theoretical views*, between *scientific fact* and mere *speculation*. Yet, in the face of this declaration, Mr. Mallock confers upon Haeckelian Monism the undeserved dignity of Science. We do not pretend to believe that Mr. Mallock is in the position of "the man in the street," who, with but little science and less philosophy, is unable to recognize the line of demarcation which separates these contiguous realms. Indeed, he makes an observation in the introduction of his subject which implies that not only are these two spheres of thought distinct, but also that they are so little alike that they demand different mental qualifications for their successful investigation. Referring to the leaders of scientific discovery, he observes that "the very character and habits of mind which are the causes of their

scientific eminence tend to unfit them for understanding, in a general way, the philosophic significance of the facts of which they themselves are the discoverers." Yet he offers no apology for his immediate confusion of speculation with knowledge.

SCIENTISTS REJECT MONISM.

It may, however, be said that, after all, this confusion is only a mere question of terminology, which is of little importance in the investigation of the respective positions of religion and its assailants. If the doctrine of Monism, although it is not, strictly speaking, Science, is yet the necessary, logical outcome of science and, as such, is held by scientists to be the only view of the three great bases of religion which is consistent with the modern extension of knowledge, then it matters little whether we call it Science or philosophy; it is the creed of the scientific world. What's in a name? The rose by any other name would smell as sweet. And Monism, if not Science, is the voice of Science uttering its shattering *Nay* against the obsolete postulates of theism. That Monism possesses such authority in the eyes of Mr. Mallock there seems to be no doubt, from the gist of his present articles, as well as from some other earlier writings. Six or seven years ago he made a tantamount statement in his criticism of Dr. Hettinger's work when it appeared in English. The wide prevalence of this belief among the half educated and the superficial has apparently hindered Mr. Mallock from observing that among scientists it has far fewer supporters than it boasted when he wrote *Is Life worth Living?* As Father Tyrrell observes, "it is just when its limits begin to be felt by the critical, when its pretended all-sufficingness can no longer be maintained, that a theory or hypothesis begins to be popular with the uncritical, and to work its irrevocable effects in the general mind. In this way it has come to pass that at the very moment in which a reaction against the irreligious or anti-religious philosophy of a couple of decades ago is making itself felt in the study, the spreading pestilence of negation and unbelief has gained and continues to gain possession of the street." But surely Mr. Mallock is one of the last persons who would be suspected of failing to distinguish between the clamor of the *Agora* and the sobriety of the *Areopagus*. Even twenty years ago, when Positivism was most dogmatic in its anti-religious assertion, its

most representative men shook their heads at the pretensions of their brethren who fancied that modern thought had found any arguments to demonstrate the fallacy of religious belief. To return again to Huxley, he, with his usual energy, refused to accept the very views which Haeckel now proposes anew, and which Mr. Mallock seems to think have behind them the consensus of the scientific world. Let us take, for example, the one concerning the central "buttress"—the belief in Immortality. "All belief in immortality," says Haeckel, "is annihilated by Science." And "when we come to analyze all the different proofs that have been urged for the immortality of the soul, not a single one of them is consistent with the truths we have learned in the last few decades from physiological psychology and the theory of descent." Mr. Huxley wrote in *The Fortnightly* of November, 1886: "Is there any means of knowing whether the states of consciousness casually associated for three score years and ten with the arrangements and movements of innumerable millions of successively different material molecules can be continued in like association with some substance which has not the properties of matter and force? And, as Kant says, if anybody can answer that question he is just the man I want to see. If he says that consciousness cannot exist except in relation of cause and effect, I must ask him how he knows it. . . . And I am afraid that, like jesting Pilate, I shall not think it worth while (having but little time before me) to wait for an answer."

Nor is it pretended by the father of the Monism which Mr. Mallock labels Science that any new light has been thrown on the subject in recent years. On the contrary, with a candor which does him honor, he confesses that many of his fellow-scientists who formerly shared his opinion have found reason to recant. Wundt, who, Haeckel says, is considered the ablest living psychologist in Germany, has left him. And with Wundt, he admits, went Du Bois-Raymond, Karl Ernst Baer, and Virchow. Moralizing over their sad defection Professor Haeckel offers two possible explanations of their change of opinion. They may plead that the maturer judgment of age and accumulated experience has given them a clearer view of truth. On the other hand, he naïvely remarks, the experience of later years sometimes has the effect, not of enriching but of disturbing the mind, and with old age there comes a gradual decay of

the brain as happens to other organs." It is interesting to remember that Professor Haeckel is himself past sixty-eight. Whatever decay advancing age may have wrought in his case, it has not deprived him of that heroic trait of standing fast by a lost cause which, in the heyday of his manhood, he displayed by sticking to the Bathybius when its own father gave it up as a delusion.

FISKE VERSUS HAECKEL.

How little even most advanced and consistent evolutionists are in agreement with Haeckel on the question of immortality, appears by an inspection of the little work *Life Everlasting*, which was published this year, after the death of its author, Professor Fiske. He is as uncompromising in his advocacy of "the theory of descent" and of all other evolutionary principles as is Haeckel himself. But he reaches conclusions contradictory to those of Haeckel on the question of immortality, as he does elsewhere on the relation of God to the universe. After summarizing the monistic argument against immortality he asks: "How much does this famous argument amount to, as against the belief that the soul survives the body? The answer is, Nothing! absolutely nothing. It not only fails to disprove the validity of the belief, but it does not raise even the slightest *prima facie* presumption against it."

WHY MR. MALLOCK TAKES MONISM FOR SCIENCE.

In constituting Professor Haeckel the Pontifex Maximus of the scientific world, and accepting his philosophy as *ex-cathedra* pronouncements, Mr. Mallock ignores the existence, not alone of such cosmic theists as John Fiske, but of the immense number of scientific and educated men whose mental attitude is Agnosticism. He cannot be suspected of disloyalty to his often recorded belief in religion. There is every reason to suppose that he purposes, in the present series of papers in which he is engaged, to show that the religious position is impregnable; and one might suspect that, like Julius Cæsar, he but overstates the strength of the enemy that the victory may appear the more brilliant. There is, however, a more satisfactory explanation of his identification of science with the views of the philosopher who, to borrow a phrase of Fiske, comes like a belated eighteenth century materialist, to entertain us by maintaining that

his denial of immortality is an inevitable corollary from the doctrine of evolution. It is the opinion of Mr. Mallock, as expressed in his article on Hettinger, that for the belief in the existence of God and in free-will we can find no basis by the application of our logical faculties to the facts of the universe and of our own intellect. A good God and human freedom are, he holds, unthinkable. But the irrationality of these two ideas does not prove that they are untrue; for, he says, everything else, provided we go deep enough, ends in being unthinkable also. So, instead of basing religion on rational grounds, he would give it, as its sole but sufficient foundation, an act of faith in the dignity of human life. Holding, then, the opinion that reason reduces the fundamental principles of religion to absurdities, he naturally selects as the spokesman of reason the philosopher who, in the name of modern Science, asserts that knowledge has demolished the rational foundations of religion. He invites us to witness an intellectual reproduction of the campaign which closed in the valley of Terebinth. The Goliath of Science has vanquished all the strong warriors of the living God, who put their trust in the useless weapons of rational demonstration. Then Mr. Mallock comes forward with his sling and pebble to lay the giant low, and take away the reproach of Israel. No fault is to be found with Mr. Mallock for not permitting his sympathy with the religious cause to hinder him from discharging his *rôle* of intellectual accountant with the severest impartiality. But when he concedes to the opponents of religion that its fundamental beliefs, if examined by reason, are in irreconcilable contradiction with each other, and are exploded by Science, he does a grave injustice to Religion, which may justly reproach him:

"It was all very well to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?"





"Go ye to the woodland where the laurel grows,
Where the pine and myrtle bend beneath the snows.
Gather them for the Christ-Child, wreath them for His shrine,
Ivy green and holly for that night divine."



THE festival of the Roman Saturnalia, Feast of Saturn, was a day dear to the heart of the friends of Cæsar: a day of merry-making and license, rejoicing that, with the lengthening of the days, winter began to turn his back to make way for the fair and

"Flowery May

That from her green lap throws

The yellow cowslip and the rathe primrose."

On this feast slaves were free as to speech and behavior; often their masters waited upon them; every one held *festæ*; houses were decorated with ivy, laurel, and evergreen, and gifts passed gaily from friend to friend.

With the Norse in bleaker, ruder climes the feast was held in honor of Odin and Thor the Thunderer. Huge bonfires lighted the hill-tops and rude sacrifices were held, while even the ancient Persians—strangely akin in modes though differing widely in clime—kindled fires upon the sacrificial stone at this season of the year.

When St. Augustine preached the doctrines of Christianity to the fair-haired Angles he found in the white-cliffed isle of Britain many quaint and curious customs, and among them all none more interesting than those of the early Britons (on which they had grafted the methods of their Roman conquerors) to celebrate their winter solstice. These same customs, enhanced still more by the somewhat grim mythology of the Saxon and the sprightlier customs of the Norman, have come down to the present time in the varied observances of the Yule-tide.

The early English missionaries pursued the excellent policy followed later by the Jesuits in China, and did not consider it necessary to do away with innocent customs, preferring—while strict in all essentials—to placate the *hoi polloi* by engrafting its rites with those of the Christian era.

Long, long ago when Galahad and Launcelot, Ladye Vivian and Enid fair rode through the green glades of Britain, “King Arthur kept the Christmas-tide in merry Carleile, with Queen Guinevere, that bride so bright of blee,” and since that time many are the pretty fancies connected with the season of Yule log and mistletoe, happy feast when all men sang:

“Welcome Yule;
Welcome be Thou heavenly King;
Welcome born on this morning,
Welcome for whom we shall sing,—
Welcome Yule.”

The ancient Goths and Saxons called the winter festival Jul or Yule, and from this comes the expression “Yule log,” though wiseacres have long discussed and debated the etymology of the term. Some say its derivation is the Greek *oyloi*, the title of a hymn to Ceres; others fancy it is from the Latin *jubilæus*—season of rejoicing—or from the feast in honor of Julius Cæsar; while still other antiquarians consider it derived from the Gothic *oel*—a feast. More learned people, however, lean to the derivation *giul* or *huil*—the Gothic word for wheel—and this seems most probable, since the Yule feast is the turning-point of the year. Confirmation is lent to this idea by the fact that the oldest almanacs show a wheel as the sign for marking Yule-tide.

The custom of the burning of the Yule log has come down to us from the Scandinavians, and in the days of Catholic England this ceremony was observed with great merriment. Herrick sang:

“Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts’ desiring.”

The great log, a veritable tree torn from its home in some mighty English forest, was dragged by willing hands to the great fireplace in the baronial hall. All hats were raised to it as it passed; for did not superstition teach that it was full of good promises? Its fires burnt out old quarrels, made mead to froth in the loving-cups, the wassail bowl to pass; and when its flame crackled on the hearth, lighted by last year's brand, old wrongs were forgot and peace was king.

After the log was half burnt the block was laid aside and preserved until the next season—a sure preventive of fire in the house—and to this custom the minstrel refers in his song:

“With the last year's brand
 Light the new block, and,
 For good success in his spending,
 On your psalteries play
 That sweet luck may
 Come while the log is a teending.”*

It was bad luck for a person with a squint to see the log burning, and disastrous consequences attended the entrance into the festal hall of a barefoot man or a flat-footed woman.

A huge Yule or Christmas candle lighted the room where the Yule log burning was held, and there is still preserved at Oxford an antique stone candle-stick carved with the figure of the *Agnus Dei*, a relic of the old festival of Yule.

Since the days of the old Saxon Wittenagemot different customs prevailed in different parts of England for the celebration of Yule. In Devon an ashton fagot was used instead of the log; *i. e.*, a bundle of ash-sticks bound with ash-withes, and dragged by the farm-hands to their master's manor, there to be burned amidst laughter and jollity, games and feasting.

In these diversions all joined, and it was a customary sight in the olden times to see the master and the mistress jumping for a treacle cake, their hands tied behind them as they sprang to catch in their mouths a cake spread with treacle and suspended from the ceiling, while the servants “bobbed for apples,” or jumped over obstacles, their feet tied in sacks.

“Opened wide the baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf and all;

* Burning.

Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And ceremony doffed his pride.
 The heir with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner choose;
 All hailed with uncontrolled delight
 And general voice the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down."

At every crack the ashen withes gave in the fire-place the master was obliged to furnish a fresh portion of liquor, the "het pint," or cider heated and spiced. In Hampshire a portion of this spiced draught was poured upon the fields and orchards on Christmas Eve, and the chorus sang:

"Apples and pears, with right good corn,
 Come in plenty with every one;
 Eat and drink good cake and hot ale,
 Give earth to drink and she'll not fail."

In Cornwall the Yule log is called the Mock, and children are allowed to sit up till midnight on Christmas Eve to see it burn and "drink to the Mock."

Many and curious as are the customs of the Yule log, they are not so graceful as those with which the mistletoe wreaths the white Christmas-time, and

"Forth to the woods did merry men go
 To gather in the mistletoe."

From earliest Druidical days the wax-like berries of the mistletoe have been associated with Christmas-tide. The Druids revered the mistletoe especially, because it grew upon the branches of the gnarled and sturdy oak, the tree sacred in their mythology to the Sun God. They believed the parasite to have healing qualities, as therapists to-day say it has. In vast processions the people followed the high-priest to the forest, two white bulls were tied to the sacred oak, and the priest, clad in white, cut the plant with a golden knife, another priest catching it in his robe. The bulls and often human beings, notably captives taken in war, were then sacrificed, and the mistletoe, divided into tiny fragments, was given to the people, to be hung over the doors



NO CHRISTMAS IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THE HOLLY.

of their houses to ward off evil and to appease the anger of their sylvan deities.

A curious legend of the mistletoe is of Scandinavian origin, and relates how Friga, wife of great Odin, dreamed that Balder, her son, would shortly die. In anguish she prayed to all the powers of nature—earth, air, fire, water, beasts, and plants—to protect her son. “Balder the Beautiful must not die!” she cried, and from every element she claimed an oath to spare her son. “Then went Balder forth strong, and beautiful and brave, and in the fiercest conflict fought he with arrows and showed no fear.” But Loki was Balder’s bitter enemy, and he determined to find out what made his foe invulnerable, so, disguising himself as an old hag, he went to Friga, telling her how all the

world wondered at her son's strength and beauty, and Friga, proud of his valor, replied:

"All the powers of earth and heaven are allied to help him, and they have sworn a mighty oath not to do him harm; all save the mistletoe, so tiny a plant that it was scarce worth fearing."

Then the wicked Loki much rejoiced and laughed his evil laugh, and straightway made from the mystic plant an arrow swift and keen; then, entering the council of the gods, he said to Heda the Blind: "Why do you not contend with the arrows of Balder?"

And Heda answered: "Lo, I am blind and have no weapons."

At this Loki smiled again, giving him the mistletoe arrow, and Heda cast it from him and lo! Balder the Beautiful lay slain!

In Italian legend the mistletoe is connected with the story of Ginevra, the unfortunate bride who disappeared on her wedding night when

"The mistletoe hung in the castle hall."

Years after her mouldering skeleton was found in an old oaken chest where she had hidden in merry sport, the lid closing upon her with a spring.

But the dainty mistletoe has less tragic sentiments woven about its delicate branches, memories of castle halls gaily garlanded with Christmas berries. From time immemorial a spray of mistletoe, hung from the ceiling in the servants' hall, gave the privilege of exacting toll by any of the sterner sex from the fair damsel whom he might catch beneath the branches. Stolen kisses passed between sweethearts, but each must break a berry from the bough, and when no more berries remained the forfeits were paid. In Devonshire the maid who was not kissed 'neath the mistletoe was supposed not to be married during the year. An English poet apostrophizes the plant:

"Hail, hail to the leaves of rich green,
With pearls that are fit for a queen,
So pure and so white:
Such emblems of innocent mirth,
We'll value as blessings on earth
In this season of joy giving birth
To social delight."

In addition to the mistletoe ivy was largely used in Christmas decorations, and it rivalled holly in the esteem of many. Though popular in hall and castle, it was barred from the sanctuary because of its association with Bacchus, God of Wine in the Roman mythology, and used to wreath his brow and decorate his shrine in the orgies in his honor.

But in "Merrie England" ivy was one of the favorite Christmas greens, and since Christmas is "a green spot amidst the death of nature, a renewing of time, a hope of eternity," the evergreen ivy seems one of the gardener Nature's fairest offerings for the festal season.

In parts of Oxfordshire the maid servants ask the men for ivy to decorate the house, and if any neglect to bring it, she is privileged to steal a pair of his breeches and nail them up in the highway for the derision of all who pass by. Many other quaint customs are wreathed about the "ivy green."

Yet, suitable as is the trailing, glossy vine, it must, perforce, share its popularity with the holly, whose prickly leaves and gay berries always seem to embody the very spirit of Christmas joy.

"With holly and ivy
So green and so gay
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day,"

sings *Poor Robin's Almanac*, and the two evergreens, so widely different, seem ever to go hand-in-hand in Christmas song and story. This rivalry is quaintly told in a very old poem,

"A SONG TO THE HOLLY AND IVY.

"Holy stond in the hall, fayre to behold,
Ivy stond without the doare, she ys full sore a-cold.
Holy and his merry men, they dawnsen and they sing,
Ivy and her maydens they weepen and they wring.
Holy has berys, red as any rose;
He fosters the hunters, keeps them from the dores.
Ivy hath berys, black as any sloe;
There come the owle and eat them as they gro.
Holy hath burdys, a full fayre flocke,
The nightyngale, the poppyngay, the doyty lavyrock.
Gode Ivy, what burdys hasten thou?
None but the howlets that cry 'How, how!'"



DRAGGING IN THE YULE LOG.

Chorus :

“Nay, Ivy, nay: it may not be I wis,
Let Holy have the maystry as the manner ys.”

Holly seems peculiarly suited for the blessed Christmas, for

“When the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?”

Its green leaves and scarlet berries form a brilliant contrast to the snowy mead and forest bleak, and bright amidst such dolorous days it evinces the true spirit of the Christmas-tide, the most joyous holiday of all the year.

No Christmas was complete without the “Holly-Tree,” and old Father Christmas was always crowned with holly. The old song runs:

“Old Father Christmas would despair
And pine in silent grief,
If twined amid his silver hair
Were seen no holly wreath.”

Christmas in “mumming” has always the emblematic holly spray borne beside him by a little girl, and in Wales at the present day is still acted the old-time Christmas play, where the holly-crowned seer recites:

“Here come I, old Father Christmas ;
 Christmas or not,
 I hope old Father Christmas
 Will never be forgot.”

An old reason given for decorating the houses at Christmas is that the spirit of the frost is nipping with his cold fingers the sylvan homes of the bright elfin spirits abroad in the land, and the houses must be decked with evergreen that the little elves may repair thither and await the warmer weather of Candlemas Day.

Those anxious to account for it scripturally refer to the palm branches thrown before our Lord, and decorating Jerusalem upon his entrance into that city. The Puritans regarded the custom as a heathen abomination, and quoted Polydore Virgil in defence of their views, he having written: “Trymmings of the temple with flowres, hangyng boughes, and garlonds was taken of the heathen people, whiche decked their idols and houses with suche array.”

But whether they were fashionable with Queen Mary or scouted by Cromwell, in rural England Christmas greens were as popular as were flowers on May day, and holly and ivy and mistletoe wreathed castle and hall.

“Our churches and houses,” says an old writer, “decked with bayes and rosemarye, holy and ivy, and other plantes, which are always green winter and summer, signify and put us in mind of His Diety, and that the Child that now was born was God and Man, who should spring up like a tender plant, should always be green and flourishing, and live for evermore”; and the Yule-tide holly and mistletoe symbolize a piety as fervent as the everlasting green of their glossy leaves, as pure and as warm as the waxen white and the glowing crimson of their berries.

HUMAN LOVE AND DIVINE LOVE.

BY M. D. PETRE.



SPIRITUAL goods can never be passed on by the law of entail; the great commandment to labor and cultivate the earth in the sweat of the brow is even more binding in the life of the Soul than in that of the body. Each generation must appropriate, by its own efforts, the treasures of the past; must even win them again by right of the sword from those who would seize and scatter them. Hence none are worse enemies of real spiritual truth than those who would resent and repress the endeavor to renew it in each age of the world, for life on this earth consists in a continued renewal, and mere repetition is another name for the decay that leads to death.

PROBLEMS IN ASCETICISM.

Nowhere is this more true than in the domain of ascetical teaching, for asceticism is founded on renunciation, and men will never be induced to renounce what is living for a motive that is dead; the principle may come from the past, but its justification must be found in the present. Hence the truest friends and advocates of a time-honored doctrine are not those who guard it from the least breath of criticism, but those who search and sift it, who distinguish in it that which is temporary and passing from that which is lasting and eternal, and who thus, like true mediators, reconcile it with its surroundings, and its surroundings with itself, and prepare it to meet the future by its adaptation to the present.

In an essay entitled "Poet and Mystic," which now sees the light again along with many other valuable companions,* Father Tyrrell deals with one such ascetical principle, and examines particularly into the manner in which it was treated by Coventry Patmore, to whom it was indeed the one absorbing theme of life.

From the day when the gospel word went forth that a man

* *The Faith of the Millions.* By Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J.

was to leave father, mother, and wife for the service of his Maker, that he was to hate those of his own household and despise his own flesh and blood for the sake of Christ, the whole question of human love has occupied the attention of our spiritual teachers, and the heart, in its struggles after detachment, has been subjected to a discipline no less severe and heroic than the mind in its efforts after faith. The highest point of ascetic endeavor has been reached in the doctrine of religious life, and from this idea of complete renunciation have flowed a number of subsidiary doctrines, carrying the same principle, in a mitigated form, into circumstances less rigorous.

TYRRELL AND PATMORE DISAGREE.

Patmore's views on this subject were a reaction from the Neoplatonic exaggerations which had grown up in the whole field of asceticism. Aided by the study of the higher mystical writers, he constructed a theory of divine love which, far from interfering with the highest and strongest human affections, found in them the food and the very sacrament of the union of the soul with God. Father Tyrrell contrasts this view, as advocated by Patmore, with the more ordinary ascetical teaching, and seeks a certain *modus vivendi*, by which the advantages and limitations of either may be recognized. For it cannot be denied, as he says, that Patmore's views are *prima facie* opposed "to the common traditions of Catholic asceticism, and to the apparent *raison d'être* of every sort of monastic institution" (p. 49). If human love, as Patmore would seem to teach, is not only the best and shortest road to divine love, but is even, when properly ordered, in a certain sense divine love itself, then assuredly we shall look round in vain for any real justification of the lives of those who cut themselves off from the possibility of developing some of the closest and tenderest relations of human affection. If the lawful love of husband or wife or children is truly the love of God himself, and if God is loved more intensely in proportion as they are loved more intensely, then it were indeed a mistaken idea of sacrifice that should lead us to renounce so simple and direct a means of attaining the one end for which we were created. For, as Father Tyrrell truly says, according to such a view "if only the affection be of the right kind as to mode and object, the more the better, nor can there be any question of crowding other affections into

a corner to make more room for the love of God in our hearts" (p. 53).

MOTIVES FOR CELIBACY.

Nor can we be satisfied if, as is suggested in the same place, Patmore still found some ground for celibacy "in the case of men and women devoted to the direct ministry of good works, spiritual and corporal, a devotion incompatible with domestic cares." It is true that this may constitute one great motive for the renunciation of family ties, and that the absence of all private care will leave the heart and mind more free for the universal interests of the church and mankind. But this motive alone would not suffice; for, in the first place, we see that the married state is sometimes quite compatible with the highest devotion to a cause spiritual or other. Though the Catholic Church maintains the obligation of a celibate clergy, as the higher and more perfect standard, we must nevertheless recognize that, in many cases, marriage no more impedes devotion to the cause of the church than devotion to the duties of any other profession. And, in the second place, even granting the greater advantages of celibacy in this respect, we shall not ordinarily find in such a merely negative and external motive a sufficient incentive to the most intimate sacrifice that a man can make. The great spiritual fabric of monasticism must rest on its own basis if it is to possess any durability, must be beautiful with its own beauty, and not owe its excellence to some motive of mere utility.

IN WHAT TRUE ASCETICISM CONSISTS.

If, as is certain, the only true asceticism is that which tells us to die to that which is lower in order to live to that which is higher, then must this higher life comprehend that lower one which has been forsaken. If it is the heart that dies it must be in order that the heart may live, and may live with a love that contains all the noblest elements of that which has been sacrificed. It is here that the principle of compensation enters, and compensation must not be confounded with substitution. It is not enough that we receive another kind of good in place of the one we have sacrificed; what asceticism really promises is the bestowal of a higher good in the same order, a good that shall comprehend, even while it transcends, all that is best and highest in that which we have sacrificed.

It is curious that while Patmore seems to cut away the usually accepted motives for renunciation in the world as we actually know it, he introduces it into the very place where it would seem to be quite superfluous. For surely the bulk, at least, of ascetical teaching is proper to fallen and not to faultless nature, and the garden of Paradise was the one place where it was never required. A certain higher type of paganism is only wrong in so far as it takes the world, not as it is but as it might have been. Shame, however holy, is a consequence of sin or of the possibility of sin; the perfection of nature is when the body is not the enemy but the companion of the soul, both enjoying their respective rights without clash or discord, nay, the perfect activity of the body being the complement and expression of the still higher activity of the soul. Hence, the second Adam and Eve came, not to repair for that which was in the order of nature and would never have been anything but holy had man been faithful to his trust, but rather to atone for that great sin which had divorced nature from grace, and separated the interests of soul and body.

Hence it is most true, as Father Tyrrell says, that Patmore, in love with his theory, "fell into a one-sidedness just as real as that against which his chief work was a revolt and protest" (p. 57).

FATHER TYRRELL RECONCILES THE TWO VIEWS.

Yet he undoubtedly did good service in rescuing a neglected truth, and in his sympathetic exposition of his teaching Father Tyrrell has been able to put forward clearly, and contrast, the two limited and opposed views which have so long disputed the field with one another.

"It must be confessed," he writes, "that, in regard to the reconciliation of the claims of intense human affection with those of intense sanctity, there have been among all religious teachers two distinct conceptions struggling for birth, often in one and the same mind, either of which, taken as adequate, must exclude the other. It would not be hard to quote the utterances of saints and ascetics for either view, or to convict individual authorities of seeming self-contradiction in the matter. The reason of this is apparently that neither view is or can be adequate; that one is weak where the other is strong; that they are both imperfect analogies of a relationship that is unique and

sui generis, the relationship between God and the Soul. Hence neither hits the centre of truth, but glances aside, one at the right hand, the other at the left. Briefly, it is a question of the precise sense in which God is 'a jealous God' and demands to be loved alone. The first and easier mode of conception is that which is implied in the common language of saints and ascetics, language perhaps consciously symbolic and defective in its first usage, but which has been inevitably literalized and hardened when taken upon the lips of the multitude. God is necessarily spoken of and imagined in terms of the creature, and when the analogical character of such expression slips from consciousness, as it does almost instantly, he is spoken of, and therefore thought of, as the First of creatures competing with the rest for the love of man's heart. He is placed alongside of them in our imagination, not behind them or in them. Hence comes the inference that whatever love they win from us in their own right, by reason of their inherent goodness, is taken from him. Even though he be loved better than all of them put together, yet he is not loved perfectly till he be loved alone. Their function is to raise and disappoint our desire time after time, till we be starved back to him as to the sole-satisfying—everything else having proved *vanitas vanitatum*. . . .

"This mode of imagining the truth, so as to explain the divine jealousy implied in the precept of loving God exclusively and supremely, is, for all its patent limitations, the most generally serviceable. Treated as a strict equation of thought to fact, and pushed accordingly to its utmost logical consequences, it becomes a source of danger; but in fact it is not and will not be so treated by the majority of good Christians who serve God faithfully but without enthusiasm; whose devotion is mainly rational and but slightly affective; who do not conceive themselves called to the way of the saints, or to offer God that all-absorbing affection which would necessitate the weakening or severing of natural ties. . . .

"The limitations of this simpler and more practical mode of imagining the matter are to some extent supplemented by that other mode for which Patmore found so much authority in St. Bernard, St. Francis, St. Teresa, and many another.

"In this conception God is placed, not alongside of creatures but behind them, as the light which shines through a crystal and lends it whatever it has of lustre. In recognizing whatever

true brilliancy or beauty creatures possess as due to his inbiding presence, the love which they excite in us passes on to him through them.

“Thus in all pure and well-ordered affection it is ultimately God who loves and God who is loved. Hence if only the affection be of the right kind as to mode and object, the more the better, nor can there be any question of crowding other affections into a corner in order to make more room for the love of God in our hearts.

“Most probably a reconciliation of these two conceptions will be found in a clear recognition of the two modes in which God is apprehended and consequently loved by the human mind and heart, the one concrete and experimental, accessible to the simplest and least cultured, and of necessity for all; the other abstract in a sense—a knowledge through the ideas and representations of the mind, demanding a certain degree of intelligence and studious contemplation, and therefore not necessary, at least in any high degree, for all.

“Of these two approaches to divine love and union the former is certainly compatible with, and conducive to, the unlimited fulness of every well-ordered natural affection; but the latter—a life of more conscious, reflex, and actual attention to God—undoubtedly does require a certain abstraction and concentration of our limited spiritual energies, and can only be trodden at the cost of a certain inward seclusion of which outward seclusion is normally a condition” (pp. 49–56).

THE RECONCILIATION NOT WHOLLY SATISFACTORY.

But this reconciliation of the two views appears not wholly satisfactory when we apply it to the living representatives of either. In the first place, the former and cruder conception, according to which human affection must be actually lopped off in order that divine love may find sufficient sap, is vitiated by a fallacy too serious to be reconcilable with any true spirituality. It is, as Father Tyrrell rightly says, because it is not actually carried into effect that its inherent falsehood is not discovered. And yet that this crude and partly false doctrine is founded on a genuine ascetical truth is surely evinced, on the other hand, by the fact that monasticism always claims its support in one form or another. It is true indeed that “there is no degree of divine love that may not be reached by the commoner and

normal path " (p. 56); nay, there are perhaps souls in the cloister who would have reached a higher degree of sanctity by the ordinary than by the extraordinary way; still the whole language of the cloister goes to prove that this peculiar life has been chosen, not chiefly as affording greater leisure but as actually answering to some special demand of God on the Soul. In fact, though the more spiritually enlightened and advanced, the more learned and the more holy, will reject the fallacy too usually entwined with the former view, they will, nevertheless, speak in a manner that makes it exceedingly difficult to dissociate them from it entirely. St. Bernard, St. Teresa, and the many unknown, who are neither unlike nor, perhaps, inferior to them, will indeed adopt more and more of the second and more human conception. God will be, for them, in and behind all creatures, the "love of him the form, the natural affections the matter" (p. 53), and yet the old conception will not be altogether abandoned, and the "jealous God" will still seem to demand a certain sacrifice of the heart, not merely that he may enjoy more exclusive possession of time and attention, but also that he may actually be more tenderly loved. The higher the soul attains the less need will it have for this principle of restraint, the more the second view prevails the fainter will the former become; but none the less will it be recognized that the first had in it something which was proper to fallen nature as such, and which can never be altogether cast aside until nature and grace be once more wholly reconciled.

FALLEN NATURE MUST BE CONSIDERED.

For let us again remind ourselves that we are dealing with fallen and not with sinless nature, and that monasticism is as fitting a growth in a world that is under the ban of original sin as it is incongruous when Patmore would plant it in a garden of innocence and joy. That the best things of nature have become not a help but a hindrance, is the fault, not of nature but of sin; that human love should, in any manner, conflict with divine is not because we can love too much or too well, but because the lover and the beloved both share the imperfections of a nature which is corrupt and vitiated, and can therefore be neither perfect objects nor perfect subjects of love.

And we shall understand this better by a simple recognition of the fact that it is conjugal love which affords the chief mat-

ter of renunciation in this respect. In abjuring the right of marriage a man cuts himself off ordinarily from the particular channel for his affections which is opened to the love of husband and wife. Seizing on this relationship, as the chief emblem of the union between God and the Soul, ascetical teachers have, in precise contradistinction from Patmore, implied that it is those who renounce the human reality who can attain to the highest realization of its divine figure. And, though not strange, it is certainly remarkable that we often find amongst celibates the highest ideal of this relationship even from its human standpoint, just perhaps for the reason that it has served them as the matter for the hardest renunciation and the highest endeavor.

WHY CONJUGAL LOVE IS TAKEN AS A SYMBOL.

But why, then, is conjugal love thus represented as being sometimes the greatest obstacle, at others the highest symbol of divine love? Have the saints and ascetics been carried away by a mere superficial resemblance, or is there some deeper justification for their continued similitudes? We think that there is, and that it can be discovered by the analysis of this closest of human relationship, not at its weakest and lowest, but at its highest and strongest. For if, as Father Tyrrell truly says, the cruder interpretation of the call to leave father, wife, and children will not be a danger to the majority of good Christians because they "do not conceive themselves called to the way of the saints, or to offer God that all-absorbing affection which would necessitate the weakening or severing of natural ties" (p. 51), because, in fact, the love of God never gets strong enough to constitute a real danger to the love of man, may we not reverse the statement, and say too that it is because the ordinary human affections are, alas! often so feeble and self-centred that they do not seem to afford any possibility of real menace to that which is divine? For we are apt to be as cautious in our affections as in our temporal business, and a love which is so carefully controlled by prudential considerations and self-interest is not likely to involve us in very violent spiritual risks. But it is when we turn to the types of conjugal love which are strongest, even though misdirected, that we find what the saints had in mind when they contrasted its joys with those of the Divine Union.

CONJUGAL LOVE EXCLUSIVE IN ITS NATURE.

Conjugal love is, of its very nature, exclusive, and this exclusiveness is not based merely on our limitations as to the quantity of affection of which we can dispose, but on a peculiar quality of the love itself. Other affections can be multiplied as to their object without being thereby lessened as to their amount. It is probable that parents do not really love an only child more than they love each one of a family of ten. Their love, in the first case, may be more absorbing, and their grief more acute in case of separation; but this is because they have but one outlet for their parental affections, and not because the quantity is actually greater in one case than the other. Grief and absorption are consequences of love, but are not love itself. Again, certain kinds of friendship can be bestowed on several, and yet one not in any way diminish the other; some love more, some love less; some spread their affections over a wider, others over a narrower area; but the difference seems to have its root rather in the source whence the affection springs than in the method of its distribution. Those who personally love the larger number of friends are not, perhaps, those who possess a greater capacity for loving, but those who possess a wider and more varied sympathy, while the man of fewer ideas has also fewer outlets for his affections.

But conjugal love is exclusive in such a sense that it is from one to one, and as much wounded by the intrusion of a third as by a still wider distribution. And this is because its peculiar quality consists, not in the giving of love but in the giving of self, and in a certain absolute identity of ends and interests. To his other friends a man gives love, sympathy, and good services—to a spouse he gives himself; in the former case something goes out from him to them, in the latter there is nothing to go out, for the giver is the gift. As friends we could still love the friend that was acting contrary to all we held right and advisable; we could see him to be wrong, and yet wait, like a mother, and long for his return—not going with him, but endeavoring to bring him back to ourselves. But in the true conjugal union the lover would follow the loved one into Hell itself rather than suffer separation—"thy people shall be my people, thy God my God."

Watts' wonderful picture of Paolo and Francesca in the

"Inferno" is a fine representation of such love, unutterable anguish yet indivisible union, an embrace that is bitter and hopeless, and yet that all the powers of Hell cannot sunder. Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" is the same conception from an opposite point of view—Hell is not quite Hell when they are together, Heaven is not quite Heaven when they are apart.

WHEN SINFUL NATURE IS CONCERNED LIMITATIONS ARE
NECESSARY.

Now, it is when we conceive love in such sort that we understand why it may not and must not attain its full perfection in sinful nature. For any two bound together for absolutely for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, would have to share each other's spiritual as well as temporal wealth or destitution. Hence there must be limitations in the very nature of the tie when those bound by it are fallen and fallible. We cannot entirely give ourselves to God and to a creature who will not in everything seek God, and no creature on earth seeks him wholly and entirely. In Eden such a donation would have been right and possible, for the desires of the creature would never have trespassed on the right of the Creator; but, as we are now, a certain weakening of the conjugal bond is necessitated by our essential obligation to serve God even at the cost of what we hold dearest. It is not, in fact, the love of God that competes with the love of man, but we cannot give ourselves all to him, and all to a creature who may not constantly seek and serve him. Not only must the lovers part and go different ways when conscience imposes it, but even remotely their union and mutual obligation contain always an "if"—a proviso—"except in case of sin," or "except in case God order it otherwise." And the completeness of conjugal union is marred, not only by physical separation but by any sundering of temporal or eternal ends and interests.

And thus we see how this simile of the conjugal union has become, in the mouths of saints and ascetics, something more than a mere image. They have found in the essence of this human relationship some of those qualities which must enter also into the relationship between the soul and God. As in an ideal world God would be best found and served by taking all things and not by leaving them, so could also the union between husband and wife have been carried to its utmost per-

fection and completeness. There need have been no fear, on the one side of giving, on the other of receiving, too much; for in a nature wholly turned to God neither could the gift be misdirected, nor could it be misapplied. And perhaps, though it is still doubtful, in such a state Patmore's dream might have been fulfilled, and human marriage have been truly the sacrament of divine love. But, as we are, it has proved often otherwise, and it has been by at least a weakening of the human element that the divine has attained a fuller strength and completeness. The exclusiveness of the rights of God has become the ground for denying the exclusiveness of any rights of man, and our Maker has been represented as jealous because the creature is capable of theft.

THE HUNDRED-FOLD IN THIS LIFE.

But as Christ promised his disciples that they who left all things for him should, besides entering into life everlasting, receive an hundred-fold in this world also, so we see that nature sometimes enters again into what she has renounced, and receives compensation on earth as well as in heaven. And we have another proof of that mysterious meeting of extremes in the fact that saint and sinner seem both to approach nearer to the ideal of conjugal love, even in the human order, though starting from such opposite points, and tending to such opposite goals. The sinner disregards God, and deliberately prefers hell with the beloved to heaven without; the saint, on the contrary, so identifies himself with God that his love for the beloved becomes, as it were, the love of God himself for each individual soul, and the tie is so indissoluble that he would snatch the loved one from the very jaws of death; because he cannot go to hell, the other must perforce come to heaven.

"To God," says Mother Juliana, "all the world is as one man, and one man as all the world." We are all organs of the mystical Body of Christ; and not only organs, but each one a vital organ. Like the soul in the body, so is the love of God in all humanity, whole in the whole, and whole in each part. And thus God can be the spouse of each individual soul, and yet, at the same time, of all together. He wants all, and yet he cannot do without one; the world is all in all to him as though it were but one object, and yet each single soul is as much as all the world.

To his creatures it is of this second power that he has imparted the larger share; to us, though in a lower sense, one man may be as all the world, but not all the world as one man. It is in the conjugal union chiefly; that this one-to-one and all-in-all affection is exemplified, and we find a certain dim, inadequate shadow of the special and unique love of God for the individual soul in even the aberrations of strong human affection. Even when wrong in its manner it may still be like in its essence, and thus in every affection of the kind we have some human approach to its divine counterpart.

But in the saints this resemblance has become still closer, and in proportion as they have been able to return nearer to the ideal of sinless nature have they also been able to love in a manner more God-like. Looking out through the eyes of God Himself on a single soul, they have seen that it is worthy of the labor and travail of the entire universe, and that they may most rightly give their all to win this one pearl, which is to them as the Kingdom of Heaven. Whether they can thus love one only or several, it matters little; the one thing certain is that they have regained their right to love without limits in so far as they have learned to love without sin.

And thus the love of a St. Francis for a St. Clare puts on the likeness of conjugal love transformed and deified; it is not so much, as in the ordinary parlance, that each one sees God in the other, but rather that God Himself sees through the eyes of each one, and they share a certain measure of his own perception.

But as of the first renunciation, so of this last attainment it may be said *non omnibus datum est*—it is not given to all in the same completeness. Every well-ordered affection shares something of its perfection, but in its fulness it may only be reached through much tribulation and by the road of renunciation.

WHEN TWILIGHT COMES AROUND.

BY J. FRANCIS DUNNE.

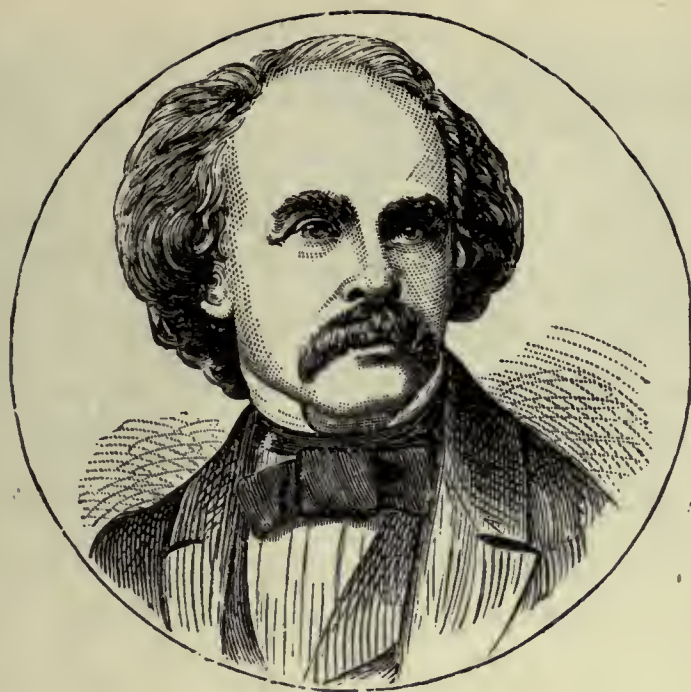


DOES it ever make yer sorry-like
When twilight comes aroun',
En all the air about is still,
En on the earth no soun':
When down the valley booms the gun
Es day fades inter night,
When shadders creep from out the woods
En stars b'gin ter light?

Seems like es if some angel was
A whisp'rin' from on high
Of one las' day fer you 'n' me,
The las' of sun en sky;—
When morn 'll come en bustle,
En men go on their way,
Es one poor soul is soarin'
Up to its jedgment day.

The ev'nin' sky will shine es fair,
The stars light es of yore,
The birds 'll sing es sweetly then,
The waves 'll kiss the shore.
But we will lay so cold en still,
En frien's will gather roun',
Es in the church-yard on the hill
They raise another moun'.

En so it makes me sorry-like,
When on the distant hill
The day is fadin' inter night,
En all the world is still.
En es I watch I hears a song,
All hopeful from the wood,
En turn away contented-like:
I know that God is good.



ASSOCIATIONS OF HAWTHORNE.

BY MARY E. DESMOND.



HE quaint old city of Salem, Mass., which, among other titles, has been designated the "Sea-blown City," possesses much of historical and literary interest. It may truly be termed a city of the past, for its wharves and shipping facilities, which over half a century ago were the pride of the inhabitants, to-day, by their decaying state and the crumbling condition of the immense but empty warehouses, give evidence that as a commercial centre for the shipping trade Salem no longer figures.

Although Plymouth will always claim first honor as the landing-place of the Pilgrims in 1620, Salem is not far behind in the list of the first settlements in Massachusetts. Seven years after the Pilgrims set foot on the soil of the old Bay State, in 1627, Roger Conant and a small band of followers wandered from Cape Ann and formed a settlement on what is now about the centre of the city of Salem. The little colony grew rapidly, and the fine harbor at this point was soon utilized as a port for trading with foreign countries. Its commerce increased as the years passed, and at the beginning of the century just closed its marine merchants penetrated to every part of the civilized world, and the name and fame of Salem as a commercial port was spread far and wide.

As early as 1664 there were a few very rich merchants in the town. Their number was increased every year, and by 1800 the wealth of the town was mainly represented by these merchants. The stately mansions erected by them are the pride and glory of Salem to-day, and so firmly and solidly were they built that the greater number of these dwellings of a bygone generation are in an excellent state of preservation at present.

There is much of early historical interest connected with Salem. Here occurred, February 26, 1775, the first armed resistance to British oppression, known as Leslie's retreat, two months before the battle of Lexington was fought, when was "fired the shot heard round the world." About three hundred British soldiers landed at Marblehead, Mass., and marched to Salem for the purpose of seizing cannon which was reported to be secreted there by the colonists. When they reached what is known as the North Bridge, on North Street, they found the draw raised to prevent their passing. At the other side of the draw stood a large crowd of excited people. After considerable parley a compromise was effected and the soldiers were permitted to cross the bridge and march thirty yards beyond it, on condition that they would immediately retreat and leave the town. This they did, and so closely did the excited crowd press upon them that several were scratched by British bayonets. The natives of Salem claim with much pride that in that city, and not in Lexington, was shed the first blood of the Revolutionary War.

The darkest page in Salem's history is that of the witchcraft delusion in 1692, which earned for it the sobriquet of the "Witch-City." The details of that period of superstition and fanaticism are so well known that they need no repetition. At number 310 Essex Street, which is the principal thoroughfare of Salem, at the junction of North Street, stands an old house which was built by Roger Williams before 1634. The lower story is at present occupied as a drug store, and several of the rooms in the upper stories are devoted to a display of souvenirs and curiosities of historical interest. It is called the Roger Williams House, but is more generally termed the Witch-House; for here, in 1692, was the residence of Judge Corwin, who will ever be known as the witch-judge, and in this house were held the trials of the alleged witches. Here nineteen supposed witches were sentenced to be hanged on Gallows Hill—a weird spot, in



THE OLD WITCH-HOUSE.

2 After the alteration in 1780.

1 The original house built before 1634.

4 As it is to-day.

3 Rear of Witch-House after 1780.

the rear of Boston Street, which is almost barren of vegetation at the top. At the court-house on Federal Street can be seen the "witch-pins" which the afflicted persons testified were stuck into them by the witches; also the parchments on which is written the evidence submitted at the trials by those who testified to having been tormented by the witches.

What is known as the Charter Street burying-ground is the oldest cemetery in Salem. Here many of the witches were interred, among them Giles Corey, who was pressed to death by order of the judges, and an old stone marks his grave. Here also was buried one of the witch-judges, who was an ancestor of Salem's gifted son—Nathaniel Hawthorne. Of him this famous literary genius wrote: "He made himself so conspicuous in the martyrdom of the witches that their blood may fairly be said to have left a stain upon him. So deep a stain indeed that his dry old bones must still retain it, if they have not

crumbled to dust." The cemetery is filled with old slate stones bearing dates of over two centuries ago, but the majority of them are well preserved and the quiet spot is neatly kept. A curious feature of this old burial-place of the early English colonists is an old stone erected in one corner bearing a date of the seventeenth century which marks the resting-place of a young man who was a native of County Antrim, Ireland.

Undoubtedly what causes Salem to be the Mecca for many visitors at all seasons of the year, but more especially during the summer months, is that there was born, July 4, 1804, one of America's greatest novelists—Nathaniel Hawthorne—whose reputation as a standard writer remains firm and unshaken by time and critics.

The house in which Hawthorne first saw the light is at number 21 Union Street. It is gable-roofed, and its massive chimneys and small-paned windows attest its antiquity. Like many of the old houses in Salem, it was built very close to the street. From its door the ocean can be seen, and it seems far removed from the noise and turmoil of the city, although it is but a short distance from the centre of the business traffic. It was built before the witchcraft delusion by Benjamin Pickman, and was purchased by Hawthorne's grandfather in 1772. In all his novels dealing with life in New England Hawthorne refers to his native town with much affection, yet, strange to say, no mention is made of this house which must have held for him a peculiar interest. At present it is occupied by a private family, and, as a rule, no visitors are allowed to view the interior. The room in which Hawthorne was born is the one fronting the street on the left of the main entrance in the second story.

On the right of the Charter Street cemetery, at 53 Charter Street, is a house which Hawthorne has made famous by his posthumous work, that weird tale entitled *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*. In the first chapter he thus describes the house: "Cornered in a grave-yard with which the house communicated by a back door, a three-story wooden house, perhaps a century old, low studded, with a square front standing right upon the street, and a small enclosed porch containing the main entrance, affording a glimpse up and down the street through an oval window on each side." This is an exact description of the house as it now stands.

Gazing upon this unique house caused visions to arise of



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE IN SALEM WHERE "THE SCARLET LETTER" WAS WRITTEN.

grim Dr. Grimshawe in his cobwebbed study, where roamed numberless spiders, concocting his strange cobweb medicine with the aid of frequent "helps" from the brandy bottle which invariably stood near by; and of little Elsie and Redclyffe, the two waifs he cared for through a spirit of revenge, playing in the adjacent grave-yard with no thought of the eventful part they were later to play upon the stage of life. It is very singular that Hawthorne should have connected anything so unpleasant as *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret* with this house. It must have held for him many very pleasant memories, for here, in 1838, he met Miss Sophia Amelia Peabody, who four years later became his wife.

To the admirers of that master-piece of fiction *The Scarlet Letter* the Salem custom-house possesses a special interest. It is a substantial brick building, and stands on Derby Street facing Derby wharf. The room in which Hawthorne spent "three monotonous years" as surveyor is on the lower floor on

the left of the main corridor, and the stencil with which he marked inspected goods "N. Hawthorne" is shown to visitors. On the second floor is the room in which the scarlet letter which figures in the tale is said to have been found. In Hawthorne's day this was an unfinished rubbish-room.

While toiling here at an uncongenial occupation, Hawthorne indulged in the literary work he loved during his spare moments, and in 1850 he wrote the greater part of *The Scarlet Letter*. The lesson taught in this novel, in condemnation of the double life led by Rev. Arthur Dinsdale, is as powerful as any sermon ever preached; while the end of the tale, which is highly dramatic, depicts vividly remorse of conscience and its effects, and it is a fitting climax to the absorbing tale of wrong-doing and its inevitable consequences. In Hester Prynne's remorse and expiation the retribution which follows sin is clearly portrayed, and the lesson taught is most effective.

In connection with *The Scarlet Letter* the first Protestant church erected in Salem, in 1634, is of interest. It is situated in the rear of Plummer Hall, at 134 Essex Street, and is twenty feet long, seventeen wide, and twelve high. In appearance it more resembles a shed than a church. For a long time its whereabouts was unknown, but it was finally discovered some years ago under the brow of Gallows Hill, where it was being used as a hennery. Previous to this use it served as a public inn on the turnpike road between Salem and Boston. It was in such a dilapidated condition when found that nothing practically remained but the framework. This was encased in a new covering of boards in such a manner that the original shape was preserved. The timbers are very much worm-eaten, and the inside of the structure, which has been restored as far as possible to its original appearance, proves its great antiquity. The greater part of the ponderous original door has been preserved and also the massive lock. The key to this lock is about nine inches long, and to it is attached a long steel chain ballasted by a block of wood about four inches square. Weighted with such a key, it is not to be wondered at that the church-warden of the long ago felt that he was a person of great importance.

In this ancient meeting-house is the desk which was used by Hawthorne in the custom-house, and on which he wrote *The Scarlet Letter*. It is a clumsy-looking affair, and, judging from the many scribblings and carved initials which almost cover it,



THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.

it must be inferred that it was not "all work and no play" at the custom-house. Hawthorne's name is written with some sharp instrument on the cover, and it is said to have been done by himself.

In the interesting *Twice-Told Tales* is a sketch entitled "A Rill from the Town Pump." The pump in Salem which figures in this quaint soliloquy was long ago removed. It stood on Central Street, in a small square which faces Essex Street. Hawthorne tells in his inimitable style what this old pump saw and heard regarding life about it in those bygone days of Salem's prosperity. On the site of the pump, very appropriately, stands a fine life-size statue of Rev. Father Theobald Mathew, which was unveiled with much ceremony some years ago.

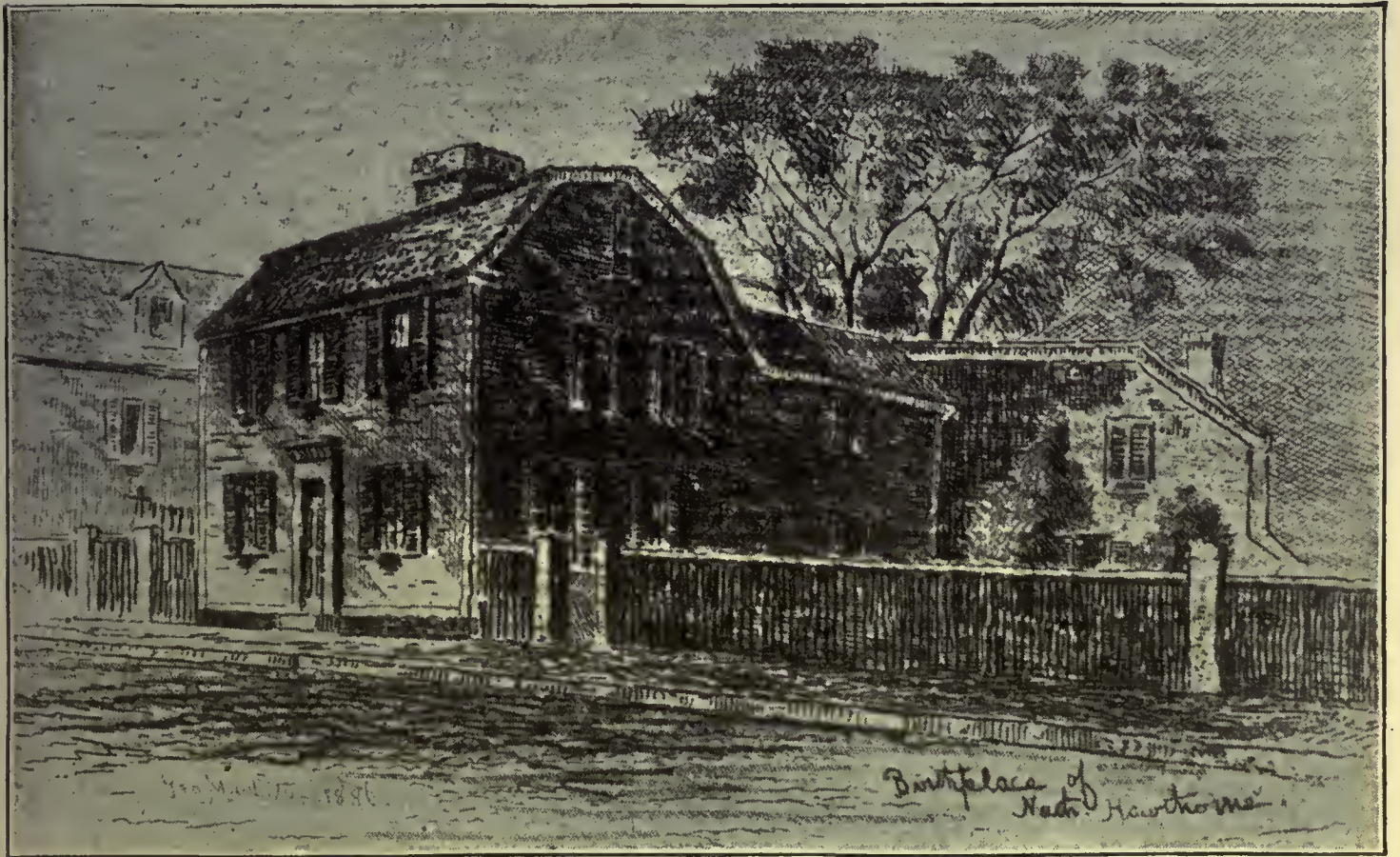
One of the most interesting spots in Salem connected with Hawthorne is the house situated at 34 Turner Street, which has become widely known through the novel entitled *The House of the Seven Gables*, which tale is thought by many to rival *The*

Scarlet Letter in excellence. The house has at present but four gables, but an inspection of the attic shows that three gables have been removed, and their outlines can be plainly traced along the rafters. The attic is unfinished, and the roof is supported by huge beams which were imported from England. The laths were made by hand, and their irregular length and width bear proof of that fact. The plaster was made of common clay mixed with hay.

The house was built about 1680, and to all appearances it is a wooden building. The stone foundation, however, does not terminate at the cellar, but is nearly three feet thick at the base of the first floor, and extends with a gradual slope to the second story, where it ends. It is situated very near the ocean, but, owing to this solid wall, the house does not rock during the wildest storm. On the first floor, near the street, was the shop which plays such an important part in the story in which this old house figures. This room is now used as a kitchen by the family that resides there. Visitors are admitted on the payment of a small sum, and all are requested to register. The parlor, which is on the first floor, is a very large room. It contains a full-length oil-painting of Hawthorne, and the dreamy eyes of the portrait seem to follow one about the room. There is also an oil-painting of Miss Susan Ingersoll, who was a relative of Hawthorne's, and who first suggested the title of the book which has made this house famous. The novelist was a frequent visitor here, and during one of these visits Miss Ingersoll told him that the house once had seven gables. Taking him up the dark stairway that leads to the attic, she showed him the beams and mortises to prove her statement. When coming down the stairs he repeated, half aloud, "House of the seven gables; that sounds well." Not long after this incident, in 1851, the romance bearing that name appeared.

The visitor to the old house, which is extremely well preserved, will at once recognize the scene of the fascinating story; the little shop where Miss Pyncheon, stifling her family pride, obeyed the summons of the tinkling bell on the door that eventful morning when her first customer, the genial artist Holgrave, tried to cheer her drooping spirits and sustain her pride by graciously accepting the proffered biscuit without offering a recompense. Not so gracious was her next customer—a child—who, when given a piece of gingerbread, returned shortly and

asked for more; the parlor, where sat stern Judge Pyncheon in that awful silence, broken nevermore, overtaken by the wrath of a just God; Clifford's chamber in the second story, from which he looked in wonder upon the world abroad, trying vainly to connect the bitter past with the present; Holgrave, the artist, living in the many-gabled attic, the lights and shadows of which were not more variable than his sunny, cheerful character;



THE HOUSE WHERE HAWTHORNE WAS BORN.

and light-hearted little Phœbe in the garden, finding joy and gladness in everything despite the gloom which seemed to have settled over the ill-fated house.

In the preface of *The House of the Seven Gables* the author wrote: "I have provided myself with a moral—the truth; namely, that the wrong-doing of one generation lives in the successive ones; and I would feel a singular gratification if this romance might effectually convince mankind—or, indeed, any one man—of the folly of tumbling down an avalanche of ill-gotten gold, or real estate, on the heads of an unfortunate posterity, thereby to maim and crush them until the accumulated mass shall be scattered abroad in its original atoms." With such a lofty purpose in view, could the book fail to find thousands of appreciative readers?

The atmosphere of Salem is impregnated with Hawthorne.



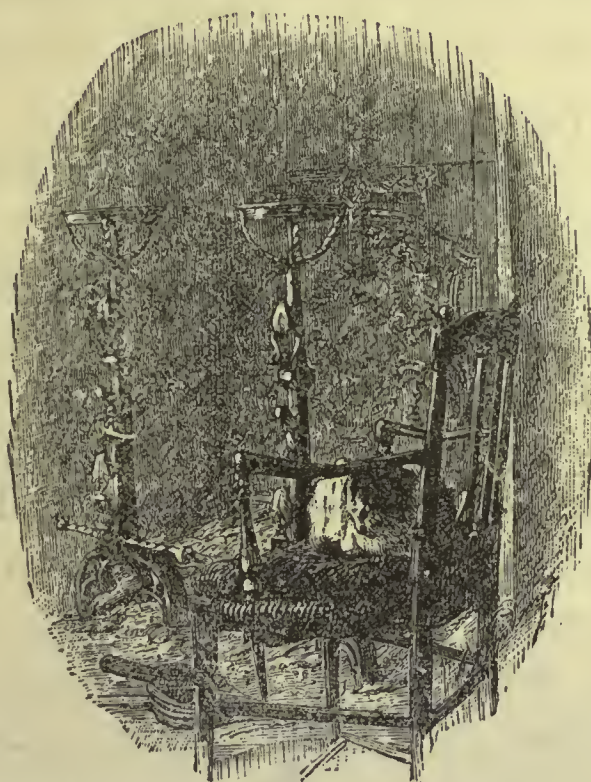
HAWTHORNE'S LIBRARY.

Upon all sides, displayed in the shop windows, are souvenirs of the gentle novelist, and the names on the street signs recall the scenes of many incidents narrated in his writings. He scorned to pander to low tastes, and created a style in literature which was distinctively his own. He had high ideals of life and its duties, and he sought in graceful and picturesque language to impress those ideals upon his readers. While several of his novels contain highly dramatic scenes, he carefully avoided the sensational, and the high ideals of virtue and hatred of vice, yet ever with a pitying sentiment toward the guilty ones, commends them as strictly moral delineations of character. The descriptions in *Our Old Home Sketches* are a series of word paintings equalled only by the inimitable Washington Irving. In all his books he sought the true ideal of all literature that is worth the name—the uplifting of mankind by the presentation of ennobling ideals and the inculcating of moral lessons that will make a lasting impression.

Hawthorne's grave in Sleepy Hollow cemetery, in the historic town of Concord, Massachusetts, is as unpretending as he was in life. The large lot is surrounded by a hedge which

bears evidence of the visits of ruthless relic-seekers. Outside of this hedge is an iron fence. The grave of the novelist is near the centre of the lot, and it is covered with ivy. It is marked by a low white stone which simply bears the name "Nathaniel Hawthorne," and near by are the graves of two of his children and his little grandson, Ralph Hawthorne Lathrop. No costly monument is needed to perpetuate Hawthorne's memory. When the names of many "popular writers" will have sunken into a well-deserved oblivion the fame of Salem's gifted son will live on. Future generations will read o'er and o'er his fascinating novels, and will wander with him through the realms of imagination and in fancy tread in company with the creatures of his fertile brain through the picturesque scenes in and about the ancient city of Salem.

Haverhill, Massachusetts.



NIGHT AND PEACE.

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.



HE convent's walls are dim and gray
 In the young moon's light so softly
 beaming;
 The great bell's voice has ceased to
 pray
 For the world that lies asleep and
 dreaming.

A dusky bat bends silent wing.
 Through the belfry shadows darkly
 stealing,
 And far below the crickets sing
 In their plaintive tones of tender
 feeling.

A lonely night-hawk sadly calls;
 On the evening wind in tree-tops sighing,
 The mournful owl's note rises, falls,
 As home to woodland nest she's flying.

The chapel altar lights burn dim,
 And a nun asks peace upon the sleeping,—
 Nor pleads in vain, that peace, of Him
 Who, without, within, His watch is keeping.



A VISIT TO THE CATACOMB OF ST. CALIXTUS.

BY SISTER M. AUGUSTINE.



SO long as the human heart pays homage to valor and virtue, so long will the Roman Catacombs be regarded as one of the most sacred places on earth. It is easy to understand that to hear Mass amid the remains of the martyrs is a privilege that every Christian will appreciate.

On the evening of November 23 the Ursulines assembled at Villa Maria, the Mother House of their Order in Rome, were informed that on the following morning they would assist at the Holy Sacrifice in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus. An early start had to be made, as the distance from Villa Maria to the place is over six miles. At about six o'clock A.M. eighteen landaus drew up at the great conventual door, and in prayerful silence the sisters took their places—four in each vehicle. The air was chilly and misty, although a few stars twinkled overhead.

There was no great difficulty in making "the composition of place" for the morning's meditation; it was there, and it was not hard to repeople the streets through which our carriages rolled with the Christians of those far-off days wending their way to the same place and for the same purpose. It was humiliating to think of our ease and their hardships, our lack of courage and their heroism. Very appropriately, we circled completely around the Coliseum; we could almost hear the cries, "*Christiani ad leones!*" and I wish my words could convey a little of the enthusiasm and loyalty to Holy Mother Church which each one felt at that cradle of Christianity, that noblest monument of Christian heroism. As we passed amid the venerable ruins of ancient Rome we marvelled at the power of God that had drawn such victory from defeat, and while those ruins by which we might measure Rome's greatness repeated almost audibly *Vanitas vanitatum*, a still small voice, in a sweet undertone, made itself heard: "*Laudate Dominum omnes gentes!*"

How could we in presence of such monuments doubt of the

ultimate success of the movement which had called us to Rome, namely, the unification of our ancient order; a movement undertaken at the desire of our Holy Father and blessed by his approval? True, there were difficulties in the way; but we were in presence of the Flavian Amphitheatre; its very stones cried out: "Have confidence; I have conquered the world."

On we went past Cæsar's palace, the Circus Maximus, the baths of Caracalla, out at the Capena Gate, down the Appian Way, and at length we entered the old church-yard of St. Calixtus. The old, old buildings, the cypresses wet with the fog, through which the sun was trying to show his radiant face, made a fitting beginning to our pilgrimage. Several of the white-robed Trappists were hurrying through the grave-yard, on their way to celebrate Mass in the crypts below. Reverend Mother-General hailed one and asked if a guide were at hand, and was answered all was in readiness, and the venerable Father Abbot was awaiting our arrival in the crypt of St. Cecilia. No time was lost; we went towards the shed-like entrance and descended by a very long flight of steps, attributed to Pope Damasus, that great lover of the martyrs.

As we left daylight behind us in our descent we were met by several hooded monks, who gave each one a lighted taper, and silently and prayerfully we continued our journey to still greater depths. Once or twice we were cautioned to hurry and to keep closely together, as any deviation from the path might result in our being lost. Only a few days before a very serious thing of that kind had occurred, when two boys, having lost their way, were found only after a two days' search. Several of the sisters among us were old and some very feeble, but they would not have consented to remain at home for any consideration. No small amount of endurance was necessary on their part to conquer the hurry and fatigue of the march.

At last we reached an excavation in the rock and found the whole interior covered with garlands of flowers; a sort of carpet was spread over the rocky floor. The cave was about 12 by 12 feet and 8 feet high. In a recess in the southern wall was the place in which the martyr's body had reposed for so many centuries, and the tomb was the altar. On the epistle side of the altar was a low, arched recess in which was placed a beautiful, life-sized statue of Parian marble of the saint, lying in the attitude in which her body had been found, the hair falling

partly over the face, and the martyr lying on her side with her hands gently clasped. Large tapers surrounded the statue and flowers were everywhere.

You can easily conceive how crowded the crypt was, when in that space were about seventy sisters and the celebrating priest with his server. An opening at the south and another at the north led into two adjacent crypts, in which Masses were being celebrated. Oh! the solemnity of that scene. To those familiar with the beautiful story of *Fabiola*, it seemed just like a re-enacting of the scenes described therein.

At the elevation the sisters sang an "O Salutaris." There were tears in every voice, and I wondered if the dear Saint Cecilia had not given to those voices some heavenly charm, for never in all my life had I heard sounds so soul-stirring and beautiful. When the time for Communion came it was almost impossible to stir, and the abbot stretched his hand as far as possible to reach the most distant. We managed somehow, without too much disturbance, to come close enough.

A Mass of thanksgiving followed, and at this a Magnificat was sung. Its exultant tones rang out in that low-vaulted recess as though each heart returned thanks to the Divine Spouse who had called us at the close of the nineteenth century to be of that company of chosen souls stretching back to the first. How grateful we felt for the gift of faith, as we knelt beside the tomb of that dainty Roman lady who had given life and all to hand it down to us sealed with the testimony of her blood. It was more than possible, it was probable, that many a time she, leaving the palaces we had passed, wended her way amid these narrow passages and entered the very door or opening by which we had come to kneel at the same august mysteries and be strengthened by the same Bread of Life.

I cannot help dwelling upon the impression this reality and sameness of surroundings and sentiments and faith produced upon us. We were not spectators of a soul-stirring drama. We were participators in it.

After the second Mass we were invited to partake of a very frugal repast in the refectory of the Trappists near by. Before leaving each one took some souvenirs of the holy place, such as flowers, ferns, leaves, and bits of wax from the burning tapers. At first we scarcely dared to touch anything, but a kindly-faced monk told us the prohibitions we saw everywhere

related only to the bodies of the saints, and that we were welcome to all the pebbles, flowers, and wax we could carry away.

Upon reaching and half-way ascending the steep flight of steps leading to the upper air, we were informed that only half our number could be accommodated in the refectory, and that the other half should return and explore the catacombs until the first band had breakfasted.

I shall always thank God I was among those who had to remain, as our guide was the gifted archæologist Baron Von K——, son of the Austrian general of that name, who served in the armies of Pio Nono. The baron knows every inch of ground in the catacomb, and every inscription is as clear to him as if he had lived when they were written. He was the friend of Rossi, whose mantle has fallen upon him.

He led us back to the crypt of St. Cecilia and pointed out to us a picture on the left of the altar, which he said was one of the most astounding proofs of the accuracy of Catholic tradition regarding the martyrs, as well as a brilliant refutation of the scoffs of infidel critics. The Acts of St. Cecilia, which are marvellous as a fairy tale, mentioned that Urban was present at her martyrdom. Now, whether the word pope was mentioned or not I do not know; but at all events, unfavorable critics were not slow to note that Pope Urban lived fifty years later than the martyr, and from the falseness of this statement they argued the whole legend of St. Cecilia was a pleasing fiction. When, however, the tomb was discovered, there was the picture of Urban, deacon, in a very good state of preservation; the head and shoulders as well as the feet and the *name Urban* are untouched by time, proving clearly *an* Urban must have been present, since his picture adorned her tomb.

Two other pictures in a tolerable state of preservation are in this crypt. It was a source of great surprise to me that the paintings in the catacombs are so good. What irrefragable proofs they are of the truths of Christianity! There is no difficulty whatever in recognizing the truths these pictures commemorate; they might have been painted yesterday. One sees the Good Shepherd, with the lost sheep on his shoulders; Peter's denial is clearly shown in the sad-faced old man, near a pillar upon which a cock is crowing lustily. Lazarus coming forth from the tomb reminds one not only of the gospel narrative, but proclaims the belief in the soul's immortality. The

Virgin and Child links us with the past in the most heart-thrilling manner. Doubting Thomas is there, and the Last Supper; and the basket of loaves on the fish's back typifies plainly the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist.

From the crypt of St. Cecilia we wended our way, by many a narrow winding path, to the crypts of Pope Cornelius and of the Popes in general, where lie the ashes of that lover of the martyrs Pope Damasus. On our way we came across *grafiti* quite high up on the wall. To me it was a most pathetic, beautiful story—the record of a great human love coming up from those early days and giving that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. The baron raised his torch and warned us to keep well in mind what he read, as it had a sequel further on. I have not the exact words of the writing, but I could not forget the sense. It began “O dulcis Sophronia,” and continued (it was written in Latin), “a weary pilgrim, I seek thee and find thee not. If thou art with God, remember me.” Who was the dulcis Sophronia? A wife, or sister, or sweetheart? One, at least, for whom a human heart sought amid these mazes of the dead, and mourned that the search was vain. Somehow we all felt she was young, beautiful, holy, and beloved. The baron smiled and said, “Wait—there is more.” We hurried along, stopping now and then at some tomb of particular interest. At last we stopped, and the torch was raised to the *grafiti* on the wall. Carved in the soft stone by some sharp instrument we read again: “Dulcis Sophronia, again I return, a weary pilgrim, and find thee not. If thou art with God, remember me.”

Poor tried heart! he could not forget the beloved. How long the quest was suspended there is nothing to tell. Our guide was evidently pleased with the interest we felt, and smilingly said: “Wait; there is a sequel still.” The baron, who speaks French well, has nevertheless a pretty way of asking if he is fully understood, as he fears his language is not thoroughly idiomatic. Being assured by a dozen voices that not a word was lost, we proceeded. For some time we had been noticing and wondering at the large openings in the ground above the catacombs, letting in light and air. By the way, the atmosphere of this catacomb is fresh and dry. Several times we were warned not to linger, and indeed sometimes we were actually kept on a run.

At last we reached the tomb of Cornelius. When found the inscription had fallen and broken in two; it was replaced and joined with little difficulty. In this crypt there are several good paintings, in a fine state of preservation. At the side of the tomb is what would appear to be a baptismal font of rather large dimensions, covered by a stone. Our guide, however, adduced several reasons for believing it was used as an altar, chief of which was that a chalice and other sacred vessels had been found in the hollow.

In passing through one crypt we saw two long boxes covered with glass, in which were two entire skeletons. On the skull of one was a tuft of reddish hair. I believe they were relics of martyrs, lately taken from some of the tombs in the walls. The crypt of the Popes is much larger than the others; has even some pretensions to decorations, as two slender pillars uphold, or seem to uphold, the arched roof. There are many tombs in the walls; a large sarcophagus at one end, and the famous inscription written by Pope Damasus, epitomizing the purpose of the catacombs. The sense of this marvellous inscription is as follows: "Here rest the bones of men, women, and children who gave up their lives for Christ. Here, too, I, Damasus, would wish to repose in death, did I not fear that my unworthy dust would contaminate the holy ashes of those who sleep in this sacred place." An act of sublime humility reaching us across the chasm of ages and filling our souls with veneration for those champions of Christ. Here, in this crypt, lies the body of St. Damasus, whose name is so intimately connected with the martyrs. The restorations in the inscription are made in differently colored letters, showing plainly the original. A strange and interesting story was related to us in connection with this crypt.

The younger Rossi had become convinced that the tomb of the Popes lay beneath a certain area in the grave-yard above, but he could not, of course, locate the exact spot. The discovery of this crypt was the dream of his life. One day, while sitting on the ground in company with a little brother, he began to meditate deeply how he might discover exactly where excavations could be begun. Just as he was finishing a chain of argument, based on traditions, which he hoped would lead to something, his little brother disturbed him by some childish interruption. In his irritation he stretched out his foot (both were sitting on the ground) and kicked the child away; in so

doing he loosened a projecting stone, which fell *into* the earth with a hollow sound.

In an instant he was on his feet, and bending he tore away the earth like a person suddenly demented. Before ceasing he had become convinced that this cave into which the stone had fallen was indeed the long sought tomb of the Popes. Losing no time, he sought and obtained an interview with the Holy Father, Pius IX., and with the eagerness of the enthusiast he set forth most convincing proofs of the genuineness of his discovery, and declared that with necessary pecuniary help he would soon accomplish the desired result. His vehemence was met by the prudent slowness of age and wisdom, and the Holy Father, with a smile on his lips, dismissed the ardent young man with a promise that he would look into the matter, and that *if* he found his arguments sound and his theories deserving, he would give the required assistance.

The poor enthusiast was forced to be satisfied with this, although his whole soul was on fire with desire to begin the excavations without an hour's delay. No sooner had young Rossi left the Pope's presence than the latter, turning to Cardinal Antonelli, who had been present at the interview, said: "That young man is right; he has the fire of genius. I wish you would immediately make a few inquiries regarding the matter, and then gladden his heart by sending for him and giving him the necessary funds to prosecute his researches, which I am convinced will be crowned with success." The cardinal lost no time, and we can imagine the young archæologist's delight when his eyes first beheld the venerable crypt and deciphered the well-preserved inscription of Pope Damasus.

The Tombs of St. Cecilia and Pope Cornelius were likewise discovered quite accidentally. The earth giving way under the feet of one of the excavators, he fell onto what proved to be the tomb of St. Cecilia.

After a few more pauses at points of interest we said: "Have you forgotten, baron, our *dulcis Sophronia*?" "Not at all," he replied, smiling; "we are approaching the climax." Sure enough, in a few minutes we stood before a quite imposing sarcophagus, and raising his torch he showed an inscription like the former ones; but here the pilgrim burst into a song of gladness; it read: "*O dulcis Sophronia mea, I have found! Thou art with God, and thou dost remember me!*" A palm

branch was carved on the tomb, indicating that of a martyr. I cannot describe the emotion that filled every soul. What pictures each imagination conjured up! As to myself, Vinicius and Lygia were ever present to my mind as I followed the weary pilgrim and compared their story with the famous romance, which records so vividly not only what might have been, but what really must have been, the sorrows and joys of those dearly beloved of Christ.

This article is extending far beyond the limits I had set for it, and I must hurry over the remainder. I have already remarked that we were struck with the large openings above, and we asked our guide for an explanation. He did not answer immediately, but led us to a very imposing sarcophagus of great size, and apparently made of black porphyry, or basalt, a different kind of rock altogether from anything in the vicinity of the catacomb, and pointing to it he said: "How do you suppose this got here? Not surely by any of the narrow, winding ways. Behold in this the *raison d'être* of these large openings above; and remark that you will almost always find near these openings some such tomb. It was not the secrecy and intricacy of the catacombs that alone made them a safe retreat for the early Christians; as places of burial they were respected by the Romans until the last awful persecution under Diocletian, and then—but wait; follow me." He led us again through many a winding passage, and at last we stood before a long, wide staircase; half a dozen of its lower steps were torn away and a sort of pit was dug below. "Here," resumed the baron, "we have evidence that the Christians knew how to take defensive measures, for we can well imagine the fate of Rome's emissaries rushing down these steps from the light above, and in their hurry and blindness falling headlong into this precipice. Probably," he added, smiling, "these holy ones helped to cure the wounds thus inflicted, to mend their broken bones, and to change them from persecutors into loyal adherents, future martyrs likely, for doubtless there was many a Paul of Tarsus among them."

We had by this time spent several hours among the tombs, and we were very weary and longed for even a Trappist breakfast. As we passed along the tomb-lined corridors we came to a large marble slab bearing the palm branch. Our guide read

the inscription. It was placed there by a slave as a mark of honor to his patron and master—a shoemaker! What history did it hold? Was this some proud patrician? some descendant of the Scipios who had abandoned all for Christ? He was a poor tradesman, and yet had loyal slaves!

The intensity of our feelings found relaxation in quite a comical story at about this point. We were hurrying on, almost dreading the baron had lost himself and us in the mazes—a thing he declared altogether impossible, as he said he could find his way from one end to the other blindfolded—when he suddenly stopped and raised his torch to a tomb bearing the palm branch, and enclosed by a slab of white marble pierced with two holes. “This,” said he, “is evidently a door-step from some neighboring palace or villa. These holes are where the iron hooks that held it in place were inserted. There is no name, but see the fish and the cross and crown. Once,” he resumed, “I was listening to a very self-important guide who never acknowledged to himself or others that he was at a loss for any required information. Some persons he was leading asked him the meaning of those holes, and without the least hesitation he answered, ‘It is supposed the martyr was not quite dead when placed here, and these holes were intended to give him air.’” “I hope,” added our learned guide, “that my anecdotes and dissertations may be a little more—what?—well—*vraisemblable*, at least.”

At last we reached the long flight of steps by which we had descended. The outer air was very pleasant. We repaired to the refectory, which we reached by a very narrow stair winding around a slender pole in the centre. It looked ancient enough to have been used by Romulus. Trappist brothers waited upon us, serving very hard and very black and very sour bread, with equally sour wine; the ordinary fare of those dear, saintly men, but scarcely to be relished by us. Good coffee and excellent chocolate, however, cheered us after our long fast. Breakfast, of which our courteous guide partook with us, being ended, and most heartfelt thanks returned for the treat he had given us, we went to a kind of store containing all sorts of mementos, kept by the Trappists. By purchasing a few articles we helped the fathers in the care for these holy places. One old father took us Americans under his protection, and although he made no nearer approach to our language than a very

benevolent smile, and the word Good, good! repeated constantly, we all felt very grateful to him. We all entered our names on the large registers, and at 12 o'clock passed out through a long row of dripping palm-trees.

On our way home, and at no great distance from St. Calixtus, we alighted from our carriages at the little, old Church of Quo Vadis. Poor, dear St. P  ter's brass foot was reverently kissed, as also the impression of our Divine Lord's feet—or a fac-simile thereof, for it is at a place at a little distance from this that our Lord appeared to St. Peter. What cared we for what smiling critics and scoffing infidels said? Might not our loving Redeemer have walked over the whole ground? We touched our rosaries to the sacred imprint, and kissed it over and over again with loving reverence. At about two o'clock we reached Villa Maria, and I have no doubt were as happy in the enjoyment of a warm dinner as were our patient *cocheras* in receiving a very generous *pourboire*.



PARTINGS.

BY GEORGE H. MILES.



WILL not say that I have knelt,
That I have looked and loved in vain,
Nor will I say that I have felt
A love I may not feel again:
There beats no fever in my breast,
There burns no madness on my brow,
But only a dull, strange unrest
About my heart--unknown till now.

I will not say that I have nursed,
Beneath thine eye, the morning fire
That once from youth's warm bosom burst
To rage an instant--then expire:
But as they told us we must part,
And that our placid dream was o'er,
I felt a shadow cross my heart--
A void I never felt before.



JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART II.

IN THE RAPIDS OF YOUTH.

CHAPTER V.

A DAUGHTER OF RUTH.



HE Maintown party did not wait for the late express, but returned by the accommodation train leaving in the earlier evening. In spite of her happiness in reunion with Joyce, Mrs. Josselyn, whom nearly thirty years without change of scene had moulded into a "stay-at-home woman," was ill at ease in Centreville's alien atmosphere,—homesick, in a shy, dull way, for the accustomed seclusion of her own hearthstone, and anticipative of the relief with which she would exchange her best black silk for the loose cotton house-gown out of which she seemed to lose self-poise and identity. Moreover, with the inclination towards solitude of the accustomed recluse, Mrs. Josselyn craved withdrawal from distracting environment, in order to ponder such thoughts in regard to her son as would have astounded Joyce, indeed, had she expressed or even tacitly betrayed them.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world.

In eight years, Father Martin had done much for Joyce's mother. Strange stirrings of the spirit transfigured her life, and her inchoate thoughts seemed inspired by new and ever-ascending standards. "*My son, you must be a good boy,*" had been her instinctive cry to the boy as he faced the man's world; but now its ineffectiveness, its impotent generality, bitterly reproached her. What Divine truth, inspiring to human good, had she taught his ignorant childhood? What moral reason for virtue,—what of physical obligation to it, of spiritual kinship with it,—what of Christ's Way and Truth of it, what immortal, celestial end of it, had she revealed his tender youth, dependent on her, his mother? To be "a good boy,"—that had been all her mother-message to the passionate young soul entrusted to her: and in the boy's valedictory,—the inauguration speech of the man,—the harvest she had sown confronted her. Her son had obeyed her words. He had been a good boy; he was still a good boy, as merely natural purity of youth is ranked goodness:—but the supernatural goodness of heart deposing egoism for charity;—the inspired goodness of intellect never subserving worldly ends, but exalting them;—above all, the spiritual goodness of the soul truest to itself in humbly, reverently, lovingly reflecting and serving its Divine Creator,—what sign of these in the life going outward to its place in the great human world? Realization of the immortal responsibility of motherhood was dawning upon Mrs. Josselyn. Why had her youth been indifferent to God, whom she recognized now as the Master of human life's vineyard? Why had she married one whose standards were soulless and sordid? Why, above all, had she visited the sins of his ungodly parents on the soul of her innocent child? To have redeemed their mistakes in him,—this had been her opportunity, and her failure; her irrevocable failure, since her repentance was all too late! The dull ache of remorse was in Mrs. Josselyn's heart, forcing slow tears to her eyes. The penitent mother forgot that God champions lost causes. The mission one abjures is fulfilled by another. The good seed To-day tramples, thrives, strong-rooted, To-morrow. Evil fails; but there is no germ of failure in justice. Success is within it, and immortal survival:—a message for the world's reformers, lest they weary doing good!

As for Hiram Josselyn, he, like Mandy, was more than

ready to shake Centreville dust from his Maintown shoes. He suspected the hired man of waste of cattle-fodder, or of surreptitious personal draughts of cider; for even in his comparative regeneration the father of Joyce retained his original sins. It had gone hard with his stubborn pride to forgive Joyce his defiance and flight and virtual victory; yet as he lay helpless, it had appealed to his pride of blood that his own son, rather than any usurping stranger, should act as master in his place. Further than theoretical forgiveness, however, undoubtedly he would not have gone, save for the influence of Father Martin, whose man-to-man talks, as the years went on, insensibly made their impression. The hard old man's materialism did not spiritualize, his avarice did not lessen, nor did his sentiments towards Joyce, or, spiritually, even towards Father Martin himself, undergo any striking transformation. But selfish and shrewd Hiram Josselyn had not been slow to realize that his invalidism was invigorated, its monotony alleviated, by his priestly visitor; and his mind, naturally intelligent, but crushed by the Juggernaut-wheel of ceaseless manual labor, reached out its tendrils towards superior and cultured intellect, enjoying its little day of mental sustenance as a novel yet not unindigenous food!

Little by little his parsimonious nature had been taught to recognize not, indeed, that hard-earned money is good to spend, but that excessive and sacrificial hoarding, no less than reckless expenditure, may be a crime against self as well as others, since surviving squanderers are prone to dance on the rich man's grave. With greater difficulty was forced upon him the conviction favorable to Joyce's prospects, that intellect, which the "Man with the Hoe" is tempted to undervalue, reaps richer financial harvest in the human world than can be garnered from Nature. But the grudging concession by which, as a hostage to future fortune, Joyce's college-years had been provided, was no longer repented by Hiram Josselyn when the revelations of Class-Day opened his eyes to his son's inherited ambition. For paternal love,—as distinguished from the objective and self-immolative love of maternity,—rests fundamentally, whatever ultimate height be attained, on the instinct of egoism, the pride of immortality, the perpetuative love of self! Therefore Joyce's valedictory,—transposed for paternal comprehension by the sordid keynote common to illiterate sire and intellectual son,—

redeemed the day for Joyce's father! Otherwise, the reigning carnival antagonized the man of stern, practical nature and strenuous habits of life, even as its vision had antagonized Centreville's intolerant founder. Accrediting his son Joyce with 'the only head in Centreville on his shoulders,' Hiram Josselyn classified the sky-larking Freshman and flirtatious Sophomores as "a fol-de-rol pack of fools!"

Nevertheless, it was a proud and happy parental pair that Joyce escorted to the train; and Mandy, who was neither proud nor happy, scarcely counted as a depressing influence. Walking between his parents, Joyce drew his mother's arm in his, and patting her hand as it trembled on his coat-sleeve, asked her if she remembered the doughnuts she used to make him?—and she offered to fry a fresh batch in the morning, and express them to him, for auld lang syne! As he kissed her farewell, she cried a little, and his own eyes were dim as he protested, "Now mother, mother!" while his swift thoughts planned all he would do for her happiness, as soon as his future was settled! His father betrayed no emotion; yet the pride and satisfaction gleaming in his dry old eyes were their substitute for tenderness; and Joyce pressed his hard hands, and patted his shoulder by way of final caress, as he told him to "be good to mother!"

"Well, good-by, Mandy," Joyce said, at the last moment; and Mandy shook hands stiffly, and murmured, with scornfully satirical emphasis, that she was "sure she was much obliged to Joyce for the day *she'd enjoyed so much!*"

Had Mandy jilted Joyce, or Joyce jilted Mandy? The awful question was still unanswered; but wise in her generation, Mandy gave herself the benefit of the doubt, and confided to Mr. Lemuel Waters, as his spirited span whirled her homeward from the Maintown station, that she had had "a perfectly horrid day, through giving Joyce Josselyn the mitten!"

Joyce, meantime, turned from the depot as the train sped from sight, rejoiced to face the world once again on his own unhandicapped personal chances. He had matured too intelligently, in the social sense, not to realize that the proximity of the humble lives of which he was not ashamed must hamper his worldly progress. Yet with a grim and resolute pride he had summoned his parents and Mandy voluntarily, telling himself that only open loyalty to one's natal colors brought victory in the end.

Mrs. Raymond's complaisance gave her the first real hold

she had established on his sensitive and responsive heart. Hitherto she had been to him as a niched statue, a shrined picture, a queen on her social throne, no more; but to-day she had revealed herself a gracious woman,—and since surely not in affinity for his simple parents, therefore presumably in kindly sympathy with Joyce himself! Dressing for the Castleton reception, he hoped that he might meet her there, in order to express his appreciation of her delicate courtesy; and not Mina and Gladys in their dainty girlhood, but Mrs. Raymond in her youthful matronhood, was the vision of his thoughts. Even aside from her personal favor, he liked her haughty self-confidence, her insolent assurance, her gay worldliness, her conscious charm, her sumptuous tastes, her sateless social passion. He did not realize that it was his lower and not his highest nature that responded to Mrs. Raymond's challenge; since the world of pleasure attains human altitude only as approximately as the rocket attains the lofty and abiding glory of the star.

The Castleton house had been crowded to the doors for an hour, but comparatively deserted thereafter; as almost all its guests were due at the depot, either as travellers, or as hosts and escorts faithful to the end! Joyce, who had been stopped and delayed a score of times as he crossed the campus, found himself not only the latest arrival, but almost a solitary guest, since the party from Carruthdale, the guests last to depart, were leaving the drawing-room even as he entered it. Mrs. Raymond lingered, vivaciously challenging Joyce to defend his valedictory to Gladys! The girl, who looked wearied after her day of excitement, protested that she had not attacked it; but Mrs. Raymond insisted that she had called it "incomplete." Mina, summoned by Stephen from the landing where a concealed orchestra still played softly, overheard the discussion as she descended to take farewell of her hostess, and rushed to the rescue with the confession that she, for her part, had not comprehended one word of the wonderful valedictory, since, loving music infinitely more than oratory, she had listened only to Mr. Josselyn's voice! Under cover of the general laugh evoked by this pretty but unconventional compliment, the blushing and distressed Gladys escaped to the dressing-room, leaving Mrs. Raymond to remark to Joyce that Gladys was "a girl with ideals"!

"A golden reality in the shape of a very large fortune," she added, with a keen glance at Joyce, "is paradoxically favorable to ideals!"

"In what did *I* fail her ideals?" resented Joyce.

"In what every man fails them," laughed his tormentor, flashing him a mischievous glance over the fragrant lace of her fan! "Gladys, you know, had a fanatical father, who brought her up in the faith that wealth should fall not to the rich, but to the poor, as a sop to the Cerberus of eternal salvation! To fulfil her ideals, you should have opened and closed your address with a prayer; and annihilated, between times, the stereotyped 'wrongs' dear to the social reformer,—*Might versus Right*, you know;—*Monopoly versus Socialism*; *Corruption versus Quixotic Honor and Pauperizing Philanthropy*! But as for me, *I* congratulate you with the intelligent sympathy of a kindred spirit! My ideals, too, are knowledge for its power, power for its profit, profit for personal pleasure, pleasure for—what? *Quien sabe?* Yet the hunger and thirst of the ego are insatiable, growing even as one feeds it,—like love!"

Joyce stirred restlessly. He did not like Mrs. Raymond's frank summary of his sentiments. Shorn of their sophistry and eloquence, they sounded ignoble and material and selfish. He gazed after Gladys with a new and reverent interest. In the revulsion of the moment, the woman who scorned to share his ideals seemed the fairer woman in his eyes.

"You are hard upon my infant-speech," he temporized, "as hard as Miss Broderick! You do not give me credit for defensible motives. Power and profit seem to me the just guerdons of intelligence. Since the fittest should survive, give intellect the necessary material equipment for righteous government of the ignorant! My ambition is human, rather than personal. I believe that the race should be represented, ultimately, only by its higher type!"

"Ah?" smiled Mrs. Raymond; "and then, for our hod-carriers, and our wood-hewers, and our drawers of water? For me, I accept literally the Scriptural assurance that 'the poor we have always with us.' Therefore I consider it my duty to the poor to sustain the rich,—*ergo*, myself!"

She glided away, a mocking, evasive, alluring figure, after whom Joyce looked wholly admiringly, yet likewise half-resentfully. He no longer felt in tune with social amenities. With alacrity he accepted his hostess' hint that the president had stolen away to his library.

Class-Day to the president had been a day of prolonged torture. All through the preceding night of wakeful mental

conflict the soul through which the "*Veni*" of Christ resounded, had pondered its response. At dawn, the restless tosser had risen from his sleepless bed, and gone out to meet the morning. The apocalypse had come to him,—as it comes to all who strain towards God in the dark and silent hours,—that the mission of human life is to watch,—an unsleeping vigil of soul, though the body slumbers!

Out into the calm June daybreak the man of lore had gone feverishly. Face to face with Nature, the doctrines of Spinozism confronted him; yet not as a pantheistic temptation, but only in retrospective reflection, as one sometimes turns back from a hymn's full strain to its soft, predictive prelude. He realized that the primeval worship of created Nature had been, after all, but the groping of the pagan soul for Nature's Creator,—a spiritual phase symbolized by the pale gloom of the dawn now presaging the day,—a prophetic glimmer of light to come, a premonitory ray of increasing lustre, clearing the skies of human life for the sunburst of revealed Truth. The lingering gloom concentrated in purple, lightening slowly to a misty blue which, in turn, paled luminously to a soft dove-gray, as the last trace of night receded. Spirit-sighs breathed from the wind; and the first bird to waken chirped fitfully. Then, of a sudden, bird after bird lifted its voice, singly first, then blending in staccato and trilling chorus. The Office of the natural creation is God's matutinal reminder to humanity. No more eloquent reproach to unprayerful, ungrateful man is ever uttered than each new dawn repeats in Nature's matins of praise and thanksgiving. The birds and the waves and the fields and the woods are its special intoners; but the wind chants its psalms over city and town; while from slothful mankind sounds a single response,—the Mass-bells of Catholic chapels!

From Centreville's only Catholic church, afar from the college-campus, the musical summons resounded. "*Veni! Veni! Veni, sequere Me!*" it entreated the president; and the scientist, become as "a little child," at last responded to it! The modest chapel, the humble worshippers, the altar-candles, the murmuring priest,—these made but the frame for the central Tabernacle. "*Veni! Veni!*" its mystical Voice still summoned him:—and only when close to the shrined Real Presence did his soul attain hushed peace!

The first thought, the first deed of each new morning, is the key-note attuning the day! Therefore, for Centreville's presi-

dent, the conventional duties of Class-Day were no longer spontaneously but only perfunctorily fulfilled, as alien obligations. Not until, at the long day's end, he had gained the seclusion of his library did he feel come into his own again,—where freedom for soul-thought was!

But the kingdom of grace, more often than otherwise, implies a thorny coronation; and the thorn of remorse rewounded the president, as Joyce Josselyn's face confronted him. "*How could I be answerable for souls, for confiding, living souls, with the convictions which I had upon me?*"

"Ah, my boy, come in!" he exclaimed, rising as Joyce hesitated to enter. "Your appearance is a coincidence, for I was just thinking of you—as your valedictory represented, or rather, misrepresented you! Surely you did not do full justice to yourself,—to your principles, your ideals, your ambitions?"

"I am afraid I did, doctor," assented Joyce, his face hardening defiantly. "Realities seem to me the best national, social, and personal ideals; and as for my ambitions, every man of the world strains towards identical goals. If all were content with obscurity and poverty, life would still lack its greatest achievements."

"That depends upon your standard of greatness; and the 'man of the world' may or may not be the noblest type of manhood! But waiving discussion, let me congratulate you upon a most honorable college-career. Not only intellectually but morally, you have achieved a signal triumph, my boy. It is none too often that a young man goes from beginning to end without a lapse or stumble. And what is even more remarkable, you have attained popularity without stooping to conquer it,—which is youth's usual mistaken method."

Joyce shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"Oh, I have n't been written down as a prig, if that is what you mean; but, on the other hand, I am leaving college without a real chum, which is scarcely to my credit, is it?"

"Universal popularity is a much rarer laurel. You must remember, too, that your most congenial society seemed to lie beyond the campus. Your social life for the last three years has been exceptionally broad and happy!"

"Thanks to the hospitality of Carruthdale, doctor. Yes, it initiated me auspiciously;—gave me standards, and decent ambitions. One who has been cultivated up to a taste for social caviare, scarcely descends to coarse fare without a struggle, even

though the descent would be but reversion. But Carruthdale aside, the larks of the boys never appealed to me. I always saw not only the present price paid for them, but beyond it, to the inevitable reaction of the morrow. There is a hard streak in me,—or is it an old streak, doctor,—scornful of the ephemera sweet to most youth, as contrasted with the honor crowning a successful man's maturity:—the substantial, abiding harvest of which wild-oats never yet sowed a single seed! But morality, as you define it, has not counted with me at all. Expediency may seem to you a poor substitute; but I prefer to be honest."

"In other words, you have substituted the low motive for the high, the material for the spiritual. I am disappointed in you, Joyce. This was the canker in the bud of your otherwise admirable valedictory."

"I am sorry, doctor, but we can only live up to our light."

"Yes, but it is to be remembered that our choice between rush-light and star is voluntary. At your age, your choice of the rush-light is not irrevocable. Why not begin anew, with the Star for beacon?"

"Not if you mean the Bethlehem Star, doctor. Christianity is a useful system. It teaches women self-protection, and maintains an intellectual, ethically exemplary, and poetical priesthood. But what has a man of the world to do with it? The scientists and historians, the philosophers and poets, pagan no less than Christian, have done more for me, in my mental life, than all the saints in the calendar. I do not doubt that the spiritual exists, for I stand with Cato on immortality; but this world is not its celestial sphere, though possibly the stepping-stone towards it. Earth is pre-eminently the world of the mortal body, since it cannot be denied that the flesh not only enshrines but also influences, in reacting upon both soul and intellect! My own theory of progression is that mortal death is the gate to the sphere of pure intellect, which reason suggests as the connecting link between the material and spiritual phases of immortal life,—the last representing human evolution consummated! But as for the rule of the spirit over the flesh-life,—impossible! The soul-myth is the handicap of a man's ambition, the vampire of his vitality, the burden of his intellectual strength, the phantom at the feast of life. Compulsory chapel has been the one black mark of college to me, doctor. The next generation will relegate it to its proper place,—the Annex!"

The president smiled sorrowfully, toying with a paper-knife

he had lifted from his desk. Youthful scepticism was an old, a sad old story to him.

"My boy," he said, "I am getting to be an old man, and I have seen life pretty broadly, and known the hearts,—and by virtue of my original profession, likewise the bodies,—of men both young and old! Therefore, let me say to you here,—not that you will heed my words now, but some day they may recur to you,—that the Christian system, as you miscall it, is not the burden but the liberator and exalter of both flesh and intellect; and that the man who abjures it casts away the specific arms by which to conquer life. The agnostic quails where the believer is sustained; the materialist is swamped by what the spiritual man over-soars; the children of the world curse and die, as the children of light bless the vision of deathless survival; the infidel despairs in the face of death, where faith sights not only immortal hope, but likewise its celestial fruition! You boast that you are an apostle of expediency. I say to you frankly, then, that it is expedient, from the highest even to the lowliest and most selfish sense, for the creature to lean upon his Creator! The mystical support achieves miracles. The hand is strengthened, the heart fortified, the mind exalted, the soul enlightened, even the body infused with a vigor,—whether in reality or only imaginatively, retain your own opinion,—so that the vital fact of superhuman strength, inspiration, succor in the stress of human need, remains!"

Joyce's jaw squared as he answered.

"I would rather face things as they are than be the blind victim of superstitious imagination, even though my blindness react in my own favor," he said. "You are preaching a feminine creed to a masculine disciple, doctor. Women, not men, are to be led blindly!"

"Religion and women seem indissolubly associated in your mind," smiled the president. "I am surprised that you have not realized the fallacy of your argument. The relegation of religion to woman, seldom opposed by even the most violent atheists, has always seemed to me an instinctive acknowledgment not only that religious truth exists, but also that it justifies, or rather commands survival. Otherwise, why not banish it finally,—and first and most imperatively from the maternal sex, whose pre-natal influence upon the 'man-child born into the world' is inevitable and momentous? What can a man's soul ever be but a spiritual battle-field, a scene of life-long contest and vital

struggle, while the father's scepticism is pitted against the mother's divine devotion?"

"By Jove, you're right, doctor!" exclaimed Joyce, emphatically. "I retract my suggestion in regard to the Annex. Free the women from religious traditions, and in a generation or two the men will have forgotten that they ever existed. Heritage is a relentless power, and there is little use in ignoring or underestimating it. The true expediency is in utilizing it. I thank you, doctor, for a lesson surpassing Darwin. I shall never forget it!"

The president's smile was ambiguous. "You have distorted and misapplied my lesson with deliberate intention, I think," he said; "but let it pass. Life, as God's instrument, adjusts all things rightly, sooner or later. But remember this, my boy,—when you take religion from womanhood, you take not only the 'self-protection,' as you call it, which preserves its ideal purity,—but you rob it likewise of its integral essence, its vital virtue,—even of its highest allotted mission as the complementary evolver of life not merely carnal, but of nobly intellectual and soulful human type! Lower the woman-standard,—since change from the highest necessarily implies debasement,—by wresting from it its supreme composite model,—the Madonna, Virgin and Mother,—and you have left no spiritual beauty, and therefore no inspiring idealism; no mental altitude, and therefore no grandeur or dignity; no purification of heart, and therefore no unselfish and lofty aspiration, no sanctified affection, no sacrificial service; in short, no angelic virginity, no consecrated maternity; nothing but difference of human sex, sex only,—shared with the reasonless brutes! In your pride of manhood answer 'Amen!' And I remind you that it is against man's vital interests to say 'So be it'; since inevitably we men are sons of the mothers who conceive, bear, nurture, and rear us, though the acumen of the son who knows his own father is not necessarily a paternal heritage. But here comes his Reverence, Father Martin, to wrestle with you better than I!"

The approaching priest waved his hand in laughing protest.

"Too late," he remonstrated. "Intending only to avoid the evening's rush, it is evident that I postponed my appearance unduly, since the festive hall is deserted! Will you present my apologies, with my respects, to Mrs. Castleton your wife, my dear doctor? As for this youthful heretic, let him sleep in peace! Many a problem is solved by God while men slumber!"

Joyce departed, not unwillingly. He had much of which to think, more serious and imperative matter for thought than his self-love cared to acknowledge.

"How could I be answerable for souls,—for confiding, living souls, with the convictions which I had upon me?" mused the president, gazing after him with remorseful eyes. As his brother's keeper, how sadly had he failed his trust!

"Don't lose heart, doctor," cheered the intuitive priest. "If youth resists grace, each man is tempted similarly in his own time. But victory is to the Strong!—God conquers!"

"I ought to be the last to refute that divine truth, Martin. Shall you be surprised if I confess to you,—to you first of all,—that God has conquered—me?"

"My dear doctor—"

"Wait! God has conquered me, yes:—just my puny, unworthy, individual soul. But what of the souls that He may not conquer, because my resistance to grace has misled them to defy Him,—the 'confiding, living souls' like the soul of this boy Josselyn?—a valedictorian without ideals, a man entering the battle of life without spiritual allegiance, or arms, or standards! The guilt on my soul is its resisted convictions: and you, Martin, you are the one to shrive me; for in resisting God Himself, as manifest in inspired conviction, I resisted likewise His human instrument,—you!"

"But, my dear doctor, impossible! Happy as I should be to believe myself instrumental, I must not forget that no communication has passed between us for many years!"

"A life like yours is in spiritual communication with every soul challenged by its example. Even as a student, your inquiries arraigned my ignorance and culpable indifference. When I saw whither you tended, I deserted you deliberately,—suffered you to go on alone,—and why? Because I did not *wish* to follow you! But when you were priested, I made the mistake,—the blessed mistake, of investigating what had convinced you. Sincere investigation involves conviction. The secret of the survival of the creeds of protestation is that we protestors keep our heads in the sand! In voluntary blindness lies the intellect's sole refuge from the religious conviction that appalled me, Martin, appalled me! Since it was the Apostolic Church or nothing, I gave the benefit of the doubt to negation. Then, as my spirit starved for food, I satiated it with human lore in all its gradations from Aristotle to Darwin,—with Buffon, Fichte and

Kant, Cuvier and Goethe, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer,—with all the husks of a science ignoring Omniscience, and thereby defeating its end. But nothing stilled the cry that had begun to haunt me ceaselessly,—the cry of Christ,—‘*Veni, sequere Me!*’ Yet even still I question, ‘*Quo Vadis? Quo Vadis?*’ For to follow blindly is impossible to me, in the parlance of the world! I shall have to tender my resignation,—and I am not a young man, nor a rich one, Martin, since expenditure rather than accumulation has been my rule of life. Yet my sons and daughters must not lack provision;—and still less, my wife, my wife!”

“Your resignation must be accepted, I suppose; but scientific literature and the biological lecture-field open splendid possibilities, my dear doctor; and even in returning to your original profession, you may be doing God’s own work, since the physician of the body, in this Luciferian day of pride-mad science, is all too often a seducer of the soul! As to Mrs. Castleton, your wife,—if my memory does not play me false, she answers to the name of Ruth! Then why not trust that its beautiful prophecy is a providential augury?”

The president rose impetuously, and pressed the electric button. His suspense, long and patiently borne, of a sudden seemed unendurable! He must know the best or worst regarding his wife, even while Martin stood by him.

“If Mrs. Castleton has not yet retired, ask her to join me here,” he commanded the servant. Then he paced the room in silence which his companion did not break.

The messenger mentioned to Mrs. Castleton that Father Martin was with the president. In spite of her husband’s long reserve, his spiritual stress had been an open secret to Mrs. Castleton; therefore she was not unprepared for developments as she obeyed his summons; but preparation does not imply readiness. She paled a little, remaking her partially unmade toilette; but she bore herself bravely as she entered the library. She was a fastidious-faced woman, dark-eyed and still beautiful, whose gray hair was carried imperially, like a queenly crown; a woman of conservative old family and inherited religious traditions. She and Martin had been friends in the years of his college-days; and she extended to him now a sincere if unsmiling welcome.

“The privilege of age tempts me to greet the man by the boy’s name,—Martin,” she said, “though with all due respect

to ecclesiastical title! Was it to revive the old friendship between Martin and me that you have sent for me at this hour, doctor?"

"No," her husband acknowledged, his voice husky, his hand unconsciously clenched on the rim of the high mantel, against which he leaned heavily. His hair and face seemed to blanch together, as his earnest eyes flashed their revelation. "It is to acquaint you with new, and perhaps unwelcome tidings, that I have asked you to join Martin, who knows already,—what I fear may break,—like a thunderbolt,—upon you! But when I confided to him that I doubted your resignation,—he reminded me,—you remember the Old Testament's sweetest love-story, dear?—that the name of my wife is—Ruth!"

"You are following Martin to Rome,—is that it?" she asked, calmly.

"I am asking Martin to receive me into the Catholic Church,—yes. And my change of religion involves material changes for you and the children. You know the creed of Centreville's president was fixed by its founder. My inevitable resignation entails the loss of home,—the home so dear to you,—the alienation of your congenial social circle,—even, for the present, at least, a diminution of financial income! In fact, it means beginning the battle of life all over again,—as the wife of a medical practitioner without practice!"

She did not hesitate, even though as he spoke she faced simultaneously one and all results affecting both her and her children. But for thirty years of happy prosperity, the man whose cross of adversity was now upon him, had been her fond and faithful husband, her tender lover, her unfailing friend, her congenial and sympathetic companion! In the love that counts the world well lost, her woman-heart vowed life-faith to him.

"Martin is right to believe me a daughter of Ruth," she said, smiling tremulously at the priest, as she slipped her hand in her husband's. "'Whither thou goest I will go'; and as for our children, their mother answers for them,—'*thy people*' remain '*thy people*!'"

Father Martin passed from the room unnoticed; but behind him lingered his nuptial blessing. He felt that he had witnessed a marriage recorded in heaven,—a marriage of immortal souls!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



CHARLES ALBERT LOPEZ, SCULPTOR.

Charles Albert Lopez is of Cuban extraction, though his training is American. He is the grand-nephew of General Narcisso Lopez, one of the leading spirits in the revolt against the Spanish power in Cuba fifty years ago. The general was captured and garroted at Havana, while his nephew, the father of the sculptor, was sentenced to hard labor for life in the penal settlement of Ceuta, on the west coast of Africa. He was later on pardoned and he settled in New Orleans. Here the sculptor was brought up. He first entered the studio of John M. Moffit, and later on associated himself with that eminent sculptor, J. Q. A. Ward, as a pupil and as an assistant. After he had won his spurs an opportunity presented itself at the World's Fair to show what talents he possessed. He scored a notable success in the creation of a symbolic figure of Agriculture, and later on he produced two statues from the antique, each twenty feet high—one of Cæsar Augustus and the other of Minerva. These were placed at the entrance of the Fine Arts Building. After achieving success at the "White City" he spent some years in Paris under eminent masters, and in the Salon of 1895 a portrait bust in which is depicted gray and wrinkled old age, called *La Veillesse*, attracted unusual attention.

After his return to America Lopez established an atelier of his own, and has done remarkable work. His colossal Cupids for the High School at Middletown, N. Y.; Bronze Relief for elevator gates at Washington, D. C., and a group in the Holy Cross Church, Troy, N. Y., may be mentioned. A list of his later creations would include the marble statue of Mahomet on New Appellate Court-House; the East India Group of the Dewey Arch; the colossal groups of Arts and Sciences in the Grand Court of Fountains at the Pan-American Exposition; the Negro group at the Charleston Exposition; and the following original works in bronze and marble: The Sprinter, a figure of a girl representing Xanthis; a seated Bacchante; and a high relief showing Maternity. Mr. Lopez is still a young man, of a delicately chiselled face, bearing an intensely earnest expression. What success he has achieved has been largely through most persistent labor, and the future is still before him.

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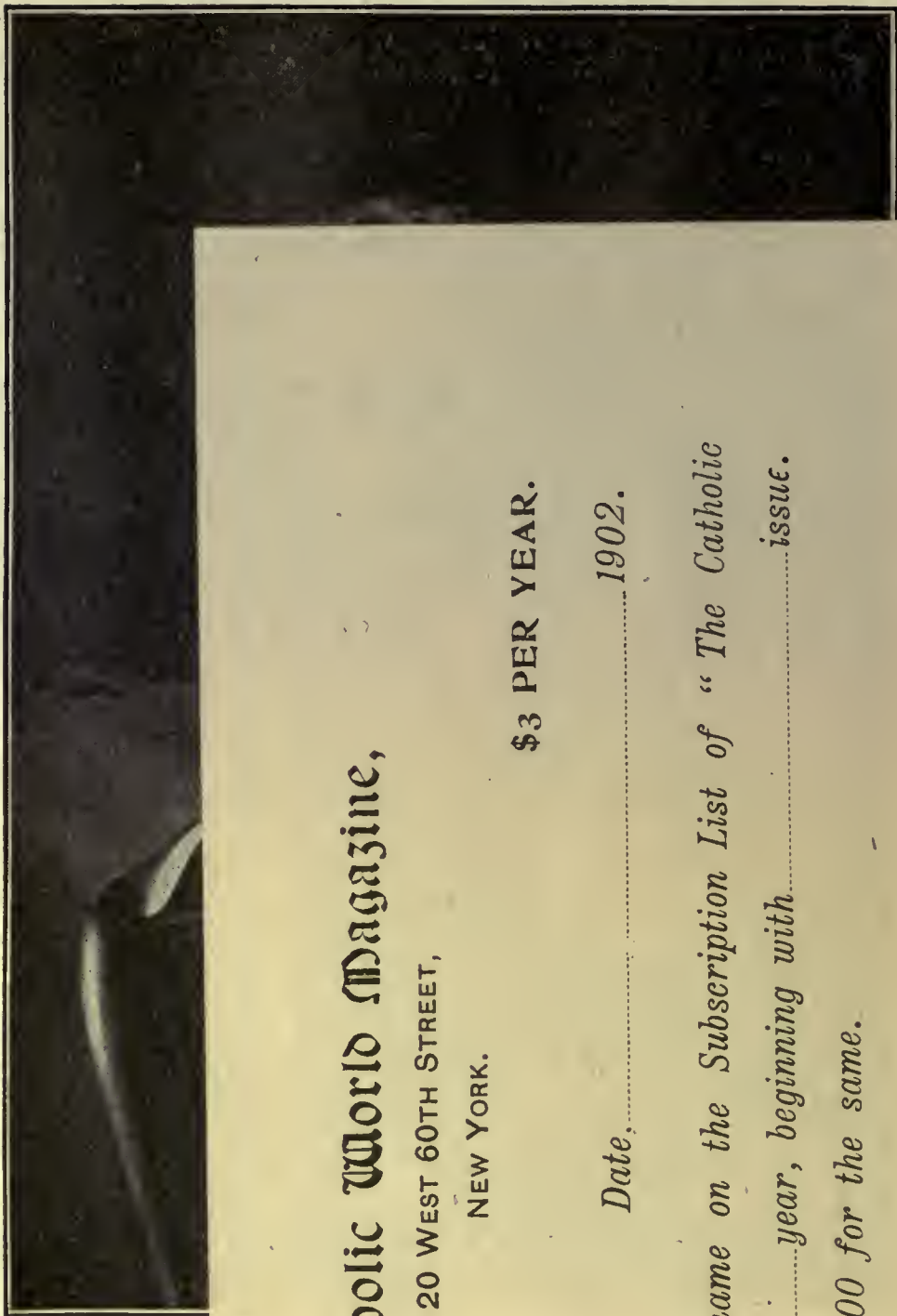
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SCULPTURE IN ITS RELATION TO CHURCH DECORATION.

BY CHARLES ALBERT LOPEZ.



THE sculptures of the church bear witness that such forms are warranted under the Gospel. The prohibiting of making graven images had already been abandoned when, in the time of Solomon, the art of the sculptor had carved the figures that adorned the cedar walls and supported the brazen laver, or basin, used by the priests in the Temple.

Sculpture, as well as Painting and Music, have poured a flood of sacred imagery on the world; and it can be safely said that in proportion to their perfection they have healthily ministered to the beauty, sublimity, and simplicity of Christian sentiment; it is only the crudeness and rudeness, or coarseness, of an art that leads to superstition.

Our sculptures should proclaim the nobility and purity of the human face divine, for it bears the image and superscription of the Maker of all things.

The sculptor's chisel is so powerful a medium in bringing to our view those who have perished, not only hundreds but thousands of years ago, that it seems as a resurrection—that there is something in the human mind triumphant over matter; it lessens the sting and anguish of death; it gives to the dead a spiritual ideal body. Sculpture perpetuates those finer qualities of the human soul, that it may live on in spite of time and death.

The scope of this article is such that it is impossible to go very deeply into the subject in question; but I will endeavor to give my reader a glance into the art of sculpture, which has played so prominent and useful a *rôle* in the history of our church, and which culminated in the erection of those wonderful churches in the middle ages.

Christianity, in its earliest forms, did not welcome the idea of an imitative art: the horror of image-worship, and a detestation of the superstitious observances interwoven with the domestic life of every class in the pagan world, led strongly to the discouragement of all attempts at visible representations of Christ or of his Apostles? The Greeks and Romans cultivated physical

beauty, taking the perfect body as the only suitable receptacle for a perfect soul.

The stern Christian believers of a spiritual God, to be worshipped in spirit and humility, endeavored in every way to mortify the flesh, regarding it as an encumbrance to be laid aside without regret. This, we will see, was the natural reaction from the sensuality into which the antique world had fallen. With the decline of paganism the abhorrence of pictures and statues of Christ became less intense, and the yearnings of the faithful reached for some visible representation of him whom they revered and loved; this spirit, gradually asserting itself more and more, continued in its forward progress until it reached its highest perfection in the Renaissance, with such great masters as Niccola Pisano, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others. To these great masters does Christian sculpture owe its highest degree of beauty. We cannot, with any certainty, fix the birth of Christian sculpture. Art, all over the world, at the time of the Christian era, was Greek, for the Macedonian conquests had spread Greek civilization all over the East.

At the beginning of the Christian era, however, art had long passed its highest point of excellence; but still there were some architects of sufficient merit, in the time of Augustus, to decorate the Forum with temples and with many statues. Unfortunately, by the time the Christian Church needed to employ the arts in its service, the decadence of Classics had set in, and continued through several centuries.

Though this early art was poor, it is of the highest interest, since it is the autograph record in art language of the church of that period. That was a time of especial interest, because it tells us of the ages before the church was allied with the state, and of the ages during which all the great Doctors and Fathers taught, and their life-blood circulated freely throughout the world. It was during the latter part of the decline of Classical Art that indications presented themselves of a desire for a new treatment, and a boldness and vigor of thought. New subjects for the sculptor and painter were at hand, and there went with these a complete disregard for Greek art, and in its stead an embracing of Byzantine art, with its suggestive treatment and mystic conception.

In the Catacombs we find the first traces of sculpture as connected with the church, and this proves how early it was



CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN PORTO AT RAVENNA.

associated with it. The Catacombs of the Via Appia, dating back to the first century, was one of the principal places used for Christian worship. We find in its galleries, which extend into spacious and lofty, vaulted chambers, the various symbols of Christianity, such as the lamb, the cross, the dove, the peacock, emblem of immortality, and sometimes the figure of Christ appearing on the tombs, generally in the symbolical form of the Good Shepherd. Although these forms were crudely carved, they are nevertheless strong evidence of the importance of sculpture in our church ornamentation. The basilicas, the first buildings of architectural significance used for Christian worship,

formed the model for all Christian churches. Most of the exterior decorations of these early churches were painfully plain and unembellished, but the interiors were extremely beautiful in their wall paintings and carvings.

We have instances of their great beauty in those old churches of San Clemente, in Rome; San Paolo fuori le Mura; and that exquisite church of San Pietro, originally built in the time of Constantine.

In the first four centuries we find single statues extremely rare; the only important single figure remaining to us, of that period, is a large bronze statue of St. Peter seated; representing the Apostle in antique draperies, with an enormous key in one hand and raising the other as if in admonition.

Sculptures were then used more generally as grouped together; as on the famous sarcophagus of Junius, in the vaults of St. Peter's at Rome. These works belong to the third and fourth centuries, and are of great beauty, both as regards conception and execution. It was in the elaborate decoration of sarcophagi that sculpture was first used in the Christian churches, although occasionally employed in wall embellishments; it was then used more in the form of symbolism.

As we go along further, to the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, we feel strongly the influence of the Byzantine art, which greatly discouraged the use of sculpture for sacred subjects. Its inclinations leaned forcibly toward the early period of symbolism, rather than historical representations. With this powerful incentive it is not astonishing that symbolical forms superseded that of statuary, and the decline of the latter was rapid, and quickly became inferior in style, sentiment, and execution to that of the fourth century.

Although the Byzantine sculptors, on account of their Eastern commercialism, never reached an ideal art, capable of instilling in one those beautiful religious emotions that were so evident in the earlier sculptures, they certainly fulfilled a mission in the minor works of art, such as ivory carving, in the casting of small bronzes, reliquaries, etc.

A charming work of this period is the high altar of Sant' Ambrogio in Milan, beautifully covered with plates of gold and silver, and adorned with embossed reliefs representing scenes from the life of Christ.

It was not until the beginning of the tenth century that we



THE VISITATION IN SCULPTURE AT CHARTRES.

first begin to observe the kindling of that fire which shortly was to astonish all Europe by the sublime beauty of its religious art. I say religious, because most of the work of the great period to come was of a religious character, and if not always appearing in individual work, it took most potently the religious feeling dominating all church architecture.

The church of the tenth and eleventh centuries adapted itself very naturally to wall painting, because of its Romanesque style, with its broad, flat surfaces. Sculpture, consequently, for awhile, took a secondary part, consisting principally of unimportant altars, diptychs, reliquaries, and drinking horns. I recall at this moment a work of that period in the Hôtel de Cluny, in Paris, showing Christ blessing Otto II. and his Greek wife, the Princess of Théophane. Though this work shows the influence of the Byzantine school in its careful finish, it retains withal an admirable grandeur in the figure of Christ.

Not until the twelfth century does sculpture assert more powerfully than ever its important and inseparable relation to church architecture. It was then that the Romanesque reached its highest development, and sculpture became an integral part of its architecture; as necessary to its life as the very foundation of its structure. The revival of sculpture in the completed state of the Romanesque and Gothic periods was only a natural result.

The sculptors worked under the direction of the clergy; their art was a part of their religion—with them it was work and prayer; and those wonderful productions of their chisels enriched the interiors and exteriors of the churches. Of symbolical and historical subjects they never tired; their lives were consecrated to all that was high and enduring. As might be expected, at first there was a certain want of union and harmony between the architecture and sculpture, but as the intimacy of one art with the other grew and was maintained, it gained strength—with a final result of rhythm in line of such beauty as were impossible to attain without this alliance.

How gradual and firm this progress was, is clear evidence that sculpture, though retarded for awhile by the Byzantine occupation, learned its lesson, and when at its revival it became so invaluable a part of architecture, it never for a moment released its hold until the end of the Renaissance, when these allied arts reached their highest perfection. In this progression Germany took a leading part, and to the twelfth century belongs



OVER THE MIDDLE DOORWAY AT CHARTRES.

that famous relief, on the Externe Stone of the church in Horn (Westphalia). This is a rich piece of sculpture showing the Descent from the Cross; it is full of religious pathos, and the whole harmonizes splendidly with the architectural scheme. Another strange but remarkably clever work may be mentioned in the columns of the crypt in the Freiberg Cathedral, Saxony, covered as they are with figure and with animal designs.

A little further, the thirteenth century, brings us to those beautiful doors in Germany, so strongly Romanesque in tendency. The Teutonic temperament clung closely to conventional forms, rather than to the warmth of the Gothic, which at this time was spreading itself all over Europe; particularly so in France. In the Cathedral of Freiberg is the Gate of Gold, which is richly sculptured in scenes from the Old and New Testament. The framework of these reliefs is moulded in symbolic forms, such as lions, lambs, doves, etc. The Gothic

of Germany was not adopted till a much later period, and the most worthy examples of sculpture are to be found in the cathedrals of Strassburg, Freiberg, and the Abbey Church of Stuttgart. We may mention here, as belonging to this epoch, that charming bronze font of St. Barthélemy, at Liège. This basin rests on twelve brazen oxen, and the whole, aside from its artistic quality, is one of the finest examples that has come to us of that period in bronze casting, which at this time had so greatly progressed in Germany.

From these few observations we can readily see how closely interwoven and allied to each other were architecture and sculpture from the earliest time of church-building. In the temples of the ancient world, erected to the gods, sculpture did not form a necessary part of the building, and great beauty was acquired by them without its use, but for the Christian worshippers their faith demanded a more responsive architecture, which could only be arrived at through a liberal use of sculpture.

When the basilicas of ancient Rome were converted into Christian temples, immediately the faithful covered their walls with paintings and carvings.

France of the thirteenth century presents forcibly conditions quite different from those of Germany, and to follow the character of a people in its churches cannot fail to arouse one's interest. The French of the twelfth century were making great strides toward that ultimate perfection which remains to this day a glorious achievement; a masterpiece demanding wondrous admiration, a successful problem for the student to solve, and the cherished treasure of the church. It is useless to endeavor to convey even an idea of the glories of these churches—every stone of their construction, every trowel of mortar, was laid by the hand of a God-fearing people.

Take such instances as the Cathedral of Autun, in Burgundy, with its exquisite pediment, over the main entrance, filled with statues portraying the Last Judgment. Again, the Cathedral of Chartres, which remains to us as one of the most successful works of the Romanesque. In it we feel the influence of the Byzantine in its general treatment; nevertheless, the note of the new school is clearly heard throughout. Here we find its component part harmonizing, better than formerly, with a healthy consistency. It is all so very fascinating that one would like to dwell longer on this important work; but time and space



SCULPTURE AT THE DOORWAY OF THE CATHEDRAL AT CHARTRES.

forbid, and we must leave it to mention the Cathedral of Bourges, another notable structure of the twelfth century.

But it is the Church of *Nôtre Dame* in Paris, belonging to the thirteenth century, which is the crowning glory of this period. How remarkably successful are the sculptures of this famous edifice! Take, for instance, that string of figures over the main portals; how well they carry the architectural problem, and what an impressive spectacle they must have presented when seen, as the church originally stood, on an elevation of some thirteen steps! It is very unfortunate that this noble building is now so dwarfed by the grading of the city. *Nôtre Dame* remains as a model of the transition from the Romanesque to the Gothic.

At Amiens is another example of how the artists of the thirteenth century consecrated their talents in the profuse yet consistent decoration of their cathedral, some of the figures of which are very beautiful.

We have seen that at the end of the twelfth century there came throughout Europe a keen awakening to the interests of

art. In this forward movement France took the leading part, with the creation of those famous churches of Nôtre Dame, Rheims, Bourges, Amiens, etc.; at no time did sculpture conform more successfully to church-building than in the instances just mentioned. These churches were always Christian, dignified, graceful, and essentially a loving offering; their monumental character is ever worthy of the deepest thought of builder and sculptor.

In Italy the sculpture of the early Romanesque is not so good as that of France, but it was not, however, until the thirteenth century that it attained its greatest epoch, when sculpture found its proper place in the church. This movement was first started by Niccola Pisano, taken up by his son Giovanni, and was continued uninterruptedly and successfully until it attained the same importance as it had at an earlier period in France. Possibly Italy, in the fifteenth century, helped more than any other country to bring Christian sculpture to its golden period, with her great masters, Luca della Robbia, Donatello, Ghiberti, and, finally, Michael Angelo and his great school.

So we see how important is the *rôle* of sculpture in our religious decoration, and its highest development was reached through the fostering care of the church.

In all countries, in all ages, religious devotion has found expression in splendid churches. Why is it we have no religious sculpture to-day worthy of the name? The trouble lies not so much with the sculptor as with the architect. Architects usually think that church architecture is the easiest part of their profession, when in truth there is no problem of their calling which should bring forth so much serious endeavor.

The forms of Protestant architecture are not suited to that of the Catholic church; all of the mediæval structures were studied so as to conform with the necessary ritual of the Roman Church, with its impressive ceremonies and elaborate music. The church was the fountain of inspiration, and in it was expressed all that was reverential and holy. It was the treasure-house of the people for all that was beautiful in art. It is very doubtful if we can ever have such grand edifices as those ancient churches of Europe. It is hardly possible, with so many varied and different denominations, to speak with the same certainty of devotion and religious earnestness as did the great builders of the middle ages. Our teachings, our institutions, our whole train of thought, are so different from theirs that it is ques-

tionable if we can ever come, through our mixed ideas, to giving such expression to our church architecture as will arouse in us those profound emotions one feels on entering the marvellous churches of the Gothic period. The problem before our architects is certainly a difficult one, for they are not, as those of old, inspired by but one thought. To-day, our architect is building a Catholic



SAN CLEMENTE IN ROME, WITH ITS SCULPTURES.

church, to-morrow, a Protestant; again, an enormous office building; so it is plain to see what a problem confronts our modern church-builder. Success can only come with earnest effort and strong will. Only by so doing can we ever hope to strike the chord that will bring our uncertain feelings into a harmonious and impressive whole.

The critics have stamped the religious standard of our art as very low, in that we have failed to produce a true, Christian, and reverential feeling—pious emotion; in short, all those lofty thoughts which actuated the sculptor of the early times. We too often forget the intent, purposes, and requirements of our church. We spend vast sums in their erection, but we appear lacking in evident interest and knowledge.

While we find some sculptures in our churches, they are usually so poorly applied and commonplace that it were better to do without them. They are so pitifully wanting, so utterly

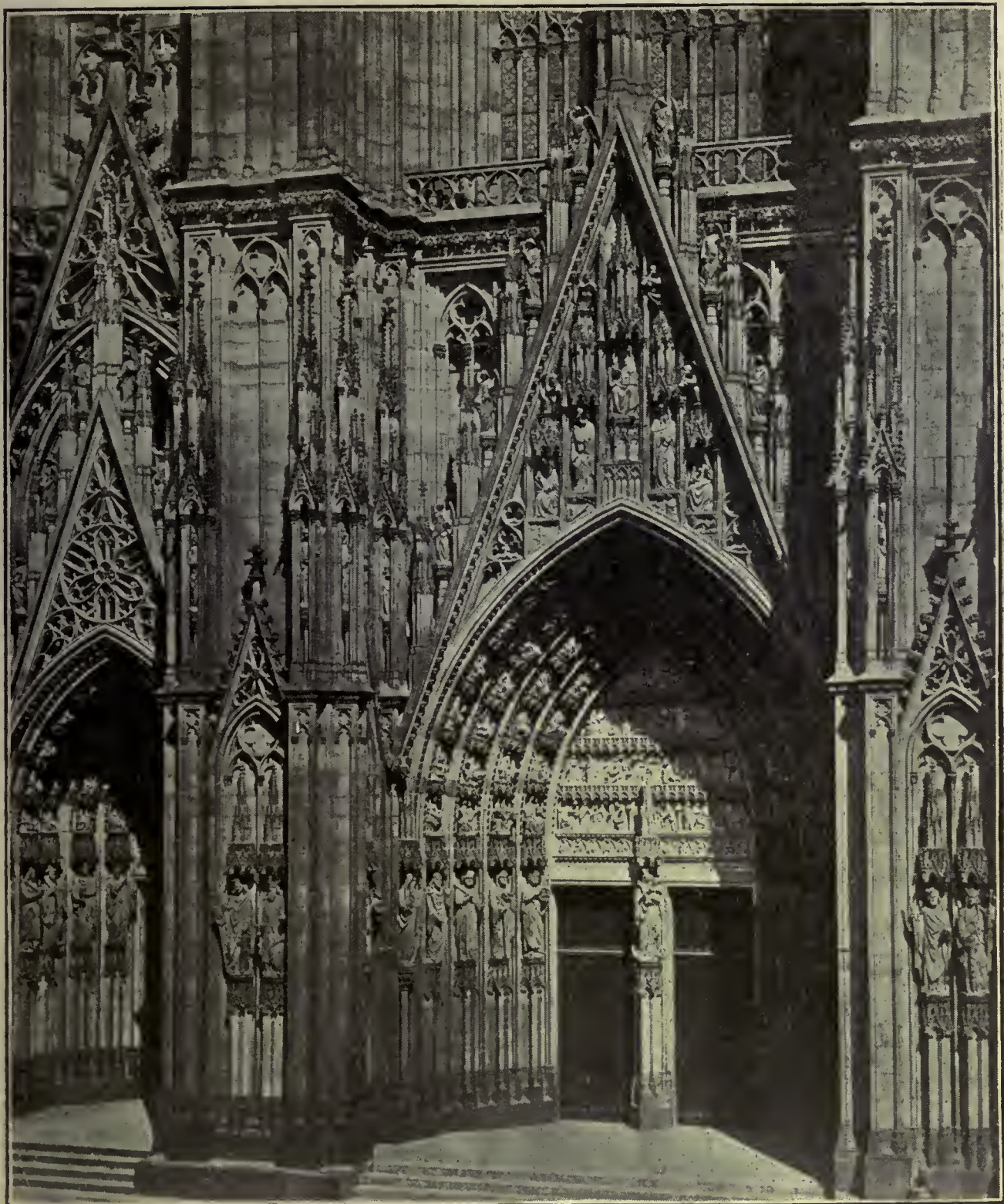
lacking in proprieties and purposes. What is greatly to be regretted, most of all, is that the artistic taste of the people is so often guided by those who take unto themselves the important office of instructing the public. If we sow a healthy seed, we will certainly enjoy the fruit!

What gave those mighty churches already mentioned their true character of "The House of God"? Because their builders fully realized and revered the importance of their sacred trust! Never for a moment did they lose sight of the holy meaning of their work. It was to stand apart from all surrounding buildings, by its Christian quality. The decoration of God's House was one of its principal distinguishing points; it was always the most richly embellished structure of a city. Men strove to give expression to their worship by making His Abode as beautiful as possible.

No church was ever thought completed until it was richly sculptured; its walls covered with paintings, and its windows pierced with brilliant colored glass. Withal, they always retained those important elements, form and size. A church may be filled with statues, paintings, and adorned with the finest of stained glass, yet if these elements are not brought together with religious spirit and deep reverence, and a sincere love of God, the building will certainly fail to accomplish its great mission as a Christian work.

The Greek sculptor spoke of intellect and thought; he was alone in his solitude: living on beauty, and yearning for truth; while the Christian artist spoke of the immortal spirit, conversing with his God. This greatly explains why the three elements, Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, were never so perfectly linked together as in the Christian Church; it was the religious and moral sentiment that gave such force to their work. The Classic was handicapped by his too great a love for symmetry of form, grace, dignity, and power. Form, for him, was the expression of the mind; it was the main object to be attained, and in this he reached perfection.

It is the good luck of the Christian that he starts in his work from a higher plane; a clear conception of his art in the light of a future life; in an atmosphere which gives the warmth of love to his work. The aim of the pagan was to portray by form, as strongly as possible, the human passions; so that which appealed in beauty to the pagan eye does not always appear



THE PORTAL OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

to us in the same light, for to the Christian the ideal of his beauty was first and always intellectual and moral.

The church ordained art to a much nobler end than did her predecessors; it was to be for her the means of revealing the truth, and by visible forms to call to mind the world to come.

What is it that makes even the unbeliever bow before the majesty of God when he enters the grand old cathedrals abroad? Because he recognizes a unity of purpose, an inspiration more than human in it all, and is impressed with the revelation that the builders worked in enthusiastic belief and love; for, indeed, to what better or nobler purpose could our sculptor or architect consecrate his art than to the greater glory of God?

A TRUTH-SEEKER AND HIS ANSWER.

BY REV. A. P. DOYLE.



THE following letter may not demand an extended notice, or even so much as any recognition; yet there breathes through it a spirit of earnestness that is very attractive. Moreover, we believe the writer is a type of a large class of people who live in the rural districts of our country. In spite of the fact that Catholics number at least 12,000,000 in the United States, and are more or less in evidence in the public press, still there are many thousands of non-Catholics who know as little of the teachings of the Catholic Church and of the religious practices of Catholics as they do of the tenets of Buddhism. It may serve a good purpose to give the letter and its answer a wide publicity.

Mr. Searle.

DEAR SIR: Your book, *Plain Facts for Fair Minds*, accidentally came to my house. Being naturally of a fair mind, I suppose the book is for me. I have read it through carefully and have re-read it. I am a Protestant.

I did not know that Catholics had so many claims for existence or reasons for their faith. I took them to be blind, wholly blind and dead to all that is good and reasonable. I have often wished I could find some of their teachings. I have often wanted to go to their meetings, but I never felt that I was made welcome; but this book has some good things, at least from a human point of view.

Of course it does not satisfy me. Haven't you a small book that treats of the deeper things of God and Salvation? I have read Fénelon, which is very good; also À Kempis. All that I hear of Catholics and their practices is below heathendom.

I had intended to write an exposure of Catholicism, but before I do I ought to know all that Catholics believe. I do not judge their lives only by what I hear. It is hardly fair to judge the lives of the members of a church if it be that the teaching is really sound and wholesome.

Please send me your best modern works on the spiritual life in the soul—remember, modern works written by this generation, the latest and the best; then I will let you know the result of my search. I send out thousands of my own books free. I print them at my own expense, though I am a very poor retired ditcher. I write little books for free distribution—all against the Protestant sects. I deemed the Catholics too far gone to have any hope of their salvation. So please send me what you think will give me the best statement

of what constitutes a Catholic. I am an honest seeker for truth, bound to nothing but God. I want to do good at any cost, and I count nothing dear to save my soul and as many more as possible.

Yours for the Truth,

JAMES S——, B——, MICH.

MY DEAR TRUTH-SEEKER: I forward to you the books that you request, and I am sure that the perusal of them with the same open mind which is manifested in your letter will show you that the old Church that has borne the spirit of Christ through the ages is still beautiful enough to attract the eyes of the sons of men.

Every man is at bottom a religious being. He recognizes the overshadowing sovereignty of God, and at times of need or in danger he calls out to his Maker for protection. Most men—the exceptions are the very few—look to Jesus Christ as “the Way, the Truth, and the Life.” No man cometh to the Father but through Him. In accepting Jesus Christ as our Saviour, we accept every truth that he has revealed to us, and we reject every teaching that he rejects. Every Catholic as well as non-Catholic recognizes his conscience as the guide which must be followed when it is a question of what he is to do or not to do. One’s conscience is like the watch he carries in his pocket. For all practical purposes it is his guide. By it he goes to his business, or catches his train, or meets his obligations. In the same way a man’s conscience is his practical guide in all matters of right and wrong. But just here begins the difference between a Catholic and a non-Catholic. A Catholic has an external standard that is unerring, whereby he can set his conscience aright if it be wrong, in the same way as we all have an authoritative standard of time according to which every one sets his watch.

AN AUTHORITATIVE STANDARD.

This external standard is an unerring church which Christ has established to represent him in the world.

The church is “the pillar and ground of truth.” It is “without spot or wrinkle.” “The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” It is so constituted that the God-man could say of it, “He that heareth you heareth me, he that despiseth you despiseth me”; and again, “He that will not hear the church let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican.” The

Catholic idea of a "church" is not a gathering of people who believe the same things or who interpret Scripture in the same way, but it is that of an existing corporate organization whose body consists of the faithful scattered throughout the world, of whatever tribe or people, who believe all the teachings of Christ, and who live in obedience to the lawfully constituted bishops with the Pope at their head, and whose soul is the Spirit of God who descended on the Apostles at Pentecost. The Holy Ghost, the soul of the church, animates the body and gives life to all the members, guiding the teaching authorities into the ways of truth and enabling all to grow into the fullest stature in Christ Jesus.

CHURCH AN ORGANISM.

The Catholic Church is not so much an organization as it is an organism. When this distinction is fully appreciated one can far more readily understand what the church is and what she is destined to do for mankind. A number of men may come together and form an organization, and in their corporate capacity they will possess only the wisdom and authority that belongs to the individual men and not any more. A number of fallible men cannot ever attain unto infallibility. Apart from the individuals which make it up it possesses nothing of itself. The individuals may separate from the organization and they may go on their way rejoicing. Such bodies are said to be "soulless corporations." Not so is it with an organism. A human being is an organism in which all the organs and members depend on their conjunction with the soul for their life. Cut off a hand or a leg, the life does not go with it. It decomposes in death; so, too, is it with the tree. A branch cut from the trunk withers away. In this sense the church is not an organization that has its existence through a number of people who believe in interpreting Scripture in the same way and are ready to make public profession of their concurrent interpretation, but it is an organism, in which the Holy Ghost is the animating principle, and by establishing the proper relationship one may partake of that divine life which flows from the soul throughout the entire body. To be cut away from this body is spiritual death.

GROWTH NECESSITATES CHANGE.

It follows from this exposition of the "church idea" that

the Catholic Church must of necessity be entirely different in appearance to-day from what she was a century or ten centuries ago, though in reality she is the same church teaching the same truths. Growth and development necessitate change. It follows also that, though she changes in appearance, yet because the active principle of the church, the Holy Ghost, is the same God who founded her, she cannot depart from the truth that was enunciated amidst the Judean hills, and as Christ destined her to be the means of salvation for all the world, and through all time, she will never depart from that truth. There will be as time goes on a clearer enunciation of those truths, a practical exemplification of them as it becomes necessary to apply them to the ever-changing affairs of men, and a more accurate definition of great principles when they are assailed by misguided antagonists, but in it all the teaching authority of the church will be guided by the Spirit of Truth so that the world will not be led into error, and mankind will know where "the Way, the Truth, and the Life" exists.

Having premised these things, we are ready to come to the consideration of the distinctive teachings of the Catholic Church.

The operation of the Holy Ghost is two-fold—one through the corporate body, as is indicated by the words of Christ: "I will ask the Father and He shall give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you for ever" (John xiv. 16); "He will teach you all things" (John xiv. 26); and the other on the individual mind and heart, convincing it of the truth and personally bringing it unto sanctification.

CHURCH AS AN AUTHORITY.

It sometimes may happen that what an individual believes may be different from what the church authoritatively teaches. It may become impossible for one to persuade himself that such and such teachings are true. But as we know truth is one and the same, at all times and in all places, the same Spirit of Truth cannot teach the church one thing and the individual the opposite thing.

If there be an opposition between the teaching church and the believing individual, the church must be right and the individual must be wrong. For on the teaching church and not on any individual has Christ bestowed the gift of inerrancy. "The Church is the pillar and ground of truth" (I. Tim. iii. 15);

"The gates of hell shall not prevail against her" (Matt. xvi. 18). It is, therefore, the duty of the individual to yield his own conviction to the infallible teaching of the church, and that not in any slavish submission or self-stultification but on the reasonable principle that the church is an infallible guide and cannot err. "As my Father hath sent me I also send you" (John xx. 21); "He that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth me" (Luke x. 16); "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be condemned" (Mark xvi. 16).

On this reasonable basis the church secures a marvellous unity of belief. She is everywhere the same in her teaching, and one in the complete, whole-souled acceptance of her teaching by her children.

She presents to the world a wonderful homogeneity, and in these days of free-thinking and independence of minds there is no more marvellous spectacle than the fact of two hundred and sixty millions of people, many of whom are of the highest intelligence and with the utmost freedom of will, accepting her teaching and bowing in submission to her voice as the voice of God.

THE POPE AS INFALLIBLE.

In order that there may not be any doubt as to what the teaching of the church is, Christ has constituted a living voice to speak for him. In order to yield our conviction to the teaching of the church, there must not be any danger of our misinterpreting or misunderstanding the sense of established formulas. Mere written statements in a book, no matter how accurately formulated, can never preclude the possibility of this danger. They cannot correct one if he does misunderstand or misinterpret the genuine sense. Hence a living voice is necessary, so that when one does misunderstand, he can be corrected; when he does drift away, he can be called back. He who speaks for an infallible church must himself be infallible, if he would command the assent of the children of men. When he teaches the whole church on questions of dogma and morals, he must be preserved from leading the church astray. Hence the Catholic Church has always believed, from the very beginning, through the nineteen hundred years of her life, that the Pope when teaching *ex-cathedra* cannot teach error. It was in the

Vatican Council, after this traditional belief of the church had been assailed, that it was clearly defined and incorporated into the formulas of the church. It was no new doctrine, but merely a new formulation of a doctrine as old as Christianity itself. "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and thou being once converted confirm thy brethren" (Luke xxii. 32).

WORDS OF THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

It may be useful to quote here the exact words of the decree of the Vatican Council: "Wherefore faithfully adhering to the tradition received from the beginning of the Christian Faith, for the glory of God our Saviour, the exaltation of the Catholic religion, and the salvation of the Christian people, we, the Sacred Council approving, teach and define that it is a dogma divinely revealed, that the Roman Pontiff when he speaks *ex-cathedra*—that is, when discharging the office of pastor and teacher of all Christians, by reason of his supreme Apostolic authority he defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the whole church—he, by the divine assistance promised to him in Blessed Peter, possesses that infallibility with which the Blessed Redeemer willed that his church should be endowed in defining doctrine regarding faith and morals, and that therefore such definitions of the said Roman Pontiff are of themselves unalterable and not from the consent of the church" (iv. Sess. chap. iv.)

It is needless to explain that this doctrine of papal infallibility does not include papal impeccability, nor does it include papal inerrancy in politics, or in science, or in any matters save those of faith and morals. One can readily appreciate what a compactness this doctrine gives to the whole system of Christian teaching. It is not only the broad and solid and unshakable foundation, but it is the cement that gives the bond to the whole superstructure. Catholics do not waver in their faith, they are not tortured with doubts, their spiritual life is not blighted by the withering blasts of infidelity, and the appeals to them do not consist in exhortations "to have faith," since the faith is never shaken, but they are appeals for better living and for higher spirituality.

SAINTS AND MARTYRS.

The indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the church is not only the source of her doctrinal inerrancy, but it is the active principle of the holiness of the church that is manifested by the practice of heroic sanctity by many of her children, by the standards of morality which she sets up, and by the influence of her teaching in the social order. Whatever there is of Christian civilization is the work of the Roman Catholic Church. The long bead-roll of the saints, from the martyrs who died in the pagan Coliseum to the Father Damiens of to-day, who leave all that the world holds dear and sacrifice themselves in order to care for the sick and unfortunate, these are the fruits of the Holy Spirit, who is with her.

Undoubtedly there are many instances of sublime sanctity outside the pale of her membership, and these too are stimulated to heroism by the same Holy Spirit; but the natural and ordinary channels of the grace of God are the sacramental channels of the Catholic Church, which Christ established. As it is through the teaching authority personified in the Holy Father that the pastures of truth are preserved from the contamination of the poisonous weeds of error, so it is through the sacramental system that the streams of divine grace are sent to impart fertility and virility to the practical living of Christian men.

Grace may well be compared to that mysterious fluid which drives the trolley car. When the electricity is turned off the car is dark, and is stalled on the track; when it is turned on the car can move on its way and is brilliantly illuminated. So with the soul and divine grace. "Without Me ye can do nothing." There are seven different wires that carry each its own special grace to the soul. These are the Seven Sacraments. Each has a grace that does a special work.

The grace of baptism regenerates. By means of it the child is born again into the newness of the supernatural life. There are established between the soul and God relations of adoption whereby we cry Abba, Father. Confirmation is a strengthening grace imparting such vigor of spirituality that one is led to fight for, and if necessary die for, the faith that is in him. Penance is the forgiving grace. When one going down from Jerusalem to Jericho falls amidst the robbers of temptation, who despoil him of the mantle of purity and leave him naked of

God's friendship and cast him aside from the pathways of righteousness, Penance, like the Good Samaritan, comes along and picks him up, binds up the wounds sin has made, cares for him during the period of convalescence until he is finally restored to spiritual health. Holy Eucharist is the nourishing grace. It is the real Body and Blood of Christ, which unless we eat thereof we cannot have life.

THE CHURCH'S CARE OF COMMUNICANTS.

"Amen, Amen, I say unto you: Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood you cannot have life in you, and he that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day" (John vi. 54). It is the manna which has come down from heaven to support us spiritually while we wander through the deserts of this life into the Promised Land. Extreme Unction is the sustaining grace in that last fierce conflict with the evil one. When the weakness of dissolution has come and the cold sweats of death are on our brow, the enemy of our soul makes a last determined effort to seize us, the grace of extreme unction fortifies us against his attacks and guards the soul in its upward flight until it gains its home in heaven. Then for the special states in life there are assisting graces: Holy Orders, to enable the priesthood to guard the sanctities of their office; and matrimony, to help the married pair to consecrate the love they have for each other, and enable them to bring up their children in the fear of God. Like a good mother, the Catholic Church takes the child in infancy, watches over him as the years roll by, strengthens him to meet life's conflict; if he falls picks him up again; ever places before him the ideals of perfection, consecrates the great love passion of his heart, follows him to the end, and when his eyes are closed in death she lays his body with her blessing in the grave to await the resurrection day; while by her prayers and her suffrages she follows the soul into its place of purgation and does not leave it till the last traces of sin are washed away, and it is prepared for admittance in the realms of the blest. The continual flowing of these graces all through life from the cradle to the grave creates among Catholics types of sanctity that are known only to those whose eyes are so spiritualized that they can read the inner secret of hearts.

STANDARDS OF HOLY LIVING.

The lives of the saints constitute a literature rarely known outside the Catholic Church, and one that is replete with multiplied marvels of heroism. The continual flowing of these graces uplifts the general average of holiness, so that in convent and in cloister, among all ranks of society, under the mantle of the king and the rags of the beggar, there flourish the most beautiful flowers of sanctity.

The Catholic Church maintains the standards of holy living for all, by placing as conditions for admittance to Holy Communion a profession of profound sorrow for sin committed, joined with a determination never to sin again and a willingness to repair whatever injury has been done by sin. This is the very least that is exacted for full membership. Though if the sinner does not possess this he is not cast out. In the church there are both good and bad. The cockle grows with the wheat; in the net there are both good and bad fishes. Like a good mother, the Church is patient and loving with her disobedient children; though they do bring disgrace on her at times, still she claims them as her own and waits till the time comes when they are ready to meet her standards of holy living before she admits them to the sacred table. But beyond these simple conditions of repentance there are no heights of sanctity and union with God to which she does not urge her children to aspire.

INDISSOLUBILITY OF MARRIAGE TIE.

Finally by the influence of her teaching in the social order she is the very saviour of society. She guards and protects the family by affirming the indissolubility of the marriage tie. She sets herself with all her mighty influence against the divorce abomination which is prostituting domestic virtue in our modern life. She interprets strictly the precept of Christ that "what God hath joined together let no man put asunder." She has in this way saved the Christian home and all that it means of education and preservation to the growing child.

Moreover, she has maintained the highest ideals of chastity by singing the praises of the state of virginity, by encouraging her priesthood and thousands of her cloistered men and women to the highest practice of it. Thus in a most forceful way she says to the world that men and women may live without yield-

ing to sensuality. The practical effect of this is felt throughout the entire married state, where people are taught restraint of passion and that a life of continence is among the easy possibilities.

KEY TO LABOR PROBLEMS.

She has in her hand the key to the labor problems which harass us. In this country particularly the scramble for wealth is going on with all its intensity. In the strife for pre-eminence many are thrown down and are trampled to the earth, others are cast by the wayside. The fierce striving for the biggest prize has made men disregard many human rights. Classes have been set over against the masses. Men have climbed to pre-eminence over the backs of their fellow-men. The result of this social strife has been the reducing of thousands to a slavery more galling than the negro slavery of a century ago. Life is to many a child born into it but a damning fate. The segregation of wealth into the hands of the few has left the many in the grasp of a most distressful poverty, so that with all our wealth there is abroad the gaunt figure of want, and with our teeming markets the pitiful hand of beggary is stretched forth. There is only one remedy for these terrible social evils, and that is the religious one. The root of the social evil is in the cruel spirit of greed and of grasping avarice. No law can legislate this out of existence. No policeman's club can subdue it. To conquer it there is needed a power which reaches the heart. It must be a force which can turn men's minds away from the pleasures of life and bid them fix the desires of their souls on the greater riches beyond the grave. It must be an agency that spans the gulf that avarice has created between the rich and the poor; that can teach both the great principle of the brotherhood of man, the trusteeship of wealth, the dignity of labor, and the common destiny provided by a Heavenly Father for all.

Religion alone can do this. But to do it effectually a religion must be strong, and thoroughly organized. It must be one that is down among the poor commanding the love of their hearts. It must be one whose precepts can be enforced by spiritual penalties, if need be, by the sick-bed or even by the open grave. The Catholic Church can do all this in a most effectual way. She therefore is able to give the social *pax vobiscum* to the age. The Encyclical of Leo XIII. on "The Condition of

Labor" has been pronounced by noted publicists to be the Magna Charta of the rights and responsibilities of the wage-earners of the world.

The Catholic Church, then, is the very salt of the earth, saving it from corruption by vice and preserving it sweet and pure from the degenerating and decomposing action of evil.

UNITY IN BELIEF.

The presence of the Holy Ghost with her makes her the world-wide religion—at home amidst every nation and tribe and people, no matter how much they differ in language, manners, and genius. The Latin language gives her a universal means of interchange of thought. The spiritual authority she possesses enables her to bring all minds into a complete unity of belief, so that wherever one finds a Catholic he is the exact duplicate in doctrinal life of every other Catholic. Ask a child in the Philippines the questions in his catechism, and one will get exactly the same answers as one would if he had the patience to go through and ask every one of the two hundred million Catholics scattered throughout the earth. In these days of crumbling creeds and of drifting away from old-time dogmatic moorings, the spectacle of a united church homogeneous in its beliefs and uniform in its ethical exactions is something to charm the heart of man. Nothing but the compelling influence of the divine Presence can bring it about.

AS TO REMISSION OF SIN.

Not only is the church everywhere the same, but it is perpetual in her life. She is to-day the only thing that goes back to classic civilization. She can affirm the inspiration of the Gospels, for she was present when they were written. She can assure us of the conversion of the European races, for she it was who brought it about. She can point to all the artistic treasures of the ages, to the great cathedrals of Europe, to the famous Madonnas of the art galleries, to the masterpieces of poetry and song, for it was she who inspired them all.

She has borne through the ages the apostolic privileges of the remission of sin in God's name. "As the Father hath sent me, I also send you. When He had said this He breathed on them; and He said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; whose sins

you shall retain they are retained" (John xx. 23), and that other apostolic privilege of consecrating the bread and wine in the Sacrifice of the Mass and changing it into the Body and Blood of Christ (John vi. 52-56; Matt. xxvi. 28).

These two essential practices in the life of a Catholic—auricular confession for the purpose of receiving the forgiveness of sin, and sacramental Communion, in which not bread and wine but the real Body and Blood of Christ are received—are sustained by the exercise of the sacerdotal power which was given to the Apostles by Christ, and handed down in an unbroken succession through the generations of duly ordained bishops and priests unto their legitimate successors of the present day. The possession of these divine gifts establishes the identity between the church of the first and the church of the twentieth century, and constitutes in the Catholic Church of to-day the Apostolic succession.

COMMON BELIEFS OF ALL CHRISTIANS.

I have endeavored in the foregoing to make a simple exposition of the constitution of the Catholic Church, and explain what her doctrines and practices are, as they arise out of her very nature as a world-wide and perpetual institution destined to carry the effects of the Redemption through all ages, even to the consummation of the world, and make them operative in the hearts of men. There are many other distinctive beliefs of Roman Catholics which it is only possible to hint at. The common beliefs of all Christians, the existence of one God in three divine persons, the divinity of Jesus Christ, the fall of man from the state of original justice, his redemption and regeneration through the vicarious sacrifice of the God-man, the ultimate resurrection of man's body, the particular as well as the final judgment, and the various states of being in the world beyond the grave, are enshrined in the formulas which have been adopted by the Catholic Church. In Catholic theologies all these truths are delineated with all the exactness of a scientific study; and the reasons from the authority of Sacred Scripture, the writings of the Fathers of the church, as well as from reason, are given. But the few distinctive beliefs which I may touch on are the devotion to the Virgin Mary, the custom of praying for the dead, the belief in Purgatory, the Intercession of the Saints, and the celebration of the divine mysteries.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

In the devotion to the Virgin Mary we honor her only with the honor due to a creature, we believe that her influence with her divine Son is still powerful and may be exercised in our behalf.

She is the Mother of the Man-God. She conceived through the overshadowing influence of the Holy Ghost. She was always a virgin, and in view of the aforesaid merits of her divine Son she herself was preserved from all stain of original sin, which is the common heritage of all the children of Adam. By this latter privilege we understand the Immaculate Conception. Purgatory is a place where they go who die with some lesser stain of sin on their souls, and where by suffering it is purged away, preparatory to admission into heaven. The church teaches concerning Purgatory two points: first that there is a Purgatory, and second that souls detained there are helped by our prayers. Hell is a state of eternal separation from God. There are no definitions of the church concerning the character of the punishment there. It is of Catholic faith, however, that hell is eternal.

The Saints are they who have fought the good fight and are now reigning with God. Owing to their intimacy with God on the one hand and their sympathy with us on the other, they become powerful pleaders with the divine Majesty. There is, however, but one mediator between the soul and God, and he is Christ Jesus. Nothing is farther from the Catholic mind than to supplant Him by any one else. The Mass is the clean oblation foretold by the prophet Malachias, that would be offered up from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same (Mal. i. 11). It is the sacrifice of the Cross offered through the ages as a constant propitiation for sin, in which Christ is immolated again, though in an unbloody manner, and by means of which the justice of God is condoned and the sins of men are satisfied for.

All these various dogmas are parts of, yet essential to the complete system of Catholic teaching, and they are the framework of that beautiful organism which derives its life from the indwelling presence of the Holy Ghost, and has been the ark of salvation to myriads of the children of men.

LARO.

A SEA-GULL'S CHRISTMAS.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS-KETCHUM.

I.



It is eleven o'clock at night, 1896. But the singers linger on the long piazza at Villa Solari to hear the last word about the concert to be given during Christmas week by the Fishers' Choral Club. Père Florio gives the cast of singers for the last number on the programme, with occasional addenda of his own.

"*Noël of the Birds*, as sung of old in Bas-Quercy. To be sung to-morrow night—Christmas Eve—at the Midnight Mass in St. Mary's; and to be repeated at the concert."

The slim, dark fishermen draw nearer out of the dusky shadows. The low tropical surf seems to take another tone as it listens; it is just beside them; there is only the shell road between the Solari gardens and the sea. And this Gulf of Mexico—it is a part of them; they are its very own. Sometimes it leaps up to this piazza, shouting its defiance; and then the fisher folk out yonder at Ship Island—who knows so well as they know the might of its pitiless power? And the sea-gulls who glory in it as they send their trumpet voices right into its thunder while they skim and sing defiance in unison with it—who knows it as they know it? And the land-birds and the cattle, the women and children and all weak little things—how they hold their breath and shudder and listen!

But to-night all is peace and joy. Père Florio jovially gives the cast of singers for the Noël:

"First stanza: *What mean these wings?* Soli, quartettes. Fishers, led by Mademoiselle."

He glances slyly towards Mademoiselle Tontine the sculptress—fifty years old, six feet tall, lean as a hermit, and who never sang in public in her life. But Mademoiselle is the darling of the Fishers. Her bounty founded their club; she is its president. Her eyes are as clear as the brown water in the

lotus-jeel; her good humor is like spring sunshine; everybody blesses her from Biloxi to Ocean Springs and Pass Christian. She appreciates a joke as well as any boy in town, and returns the good Père Florio's sally with a side glance. She will "pay him back" next All-Fools' Day, and the town boys will help her. Père Florio continues:

"Second stanza: *Tell us, ye birds.* Octette sung by the Fishers.

"Third stanza: *Bold chanticleer.* Solo. Admiral de Leon."

The fishers' eyes glisten. The bronzed old Admiral of their fleet smiles under his gray moustache.

"Fourth stanza: *Goldfinch and sparrow.* Teresa and Poncè Solari."

All look towards the twin grandchildren of Madame Solari—they are sixteen years old to-day—as they stand apart from the company, in the shadows of the climbing jasmine, with the shadow of another youth beside them outlined on the wall.

"Fifth Stanza: *Blackbirds and linnets.* Octette. Fishers.

Sixth: *Greenfinch and nightingale.* Duo. Teresa and Tagàlo."

The shadow on the wall bows to Teresa.

"Seventh: *Angels and shepherds, birds of the air.* Full chorus."—The courtly Père Florio smiles and adds, "including Biloxi and all her bells."

The fishers flock out behind Père Florio, whose parish comprises nine-tenths of the toilers in these seas, marshes, forests, factories. As they go they talk with him about the concert, and about their fleet's holiday which is to be celebrated to-morrow, Christmas Eve, by a day's sport at Ship Island.

Many of these families, high and low, are descendants of the men who came with Columbus in 1492; they have kept unchanged the names as well as the faith of their fathers. Madame Solari was born a De Leon. So was Tagàlo's father, her cousin-german, who married a lovely Malay lady thirty years ago, as Christian and polished as himself; for we must bear in mind that the Philippines were discovered by Spain and her missionaries in 1521, and named in 1565 in honor of her king, Philip II. Tagàlo has his father's Spanish features; and as these three lineal scions linger with Madame Solari in the weird, delicious beauty of a tropical moonless December sky, you might imagine that the Fountain of Youth had really been discovered by that first Poncè de Leon four hundred years ago.

II.

Before six in the morning Poncè was up and out on the piazza—but the world was obliterated; there was only a weird, milky something that shrouded the universe in a dazzling whiteness. The stillness was like death; yet the beauty made him stand as if at the gate of Paradise. Presently he heard steps and voices. Old Sidonie, their faithful negress, was talking in the garden; the mare Janette whinnied from the stable; a seagull's ominous cry came from the same direction.

Madame Solari had felt her way to the piazza; she reached out toward Poncè's voice replying to Sidonie. Poncè caressed her hands; they could not see one another.

"Is not this wonderful, ma mère?" he said.

She did not reply. On just such a morning as this the fleet had sailed once before. Eight hours afterwards the cyclone brought her only child, Poncè's father, dead from the sea, and cast him ashore with the helm of his boat fast in his hand.

Sidonie pleaded from the garden: "Don't let the Admiral take the fleet out, madame! Don't let them go! Listen how old Janette whinnies yonder; and Laro, how he cries. Laro is wiser than the Admiral; gulls never make a mistake."

"Courage, Sidonie," Poncè said. For the mists began to lift like a magician's curtain, revealing first the grandmother; then Sidonie looking up with clasped hands; then the gardens, the cottages, the shell road, the light-house; and then the tranquil sea, the cloudless sky. Southward, Ship Island fringed the horizon with its palms; eastward, Deer Island seemed a skiff laden with Christmas green.

"I will go for Baby," Madame Solari said as Poncè set off to the boat-house—yonder at the end of the long pier—to put his sail in order for their usual half-hour on the water before breakfast. Sidonie, dubiously shaking her head, went to the rear. Madame Solari entered her chamber, where a baby two years old lay sleeping—the child of her dead son's widow, who, married and widowed a second time, had died when this child was six weeks old. And Baby, therefore, without a drop of their blood in her veins, is the most precious thing in all their hearts.

Mademoiselle Tontine came out from her cottage next door and crossed the road on her way to the Solari pier, to sketch until time for the sail, in which she too was to join.

"Fair or foul?" she asked of Tagàlo, who came swinging up the shell road from St. Mary's Rectory, where he had passed the night as Père Florio's guest. He too was to assist in this morning sail; and also to go with the fleet for the day's sport at Ship Island.

Tagàlo glanced south-westward as if to study the weather. He seemed less than twenty, though he was eight years older, his boyish look being heightened by his dress: loose gray trousers tucked into his hose below the knee; low, broad-soled shoes from which his light feet seemed ready to spring; a soft muslin shirt with a falling collar; a brown serge jacket, and crimson fez.

"You Filipinos are so wise," she continued, taking in the artistic points of the Malay as they walked along the pier and sat in the boat-house while Poncè made ready in his boat moored below; "living your primitive artistic life in your primitive artistic way; at peace with yourselves, at peace with the world, because—"

Tagàlo waited for her to go on. But she seemed to hesitate; she was *rusée*. A Malay is usually the match for such.

Mademoiselle knows that this personage is the Honorable Felipe Poncè de Leon, who got his first degree in the old university at Manila; his next in Madrid, his last in Paris. That he has studied the finances of Canada and the United States; that he now makes his *point d'appui* at St. Malo with the old Malay colony in Louisiana, while he studies the life of the West Indies: the Latin and Indian races intermingled here as in the Orient with their resultant likenesses and variances—likenesses which are permanent, however varied they may be; variances which are transient, however permanent they may seem.

This quick synopsis of things he had previously said to her flashed through her mind as she waited for his answer. Tagàlo was the flower of courtesy. He did not delay his reply.

"At peace with ourselves; at peace with the world, because—because we are poor, Mademoiselle," he said, in the mellow, modulated voice which is the gift of God to his tropical children, whether white, brown, or black; "and because we are content. The piles on which our huts are built withstand the cyclone and the earthquake when your marble palaces and steel factories are ground to dust or twisted into splinters. Your

finest looms can send forth no such fabrics as those made by our patient, practised fingers on the simplest portable wooden loom. There are no colors like ours; they are caught from the sky, the sea, the thousand times ten thousand things that Nature shows us at every turn, everywhere."

"I know it," was her quick reply.

"Pardon, señora, but you do not know it; no, not one of you," he said.

"No?" she asked curiously. "Why?"

"Because when we know we have the common sense to practise what we know." He seemed to prick up his ears as he arose, bowed, and turned shoreward to meet Madame Solari and Teresa, who were coming with Baby for the sail.

"A moment, please," Mademoiselle said; "I wish you to pose to me for a dancing faun—like the one in the Luxembourg Garden, Paris—you remember?"

"Si, señora. You flatter me. But you should see me in other *rôles* before coming to a decision," he replied in his quiet, velvety way of saying things which may be mild or pungent but which always put your wits on trial. "I have had many adventures lately, in Canada, in New York. You should have seen me."

"Do tell me about them," she said.

Though a man of eight-and-twenty and a Bachelor of Letters, Tagàlo was a boy.

"I had a mission from Manila," he began; "I must speak English, I must look English; but also, a poor Filipino, I must practise poverty like San Francisco. So I buy one suit of clothes—it will serve me for all time. I get a Prince Albert coat; a tall silk hat; English trousers; patent leather shoes—ugh! you might as well put Laro's feet into them! Then this watch-chain with the charms; then a gold-headed cane—I am ashamed of that—"

"Laro." The baby's voice arrests him.

"Laro shall sail to-morrow," he replies, taking the child from the arms of her nurse Rosina and saluting Madame Solari and Teresa, who go below to potter about with Poncè in the boat.

"Do go on, Tagàlo," Mademoiselle insists, resuming her seat; "I must learn your *rôles*."

"I went on so well in Canada that I took heart," he said;

while Baby, on his knees, made acquaintance with his watch-charms, and the coal-black Rosina, standing apart, listened with evident satisfaction; "I came to New York by the night express—all in my full dress, only I had a mackintosh to cover it—and stopped at the Bartholdi. Well, after breakfast, I stroll; past the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Hoffman, the Albemarle. You should have seen the men stare. 'The Indian King,' they murmur. By the time I reach the Casino there is a mob at my heels. The police are discreet; they watch me. I go on, silent, serene as a Greek god. The people swarm out from everywhere, anywhere, nowhere. At Forty-second Street I hail a car; I salute that crowd in silence; I lift my tall silk hat,"—he raises his fez high,—“and then—”

“All aboard!” Poncè calls from below. Tagàlo springs to his feet.

“Do finish the story,” Mademoiselle pleads.

“It is finished, señora,” he says. The wise Rosina manages to hide her teeth under a broad smile as she nimbly flies homeward along the pier. Tagàlo, with Baby on his shoulder, leads Mademoiselle down the boat stair. A moment later they are scudding over the sea.

III.

“Now we will feed Laro,” Tagàlo says to Baby, after the simple Latin breakfast of *café au lait*, bread and fruits, at Villa Solari. Teresa leads the procession towards the poultry yard. The poultry gate is still closed; Sidonie stands on guard near it, under the great live-oak, haranguing several parties, the most important being the occupant of a large latticed cabane under the tree. A peacock, perched with his two hens in the tree, casts a side-glance at Sidonie while he peers down into the Tontine garden where Mademoiselle—unseen from our side of the Bois-d'arc hedge—stands sentinel for her flock. The Solari turkey-gobbler struts courageously before his harem, at a safe distance from both peacock and Sidonie. The geese, at the open gate of the long grape arbor, stand with one eye on Sidonie, the other on the gate, ready in case of battle to escape to the lotus-jeels, where no land-bird dares to follow.

“Bah! You sing through your nose!” Mademoiselle Tontine cries as the impudent peacock gives her a salute. “And you need n't strut and choke yourself to death trying to preach,”

Sidonie announces to the gobbler, who is doing his best. "And you, you cowards, you can only hiss and nibble this grass until there is not a blade left for Janette." She hurls a harmless twig at the geese where they stand in line. "Never do you mind, my Laro," she continues; "you shall always have the first meal."

Tagàlo squats before the cabane with Baby on his knee. He opens the creel of sea-food; its daintiest morsels—turtle-eggs—are given to Baby, who drops them inside the cabane. Sidonie gives the signal—she lifts the latch of the poultry gate. Then—a wild, sweet yodel; it might have come from some unseen Alp or Andes; and in an instant Teresa is in the midst of a world of beaks and feathers, still yodelling as she scatters the grain from the bag-like pockets of her apron; while Baby, Tagàlo, and Poncè dispense shrimps and minnows to the lord of the cabane—a sea-gull, the largest of his kind, with a spread of five feet from tip to tip of his wings.

He had been a visitor to these waters for twenty years. Captain de Leon had changed the technical name *Larus marinus* into Laro the Mariner. The gull was adopted by the fishermen, made rear-admiral of the fleet, and welcomed every winter when he returned. Gulls are shy; but the shyest thing soon discerns friend from foe. In these quiet waters, where the children, at low tide, wade out for a mile in search of shells and sea weeds, birds have no fear; they swoop down to your feet. Baby would lie for hours on the beach, watching Laro sail. Last year Captain de Leon found him floundering under the Solari boat-house, his right leg torn off and gone. Of course the gull became the distinguishing feature of the poultry-yard.

Poncè made his cabane, and doctored the wound, which healed rapidly. Then he carried out a scheme: He fastened a stout chain around the live-oak. To this he attached a long line of Manila cordage. From the ravelled end of this rope he knitted a harness—like a fish-net—to fit Laro's body and leave the limbs free. Laro could thus cruise to the length of his tether, which permitted him to forage in the waters near the shore.

"We have ten minutes yet," Poncè said to Tagàlo, who still squatted at the door of the cabane, with Baby now feeding a young hen and chickens that had left Janette to come here for their breakfast. The hen—named Duchess—was special retainer

to both the mare and the baby. When a pullet she had deserted the hen-house to roost on Janette's back. She followed Janette everywhere when the mare was out of harness. She made early acquaintance with Baby and laid her first egg in Baby's cradle. Of course Sidonie locked her up in the hen-house and taught her to behave. But from that time she divided her allegiance between baby and mare, her chickens at her heels, getting into perils enough.

"Is Laro content?" Tagàlo asked Sidonie as he arose.

"Well—yes and no, monsieur," she said. "The peacock and gobbler used to come up and give him a dare; and the gander used to hiss at him. He took no notice; and you may believe I taught them a lesson. But Laro is on the lookout, all the same. He loves to watch the sky. He seems almost human when Monsieur Poncè harnesses him and lets him sail. It is a pity."

"He loves his harness—it is his uniform," Poncè said. "But it breaks his feathers; so he wears it only when he sails. He was out yesterday, and he slept in it last night, as you see, because I was busy with the concert work. You will soon be able to cruise without the rope, mon amiral," he added, addressing Laro, "and then you go free."

Laro arose on his one foot and stood erect.

"He understands," Poncè said to Tagàlo. "The fishers say he knows a dozen languages. What think you? Or, perhaps you have seen a tame sea-bird before?"

Tagàlo's smile was enigmatical. He turned to the cabane and hummed a Malay song. Laro peered forward, eyed the singer, then settled on his perch.

"I have seen many a lame and tame sea-bird," Tagàlo said.

"Do they all love music as Laro loves it?"

"Yes, migratory birds especially; they travel in all lands; they are critics. I have seen Laro—or his double—in the Filipinos. It is easy enough: To cruise around this Gulf; cross Panama; summer in the Aleutian Isles; winter in the Orient; double Cape Horn; go north via Iceland, Greenland, Labrador; and thence back to Biloxi. Sea-birds have been doing this ever since the oceans were archipelagos. You are healed, comrade," he continued, addressing Laro; "for the next Noël, meet me in the Filipinos."

"He is healed, Tagàlo? Then he shall have his Noël to-

morrow," Poncè said; "to-morrow, Laro, when the morning Angelus rings."

Laro straightened to his full height and spread his wings. His lovely eyes—the iris, we know, of a delightful red—glowed like jewels. He was magnificent.

IV.

The fleet sailed out under an opal sky. Biloxi was busy with Christmas preparations. Madame Solari, Teresa, Rosina, Mademoiselle Tontine were thus called to the heart of the town, a mile away from the light-house; they would remain until three o'clock. Baby was left with Sidonie, who carefully closed all the gates, for the child had a fancy to slip out and stray away. Once she was found on the beach, nearly half a mile from home.

Most of the barn-yard fowls had gone to forage in the fields. Duchess and her brood remained with Janette, who was given the liberty of the lawn. These were fed, with Laro, as usual, at noon, Baby assisting. But Laro was restless; he refused his food.

For the siesta Baby was placed on her leopard skin on the kitchen porch. Sidonie took the hammock near it, and was sound asleep as soon as her old eyes closed.

At three o'clock Madame Solari and her friends had finished the Manger which is so prominent a feature in the Latin churches at Christmas-tide: the stable cave in Bethlehem; the Infant Jesus, Mary, Joseph, the ox, the ass, the lamb; the shepherds from far and near with their flocks; the cock, peacock, eagle; the white dove brooding over all.

Père Florio and others had come in to view the decorations when a sudden lull in the breeze made them look at one another. They hurried to the door. There was commotion up and down the long street, from the artesian fountain to the jewelled grotto in St. Mary's garden with its statue of Our Lady of Lourdes.

All eyes turned to the south-west; it was nearly time for the fleet to come in. The sky was cloudless still, but the opal had changed to a lurid yellow that masked the sun; before you could think, the tawny hue deepened and began to climb the sky; the sun was blotted out. The writhing, twisting cyclone

mounted and advanced; its coils flaming with varicolored fury, its tongue-like cone almost touching the sea.

"God have mercy! Infant Jesus, protect us! Mary, Mother, pray for us! It was the one prayer as the town sped forward towards the storm, to see if there might be some happy glimpse of a sail in front of it, some chance for the fleet to get in first. Madame Solari flew up the road back of the villas—that lovely road with its venerable live-oaks draped in the long gray Spanish moss—what memories do they keep, Indian and Latin, of the tragedies of these last five hundred years!

On and on; Père Florio follows—he can hardly keep her pace. They meet Sidonie, livid as death. "Baby!" she cries; "Baby, Madame—is she with Rosina?"

A wild look is the answer. Madame races on; no one can keep her pace. Sidonie turned, flying after her; Père Florio beside Sidonie, listening as she gasped: "Laro—his cry awakened me—Baby—gone—and Duchess and her chicks—and Janette. O Mary, Mother, find them for me!"

"Which way?" Père Florio asked.

"If I knew which way would I be here?" she snapped in a breath. "The grove gate—that leads into this road—was open—Janette did it—oh, but I'll muzzle her when I find her!"

"If Janette opened the gate—" Père Florio ventured.

"If!" Sidonie hissed; "no *if*! Janette went; Duchess and her chicks—the idiots! And wherever *they* went, the baby—O Mary, Mother!"

On, on, through the Solari groves and gardens to the beach. As they passed the cabane Laro's cry rang out again; but no one heeded it. For as the cyclone came on, in front of it there was something—

The fleet!

The beach was thronged. The town had caught the story of the baby; searchers went hither and thither.

Madame Solari springs out along the pier to the boat-house; she watches the fleet sailing beside the storm. The waters begin to boil; the roar of the wind comes with muttered thunder; and then—

Sea and sky are one common cauldron. The people dare not go into the houses; they fall prone to the ground, their only safety. The roar, the crackling of trees torn up by the roots;

of falling timbers; then the shouts of sailors far off yonder in the blinding rain.

Madame Solari clings to the willa boat, still fastened to a pile, though the boat-house has been blown away.

"We are safe!" Poncè cries to her as he swims with Tagàlo through the frothing but shallow surf; "the fleet is a wreck, but no one is killed."

They assist her into the boat.

"The bar saved us," Tagàlo joins in; "the storm has veered."

"Baby is missing," Madame Solari said, her teeth chattering; "Baby, Janette, and Duchess."

The storm howls on; but across it, dominating its tumultuous thunders, comes a sea-gull's strident voice from the beach beyond the light-house.

"That is Laro; listen," says Tagàlo. The wind goes down, but the rain falls in floods; the lightning is instantaneous with the thunder. It seems an eternity; but in less than a minute the strangely human cry of a horse in fear of fire comes from the same direction.

"Janette! Loose the boat," Madame Solari commands. She takes the helm. Poncè and Tagàlo bend to the oars. Out they go into the seething inferno. They reckon their course by the piles against which they strike at the risk of being swamped. Laro's great voice startles them once more; he is right before them, unseen.

"We are near the old bateau," Poncè said; "it may be in place; we may get ashore from it."

Cautiously they make their way. The bateau is still anchored to the great pine-tree; but the tree is on fire; it has been struck by lightning.

The mists lift, though the rain still pours. Yonder is Janette beside the tree. They pull in past the bateau and scramble ashore. Janette is lashed to the tree; the cyclone has coiled a rope around her. While Tagàlo frees her, Poncè leaps forward, looks closely—yonder is Laro in his harness at the other end of the rope, just outside the bateau. Madame Solari flies; she hears Duchess clucking to her brood under the low bunk in the cabin of the bateau—and there lies Baby, fast asleep; she had chosen the bateau for her siesta.

V.

The cyclone had come and gone within an hour. Its path landward beyond the bateau was less than a hundred yards wide; little damage had been done ashore. The town, already assembled at Villa Solari, held a reception in which the runaways were guests of honor.

Laro was royally conducted to his cabane, around which the broken links of the steel chain lay scattered. Janette to her stable, Duchess and her chickens to the hen-house, had the same honorable escort; but these, I am obliged to say, were ignominiously locked in by the resolute Sidonie.

Baby, on Tagàlo's knee, serenely unconscious that she had become a heroine, toyed as usual with his watch-charms, while the fleet and the town exchanged experiences.

"Our Manila rope is stronger than their steel chains, *n'est ce pas, Bèbé?*" he said to her *sotto voce*, with a twinkle in his eyes as he arose, tossed her like a feather, and caught her as she fell.

"*Oui, oui!*" she laughed gleefully, dimly understanding but clearly believing in him.

At Midnight Mass the church was crowded. All eyes were turned on the manger; all voices joined in *The Noël of the Birds*.

On Christmas Day, when the Angelus rang at six in the morning, all the church bells joined in the antiphon as Tagàlo and Poncè set Laro free in the presence of the family, the neighbors, and the representative members of the fleet. The old rear-admiral spread his wings, flew upward, took a reconnoissance in mid-heaven over the sea, wheeled and sailed into the West. They watched until he was out of sight.

"To the Filipinos, Tagàlo?" Poncè said, turning.

Tagàlo too had vanished.

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPITAL AND LABOR.



THE recent conference in New York of the representatives of capital and labor is not only one of the most hopeful signs of the permanency of industrial progress but it is another evidence of a vigorous common sense that characterizes the leaders of the American people. The meeting was called by the National Civic Federation for the purpose of discussing the relations of labor and capital, and if possible of devising some means of preventing strikes. The gathering was not marked so much by the presence of crowds as it was by the standing and influence of the people who were there. Some one estimated that the capital that was represented was not far from a thousand millions of dollars, but of more importance than invested capital was the presence of men whose influence was of paramount importance with others. For the first time in the history of the country's industrial life did the accredited leaders of the hundreds of thousands of the toiling masses look into the sympathetic eyes and grasp the friendly hands of men who control much invested wealth of the country. The mere mention of the names is a statement of the broad basis on which the conference stood, and an augury of the far-reaching consequences that may be looked for in the ultimate results. Charles M. Schwab, the President of the gigantic Steel Trust, extended the friendly hand of greeting to Shaffer, the President of the Amalgamated Steel Workers, and Marcus A. Hanna chatted in a cordial way with Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, while the spirit of religion, in whose possession is the ultimate solution of all these social difficulties, was represented by Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, and Bishop Potter, the Episcopalian Bishop of New York.

A gathering of all these representatives of industrial activity in amicable conference in order that they may see one another and interchange expression of sentiments, was a dream that very few thought would ever be realized. Thinking men were quick to see the advantages of such an assembly, because it had been so painfully evident in recent years that labor and capital were drifting

apart, and that bitter antagonisms were being generated by the separation. Students of industrial difficulties were constantly affirming, inasmuch as the employer and employee class had common purposes, they should establish a community of interests and pull together for a common end, and that any influence that would put asunder what God hath joined together should be looked upon as a common enemy. Yet, in spite of these theoretical statements oft repeated, labor had segregated its forces into a camp apart, while capital was combining into country-wide trusts and syndicates, in anticipation of the conflict that was imminent. The two armies in battle array were set one over against the other, like the Israelites and the Philistines in the valley of the Terebinth, each dreading the ultimate clash of arms and neither one daring to hazard the chances of the conflict. The various strikes and lockouts were but little skirmishes on the firing line, while the eyes of those who looked into the future were filled with anxiety and dread in anticipation of the day in which the battle of the giants would begin. It would mean nothing short of industrial destruction. The roseate hopes of commercial prosperity which now gladden our hearts would be quickly transformed into dark and sullen gloom, and an era of universal disaster would be close at hand.

The gathering of this conference is only another evidence of the quick and effective way in which things are done in this country. Over night, as it were, the spirit of contention has ceased, and a most sincere willingness to get together and eliminate all antagonisms has taken its place, and when the leaders met the sword was sheathed and amity and conciliation was voiced by all the speakers. Senator Hanna bespoke the thought that filled his soul when he said, "I would rather have the credit of making successful the movement to bring labor and capital into closer relations of confidence and reliance than to be the President of the United States. If by resigning my seat in the United States Senate I could bring to fruition the plans that we are now fostering to make strikes and lockouts and great labor disputes impossible, I would gladly do so. I think it is the grandest thing that could be accomplished in this country. I would want no greater monument than to have the world remember that I did something to end wars between American labor and American capital."

This sentiment was the key-note of the conference, and

through the two days' sessions every speaker, in effect, expressed the same desire to settle all difficulties as amicably as possible. Estrangements come very largely from misunderstandings, and misunderstandings come from the fact that labor leaders and capitalists were not close enough to appreciate each other's motives.

John Phillips, the Secretary of the Hatters' Union, made a very significant statement when he said emphatically that the workmen whom he represented had come to the conclusion that there was "nothing in strikes," and that strikes were only resorted to as a last desperate resort. He said in conclusion, referring to Senator Hanna, that "I always thought that he was a foe of organized labor, and now I know I was wrong."

This last statement, in more ways than one, indicates the immediate good the conference has done.

The cartoonist had done his evil work in misrepresenting Mr. Hanna. He was pictured as the personification of grasping avarice, obese and brutal, and men who had never seen him had come to believe the figment of the imagination of the cartoonist was the real personage; but when they met him and saw his pleasant, kindly face and his genial, refined way, their previous notions were quickly dissipated.

Archbishop Ireland intensified the spirit of harmony by speaking for both labor and capitalistic classes, through his intimate knowledge of both, in the following language:

"I know the employers' ideas in this country, and they are human. They realize that they are brothers of their fellow-men. I have never yet met an employer who was not ready to say that the ideal condition of any man put upon this earth by his Creator is that means be given to him of leading a life becoming a man and a child of God.

"I have not met the capitalist that has ever thought that man, whoever he is, however weak, is a mere piece of machinery. Capitalists who would have so thought may possibly have existed in the past, or may exist elsewhere than in our society. But this truer idea of men is the effect of our own democratic American society, permeated as it is by this intense feeling of mutual brotherhood; it has been the result of such society that every citizen wishes that every other citizen had for himself and for his family the means of a decent livelihood. And we do not deny the great principle that we must do justice to laborers,

to workingmen. On the other hand, I have not met the workingman who on sober thought will not understand that his arms are of no account to earn a livelihood for himself unless assisted by the leaders of industry who will gather in the finances needed to purchase machinery and open markets. The laborer does realize that he cannot secure for himself and his family the comfort that he desires unless there be the capitalists to give him employment.

"Nor are there any laborers to-day in America who on sober thought will not realize that whatever may be the equality of men as to legal and political rights, from the very fact of the constitution of each man as he now is there is diversity in position, and as men go through a thousand circumstances of life there must be consequently more or less inequality in the possession of the things of earth. But while there is this inequality, there must be always the realization that we are but fellow-men, all children of the same great Lord, and all willing to co-operate with and help one another.

"Now, why is it that, despite these convictions which prevail in America, we have had strikes and difficulties and misunderstandings? Simply because we have kept apart. We have not come together enough. Simply because we have acted rather under impulse than as the result of sober reflection. If when there is a difficulty threatening, as there will be—we know human things too well not to realize that there will be difficulties,—if when these difficulties come we were to meet and say, Now what is the cause of complaint? If we were to understand one another, I am very sure that these difficulties, largely at least, could be obviated."

In this same spirit for the better part of two days the leaders of all the associated labor organizations spoke, and, barring a certain traditional way of expressing themselves, there was not one discordant note. At the termination of the addresses Mr. F. P. Sargent, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, submitted a resolution asking that a court of arbitration be constituted consisting of twelve representatives of capital, twelve of labor, and twelve of the general public, with Ralph M. Easley for secretary. It was passed unanimously.

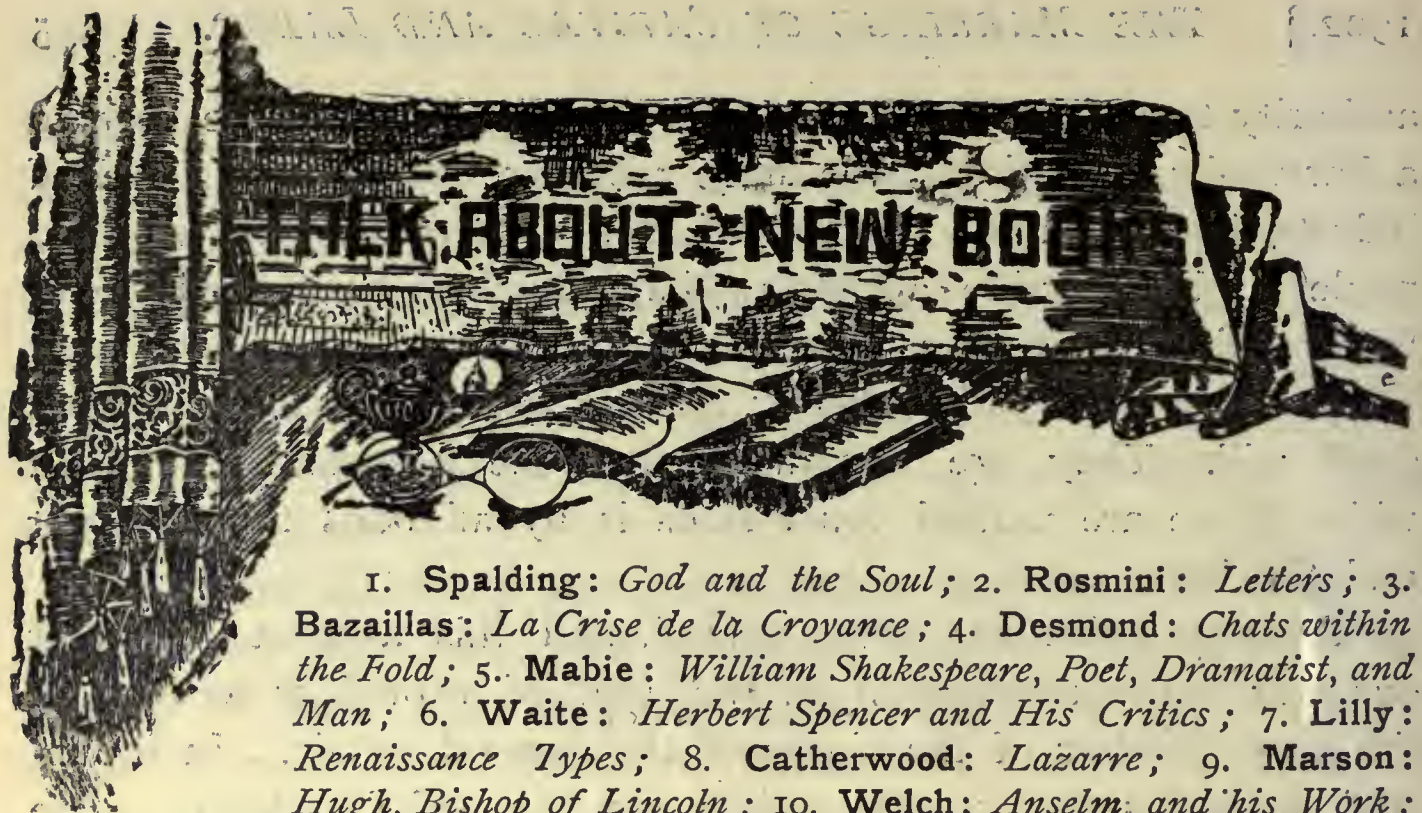
In the hands of this committee is placed the future of the industrial world. It is a tribunal in which difficulties may be discussed and grievances submitted, and while it has no absolute

authority to enforce settlements, yet it can point out the way to a harmonious solution. We may not have come to the end of industrial strife in the creation of this committee, still, we have made a long stride towards that much-to-be-desired goal. Many points have been gained already. The leaders have met. They know each other better. They appreciate each other's good will. They are convinced that the peaceful method in which there are mutual concessions is by all odds the cheapest and the best.

Another point has been gained, and this a most important one. It is the recognition on the part of capital as well as on the part of labor of the rights of the general public. In industrial clashings the general public are the chief sufferers. The wives and children of the strikers, the store-keepers in the neighborhood, the good name of cities so necessary for public confidence, the fair fame of the country at large—all these are grievously affected in any case of strikes, and these are moral and civil entities with rights that must be respected. The general public has its representation in the court of arbitration.

Another point, too, has been gained. It is a strengthening of public sentiment against strikes. While this court exists and does effective work there will be a most positive condemnation and reprobation of any man or combination of men who hastily declares industrial war. And finally the representation of the spirit of religion on the committee is a recognition of the great fact that religion is, after all, the most potent factor in calming the perturbed spirit of men. It will go farther than any other agency in healing rancorous antagonisms, in subduing class hatreds, in bringing together the rich and the poor, and in giving the social pax vobiscum to the age.





- I. Spalding: *God and the Soul*; 2. Rosmini: *Letters*; 3. Bazaillas: *La Crise de la Croyance*; 4. Desmond: *Chats within the Fold*; 5. Mabie: *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man*; 6. Waite: *Herbert Spencer and His Critics*; 7. Lilly: *Renaissance Types*; 8. Catherwood: *Lazarre*; 9. Marson: *Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln*; 10. Welch: *Anselm and his Work*; 11. Savonarola: *The Triumph of the Cross*; 12. Adderley: *Francis, the Poor Man of Assisi*; 13. Joly: *Sainte Thérèse*; 14. Best: *Victories of Rome*.

1.—Bishop Spalding has collected a number of his poems in a book * which will be read alike with pleasure and profit by his hosts of old admirers, swelled by the addition of many a recruit. For readers in abundance are certain to be attracted by spiritual poetry which yet remains full of human sympathies. Bishop Spalding's religious verse is of a kind peculiar to himself. Surely there is no other poet who writes with so devout a spirit united to so correct a theological knowledge and so true an interpretation of nature; none who delves into so rich a vein of philosophic thought and finds in science so much that speaks of God.

Some metrical imperfections may be met with in these pages; and occasionally a poem falls far below the level reached in others, which for grace and finish of rhythm and diction deserve warm praise.

2.—Those who have known Rosmini more as a writer censured by Rome than as a beautiful and saintly priest will obtain some striking information and much edification from this collection of his letters.† Written chiefly on religious subjects, they are deeply spiritual in tone, and evidence the simplicity, strength, and undisguised truthfulness of this ardent lover of God and souls. The collection is intended primarily for Rosmini's spiritual

* *God and the Soul*. By John Lancaster Spalding. New York: The Grafton Press.

† *Letters (chiefly on Religious Subjects) of Antonio Rosmini Serbati, Founder of the Institute of Charity*. New York: Benziger Brothers.

children; to whom every one of them will be of interest. As far as others are concerned, much of the text might have been omitted without loss. The volume itself is rather too bulky for the convenience of the reader; it would be handier if bound in two volumes, and of wider interest if it contained letters relating to events of historical importance.

3.—Belief and the various manifestations of belief have been the subject of deep consideration on the part of many seriously-minded men who would protest against the rigid intellectualism which pervades modern philosophy. The names of M. Léon Ollé-Laprune, Cardinal Newman, and Mr. A. J. Balfour stand out very prominently among thinkers on this subject, and it is to a study of the thought of these writers that M. Bazailas' work* is devoted.

The volume is divided into two parts, the first of which is taken up with an appreciation of M. Ollé-Laprune, in which the author indicates the relationship between belief and life—moral, religious, and social—according to his master's philosophy. In the second part, under the general title *The Life of Beliefs*, we are presented with two chapters on "Belief and the Law of Development," and "Belief and Personality," apropos of Newman; and two on the agreement of belief and reality, and the evolution of belief in society as set forth in Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*.

Belief, in the sense of the new apologists, among whom the present author is to be numbered, is the emanation of the whole nature—intellect, will, emotions and feelings—towards the truth. "Faith" is only a particular aspect of belief, and is the emanation of the nature towards religious truths, and more especially towards God himself. Both notions are included under the term *croyance*.

That M. Bazailas has given us a clear and complete idea of that rather intangible thing, *croyance*, we are inclined to doubt, and his brilliant style almost seems to add to this obscurity. However, the work is meritorious; it abounds in keen analyses and striking observations and may be considered a notable contribution to the already extensive literature on the "new apologetics."

* *La Crise de la Croyance*. Dans la Philosophie contemporaine. Par Albert Bazailas. Librairie académique: Perrin et Cie.

4.—Occasionally we hear lay folks wishing that, by a sort of Arabian Nights arrangement, they might be allowed to occupy the pulpits for a brief time with the clergy as their auditors. If there could be any guarantee that they would use the privilege to such wise purpose as Mr. Desmond, the experiment might be a profitable one all around. He advocates no violent revolutions, he abuses neither his privilege nor his hearers, he has keenness without ill-nature and pointedness that is free from vulgarity. His book* may be said to contain very valuable inspirations for the preacher on practical topics; indeed, its author might be considered to deserve a place among the very attractive list of names advertised as contributors to the reorganized *Homiletic Review*.

Let no one gather from the above that these Lay Sermons are addressed exclusively to the clergy; the preacher is too wise for that. The Catholic people will find that most of the book is especially adapted for their instruction and encouragement. The sermons are very brief too—a great point in their favor.

“Portentious” and “momentuous” on page 189, and “*regel*” on page 34, are words that the proof-reader will thank us for noting.

5.—We can safely say that Mr. H. W. Mabie's *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man*,† now in the third edition, ranks high among the best introductions to the study of Shakespeare. It is no patchwork of second-hand impressions—a marked characteristic of many modern biographies too often forced upon the English-reading world—but it is a creation wholly the author's own. The excellence and charm of Mr. Mabie's work are due, not only to his extensive knowledge of Shakespeare's writings, but also to his familiarity with the country where this famous English poet lived and died. The book is full of illustrations, many being reproductions of old and valuable prints, documents, and rare portraits, while the others are more modern, thus presenting to the reader Shakespeare's country as he himself knew it, and as it appears to-day. Little or nothing is said of Shakespeare's religion beyond the fact that “he knew something of theology,” and that “he studied the Bible.”

* *Chats within the Fold: A Series of Little Sermons from a Lay Stand-point.* By Humphrey J. Desmond. Baltimore: John Murphy Company.

† *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man.* By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Like all the works which have come from Mr. Mabie's pen, it is written in a most pleasing style, and one looking for a literary picture of Shakespeare and his surroundings can do no better than read this very valuable contribution to modern Shakespearean literature.

6.—One of the best short criticisms of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer we have met with is Mr. Waite's *Herbert Spencer and His Critics*.* It is a small volume, yet into it is compressed the essence of the "new philosophy." Its purpose is to show that, despite the late John Fiske's well-known dictum to the contrary, Mr. Spencer's attempt to identify the Unknowable of science and philosophy with the highest conception of God is a failure. To this end our author quotes the salient points of the more important criticisms that have been made upon the doctrine of the Unknowable: those of Mansel, Caird, Max Müller, Martineau, etc.; and also, from the ranks of the Catholic Church, those of Dr. Barry, W. S. Lilly, O. A. Brownson, and Wilfred Ward.

The last seven chapters are devoted to an examination of Mr. Spencer's metaphysics by Mr. Waite himself. The matter is very clearly and intelligibly presented, and the criticisms are sound. This highly commendable little volume is, evidently, the fruit of much labor, and is a splendid work to put into the hands of those—and they are not a few—who, attracted by the "new philosophy," have accepted it with little or no criticism. It is suitable, too, for all those who desire in a small compass the gist of Mr. Spencer's philosophy, without having to read the numerous volumes in which it is contained.

7.—A volume † on the Renaissance from the ever busy pen of Mr. W. S. Lilly gives further evidence, were any needed, of the wide reading and critical ability of the author. Written in his happy style, clear and forcible in expression, bold and outspoken in judgment, the present work is sure to be regarded as among the most important that has appeared for some time. Not every one of Mr. Lilly's judgments will be received without protest, perhaps; but however that may be, his book cer-

* *Herbert Spencer and His Critics*. By Charles B. Waite, A.M. Chicago: C. V. Waite & Co.

† *Renaissance Types*. By William Samuel Lilly. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

tainly is admirable in many ways, and his critical attitude is of the order demanded by present-day historians of whatever type or school. Mr. Lilly is a Catholic, but no one will accuse him of that partiality too often connected with "Catholic scholarship."

It had been suggested to Mr. Lilly that "in investigating the past the problem is to extract general history from individual histories." Emerson has it: "Properly speaking, there is no history, but only biography"—and Mr. Lilly has acted on that principle. He has selected for his study Michael Angelo, Erasmus, Reuchlin, and More, since he regards these as characteristic types of the Renaissance period.

The chapter on Michael Angelo is especially admirable in that it presents the personality of that greatest of artists in a light in which we do not always behold it. It has been contended that Michael Angelo was a "crypto-Lutheran," or again, a Platonist. Mr. Lilly insists, however, that the doctrines of the Catholic faith entered into his life as "simply, naturally, and unquestioned as the common truths of physical nature, or the most elementary principles of civil society"; and there is "as much and as little reason to attribute Platonism to him as to Athanasius, Augustine, Dante, or the Schoolmen." The chapters on "Erasmus, the man of letters"; "Reuchlin, the savant"; "Luther, the revolutionist," and "More, the saint," are all well worthy of attention. Of More we are told nothing new, but we have reason to admire Mr. Lilly's pleasing and sympathetic picture of his life and character. As Michael Angelo was the supreme master of the arts of design, so Sir Thomas More is one of those "divine artists of the moral order," as the saints have been styled; and, though he once promised to be the Erasmus of England, he represents, in Mr. Lilly's opinion, the highest perfection of character discernible among the men of the Renaissance.

The closing chapter of the work sums up the results of the Renaissance. "We owe to it that reawakened interest in the sources of our moral and intellectual life, . . . a true appreciation of the continuity of Western civilization, . . . the fall of scholasticism, of feudalism, and of the religious unity of Europe; the resurrection not merely of the classical spirit, for good and for evil," but also of Christian antiquity. "We are not its debtors, however, for the liberation of the conscience in reli-

gion, and the establishment of the principle of political freedom"; these were not, directly at least, the results of the Renaissance movement.

8.—Following the now-popular fad among writers of fiction, Mrs. Catherwood has given us a historical novel, her book* being founded upon the life of Louis XVII., son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

Owing to the treatment that the little dauphin received from cruel jailers, while confined in the Temple prison, he was reduced to imbecility, so that when he was finally stolen from this prison by agents of the royalist party, "he had died in everything except physical vitality." The royal child was placed in the care of a French court-painter, who was to take him to America, by way of London.

The book opens with a scene in front of "St. Bat's," London, where the imbecile dauphin, attacked by London children, is defended by a little French girl—Eagle De Ferrier, daughter of a royalist. In America the dauphin falls into the hands of an Iroquois chief, and from the Indians receives the name "Lazarre." When Lazarre is eighteen a shock restores his reason. He meets royalists who, recognizing him as their dauphin, induce him to leave the Iroquois and later on to return to France, in the hope of establishing his identity and of gaining the throne. Having failed, he returns to America, where he renders most valuable service in the War of 1812. He conceives the idea of educating the Iroquois, and puts his plans into operation. When finally recalled to France he refuses to go, being satisfied to be a true king without being officially recognized as such.

In painting some of her pictures, the author has touched and adorned some pages of American history. Her book is full of true sentiment, and free from the flippancy which is so common nowadays. In the narration the movements are strong and forceful, though some are possible rather than probable. On the whole, the book is far above most of its class and is at least deserving of popularity.

9.—We admire Mr. Marson's purpose in writing this biography† of St. Hugh of Lincoln, namely, to produce a work

* *Lazarre*. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

† *Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln*. By Charles L. Marson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

which will be "helpful to churchmen of the present day"; but we venture our opinion that his purpose would have been more fully realized had he written with less levity and confined himself more strictly to the historical character of his subject.

We have all due respect for "Mr. Dooley's" philosophy in its own place, but that place is not in the life of a saint; and it rather grates on our nerves to find the second chapter of Mr. Marson's book opening with a quotation from the Philosopher of Archey Road. Many of the author's own expressions are no less offensive. St. Thomas à Becket is referred to as going home and getting his "sacred head split open"; mention is made of invoking "he and she saints," etc. Referring to the miracles at Hugh's tomb, our author says (p. 157) that they "come in such convenient numbers that their weight, though it possibly made the guardians at the shrine, yet breaks the tottering faith of the candid reader. But some are more robust." Again, he writes: "'Four quinsies'—well, strong emotion will do much for quinsies." And again: "'Three paralytics'—in the name of Lourdes let them pass." But enough of this!

We regret that the author has not given definite references for many of his statements, although we did not expect them after reading in the introduction that "in a popular tale" the reader "will not look for embattled lists of authorities." We must have them, however, before we accept any such statement as this following concerning Hugh's belief in the Holy Eucharist: "The language he uses is inconsistent with later Roman devotion, because he seems to dislike the notion of a conditional or corporal Presence, and anyhow to shrink from the definite statements to which the Roman Church has since committed herself. He certainly did not fix the Coming of the Bridegroom at the Consecration Prayer, *a fortiori* to any one particular word of it."

From one point of view the book is interesting, for it shows the intimate relations which existed between St. Hugh and Kings Henry II., Richard I., and John I., and what a very important factor the saint was in the upbuilding of mediæval England.

It might be advisable for Mr. Marson, should he again attempt to write a sacred biography, to confine himself to that very narrow aspect of it which comes within his own mental grasp, and to say nothing of the saint's veneration for relics, or the miracles that are reputed to him, things which Mr. Marson is utterly unable to appreciate.

10.—Mr. Welch's contribution * to the *World's Epoch-Makers* series of biographies is a very readable sketch of the life and work of the great St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Preface gives a complete list of the sources from which the author has drawn his materials, and the Introduction contains a general survey of the condition of Europe about the middle of the eleventh century. The first chapters are devoted to the saint's early life, the foundation of the abbey of Bec, and to a consideration of Anselm's first philosophical writings. The most important period of his life, his career as Primate, comes in for its greater share of treatment in the remainder of the biography. Anselm's struggle for ecclesiastical reform and his opposition to the increasing power of the king are clearly portrayed. The work, however, is marred by the author's bias against Papal jurisdiction. His opinions on the relationship between the Holy See and England, and on clerical celibacy are not acceptable. This much, however, was almost to be expected from one of the religious profession to which the author adheres. The statement (p. 5) to the effect that Eastern "monkery" was governed by the Manichean conception of the flesh itself being evil, must not be allowed to pass without protest, for it should never have been made without some attempt at offering positive proof. Aside from these defects the work is good.

The volume is printed in clear type and is well indexed. It lacks references, however, and this detracts from its value to careful readers.

11.—There are few great names more disputed over by Catholics than that of Girolamo Savonarola, who has been in turn worshipped and condemned, praised and denounced, with an extravagance of eulogy and censure that is quite astonishing. To render the controversy more interesting non-Catholic writers have intervened with the claim that Savonarola was really a morning-star of the Reformation, a precursor of Martin Luther. The work of the Dominicans, therefore, has been directed against a double class of opponents, those within and those without the fold.

One of the best ways, if not the only one, of revealing the true character of a historical personage is the study of his public

* *Anselm and his Work.* By A. C. Welch, M.A., B.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

utterances, allowing him to be a man who has given large expression to his personal views. And so Father Procter has brought out a new and complete edition of Savonarola's *Summa, The Triumph of the Cross*.* The publication is noteworthy in view of the fact that hitherto this work seems to have been familiar to the English public only in more or less imperfect form, with the result that the tendency to regard Savonarola as a heretic has received some apparent but unfair justification. This is noted by Father Procter—at considerable length and with no small degree of heat—in his Introduction.

This new addition to our library of Translations is a welcome one for its intrinsic value as well as for the interest attaching to the controversy over the writer's orthodoxy, for it consists of an Apology of the Christian Faith written by a man upon whose power, at least, the world is agreed. It was used as a book of instruction by Savonarola's loyal admirer, St. Philip Neri, and despite a style and an arrangement strange to our generation, the work is worthy of being carefully studied for the sake of the great thoughts it undoubtedly contains.

12—These lives of St. Francis of Assisi† and St. Vincent de Paul‡ have been compiled and presented to the public recently by James Adderley. In both volumes the author deals exclusively with the external lives of the saints, and the reader will feel disappointed at not being allowed to view their inner joys and sorrows, struggles and sacrifices, on which their sanctity depended in a so much greater degree than on their external works, great indeed though the latter were.

In the story of St. Francis the author shows himself prone to vivid and sometimes even to exaggerated descriptions of the evils which were oppressing the church during the thirteenth century. If he had referred us to some reputable historian for the corroboration of his assertions, we would not be obliged to consider him biased and pessimistic. But as it is, some of his statements are altogether too arbitrary to stand.

We cannot agree with Mr. Adderley, that the "whole body

* *The Triumph of the Cross*. By Fra Girolamo Savonarola. Translated from the Italian. Edited, with Introduction, by the Very Rev. Father John Procter, S.T.L., Provincial of the Dominicans in England. London: Sands & Co.

† *Francis, the Poor Little Man of Assisi*: A Short Story of the Founder of the Brothers Minor. By James Adderley. With an Introduction by Paul Sabatier.

‡ *Monsieur Vincent*: A Sketch of a Christian Social Reformer of the Seventeenth Century. By James Adderley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

of the church was corrupt," that the "Franciscan Friars were destined to save a *wicked* church *from itself*," or that "the monks (of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, or of any century, for that matter) exercised no influence on the people except by imposing upon their credulity with stories of sham miracles."

Nor had "holy poverty been living in widowhood since the days of the New Testament" (p. 67) until the time of St. Francis; for countless numbers had given up all things and followed Christ and Christ's poverty in the East under St. Anthony's rule, and in the West under that of the illustrious St. Benedict.

In drawing the distinction between the obedience of a Franciscan and that of a Jesuit, he qualifies that of the latter by calling it "despotic." True the virtue of obedience as practised in the Society of Jesus exemplifies the very perfection of rigid military obedience, but "despotic" is certainly not the word to describe the ideal of St. Ignatius.

Of the two books, the life of St. Vincent is by far the better, for although the author is dealing with evil times yet he is more careful in his phraseology, and truer to history. The life of St. Francis is but an outline of the conspicuous events in his career. In the story of St. Vincent de Paul a more detailed account of his daily life is given, although, as was said before, the reader learns nothing of the spiritual, interior life of the saint.

In a word, while the story of St. Francis is open to considerable criticism, the "life of Monsieur Vincent" is commended to all readers.

13.—Of course the career of St. Teresa cannot be described quite satisfactorily in a small popular volume of less than three hundred pages; but perhaps M. Joly has come as near to doing this as any one ever will.* His broad learning, his psychological bent, his sympathy with the contemplative ideal, his historical sense of openness and fair play are strong qualifications for the task here undertaken. And evidently his interest in his sacred theme is not merely perfunctory, nor is it of that impersonal type displayed by certain of our so-called "æsthetic Catholics." Its reality and depth are evidenced in various pages of his book, and notably in a dedication that breathes the sug-

* *Sainte Thérèse*. ("Les Saints" Series.) Par Henri Joly. Paris: V. Lecoffre. Deuxième Édition.

gestion of one of those pathetic romances known only to true Catholic families. It runs thus: "To my well-beloved daughter Thérèse Joly. In religion Sister Thérèse of the Sacred Heart. Born at Dijon the 29th of May, 1879. She has succeeded in bringing her father and mother to love that great sacrifice which she asked of them."

The volume itself is a happy instance of work, scientific at once and popular. A note, a reference, a paragraph here and there hint at the careful method used by M. Joly, but his labor is never obtruded upon us. So, without fatigue and almost without realizing the extent of the author's researches, the reader is put in possession of precious bits of information gathered at the cost of personal visits to the old homes of St. Teresa and of careful study of documents quite unknown to the public.

A chapter of particular interest is that upon the persons most intimately associated with the saint during life. It reveals many interesting details about her trials at the hands of her spiritual directors; for M. Joly, being no "respector of persons," states facts freely and frankly. On the whole, the book coming as it does from the editor of the series, may be regarded as a model—and an attractive one—of the new style of popular hagiography. If all of the series were up to the rank of the present volume there could be little or no reasonable fault-finding with them.

14.—In view of the recent renewal of interest in the question of the Temporal Power, Father Kenelm Digby Best, as a member of the League of St. Sebastian, has deemed it well to reprint his *Victories of Rome*,* which was published first thirty-four years ago. He has added a chapter on the necessity of Temporal Power, and two appendices, one containing extracts from sermons delivered by Father Faber and himself; and the other on the "Syllabus and the Temporal Power." The work, which is a very small one, is mainly historical in character, the second chapter, nominally on the necessity of Temporal Power, being in great measure devoted to the events of the last forty years.

**The Victories of Rome and the Temporal Monarchy of the Church.* By Kenelm Digby Best, Priest of the Oratory. New York: Benziger Brothers.

LIBRARY TABLE

The Tablet (9 Nov.): Through the patriotic efforts of the Archbishop the Congregations in Albi applied for authorization; the Capuchins, Carmelites, and Sacred Heart Sisters were refused. Sir Henry Howorth defends his letter to the *Times* in which it was stated the French communities would have done better service to religion by applying for authorization. During the past year 1,500 converts have been received into the church in the diocese of Westminster, as against 1,200 for the previous year. Twenty-seven Catholic Freshmen have gone into residence at Oxford this term.

(16 Nov.): Fr. Smith, replying to Sir Henry Howorth, denies that the Brief of Clement XIV. suppressing the Jesuits condemned either their morals, their doctrine, or their discipline.

(23 Nov.): The *Methodist Weekly*, having been sued for libelling the Jesuits, prints a public apology. At the Catholic University of Fribourg a women's college has been opened, and an Academy for the study of Gregorian Chant has been founded. Sir Henry Howorth and Fr. Austin Powell write that Fr. Smith's reply was illogical and misleading; and the *Ave Maria's* comment (14 Dec.) is: "We fail to see how the accused can clear himself of the charges against him," viz., of having indulged in something which "in harsh language would be called deception and dust-throwing."

(30 Nov.): An editorial points out Sir H. Howorth's mistake in supposing the Brief of Clement XIV. to be an infallible pronouncement. Fr. Smith comments upon the same writer's "eccentric method of creating facts inferentially."

The Month (Nov.): Fr. Gerard indicates the irreligious and unjust position of the present French government, and comments on the strange phenomenon that the English people view with tacit if not express approval the expulsion of the Religious. Fr. Thurston writes that the Angelical Salutation was familiar to English Churchmen before the coming of William the Conqueror. Virginia M. Crawford

describes some Catholic charitable institutions in Vienna. (Dec.): Fr. Thurston mentions the difficulties against connecting the origin of the Angelus with the curfew bell. E. King discusses the historical development of individual freedom. H. T. (Fr. Herbert Thurston?) questions if Saint Anthony had any connection whatever with the devotion extensively advertised under the objectionable name of "The Miraculous Brief of St. Anthony of Padua." Comment is made upon the calumny that the Jesuits teach "the end justifies the means"—during the last forty-nine years a prize of one thousand Rhenish guilders has been awaiting the man who will establish the charge.

Fortnightly Review (Sept. and Dec.): Mr. Mallock undertakes to discharge the function of an intellectual accountant in examining the present condition of the conflict between religion and scientific unbelief, stating that the real state of the case is ignored both by the unbeliever and by the defender of Theism. Incidentally he criticises both Father Driscoll and Father Maher for failing to see the drift of their own arguments. (We are informed that Father Driscoll is preparing a reply.)

The Critical Review (November) pronounces Dr. V. Weber's essay (in which it is proven that the events of Gal. ii. 1-10 occurred during St. Paul's second visit to Jerusalem) to be the work of an acute and accomplished scholar. The reviewer takes exception, however, to the author's contention that Gal. ii. 14 is a testimony on the part of St. Paul to the Primacy of St. Peter. Professor Williston Walker, in his review of Pennington's *The Counter Reformation in Europe*, says that viewed from the stand-point of a historian the work is unsatisfactory because of the author's strong Protestant sympathies.

La Quinzaine (1 Nov.): M. Fonsegrive gives a most instructive sketch of the present religious condition of France, and shows the violent enmity between Catholics and non-Catholics which has replaced the very hopeful condition existing a decade ago; the one chance of the future lies in the repudiation of pride of class by the Catholic aristocracy and of blind theological conservatism by all. G. Goyau depicts the lesson of the 1900 Exposition, where for the first time French Catholics took an official

part and showed the successful efforts made for the civic well-being of the masses. M. Tissot describes the beautiful and impressive teaching of *Mon Dernier Livre*, a spiritual book written by Mlle. Fleuriot, a rather obscure girls' writer and a member of the Third Order of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. M. Forgenel, studying present conditions in China, perceives there the beginning of the end of the old civilization.

(16 Nov.): M. Fidaio shows how Positivism in its larger sense is going to develop into social catholicism. P. Delfour writes on "Literary Franciscans"—"a sort of Fourth Order of religious dilettanti, with Brother Paul Sabatier and Sister Arvède Barine as Superiors—for the purpose of leading the faithless along the path of a very relative Franciscan perfection." M. Joly discusses the rural populations, and represents them as not yet insensible to religious influences, despite their very evident demoralization.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Nov.): P. Boudinhon begins a *résumé* of Fr. Thurston's articles upon the historical origin of our popular devotions published in *The Month*. Twenty-five pages are devoted to a panegyric on Louis Pasteur delivered by M. Maisonneuve at the Catholic Institute of Toulouse, containing among other noteworthy things: "I know with absolute certainty that Louis Pasteur previously to his last illness and during his life professed and practised his religion, including Holy Communion. Since I have not the misfortune of reckoning M. Waldeck-Rousseau among my listeners, I will even affirm—though not authorized to mention names—that Pasteur's confessor belonged to a 'non-authorized' congregation." P. Lejeune remarks upon the tendency to Quietism among some Catholics who seem to encourage ordinary Christians to imitate that passivity which is properly a feature of mystical states of prayer.

(15 Nov.): P. Ermoni discusses the rule of faith in the first three centuries. Apropos of the new obstacles to community life in France, P. Verret describes the Flemish Beguines, who form, as it were, little villages of their own and live in a state half way between that of the world and that of Religious Orders. P. Martin describes the

paintings of "The Annunciation" by Fra Angelico, who is better than Raphael or Perugino for showing that Christianity is the religion most favorable to art. In answer to certain strictures passed upon Fr. Sheehan's *My New Curate*, a correspondent points out the blundering and unfair way in which the critic appreciated the book.

Études (5 Nov.): P. Chérot eulogizes the Duc de Broglie as a historian. J. Ferchat, reviewing a new collection of essays by the late M. Ollé-Laprune (noticed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE October, 1900, p. 120), speaks highly of the power and art of this Christian philosopher. H. Havret gives an interesting sketch of the controversy and the final decision of Rome upon the question as to which of the many Chinese divine names should be used to denote the true God. Mgr. Cotton, Bishop of Valence, writes an open letter of congratulation to the four Jesuit Provincials of France upon their published refusal to apply for authorization.

(20 Nov.): P. Durand describes the present crisis in Scriptural Study among Catholics, beginning with the famous article of Mgr. d'Hulst in *Le Correspondant* (25 Jan., 1893) and coming down to Mgr. Mignot's recent Pastoral "concerning which we shall have to make some reserves"; the writer notes that the last Catholic Congress at Munich deemed it best to suppress the department of Scriptural Sciences.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Nov.): P. Denis speaks on the present lamentable situation of the church among the Latin races where the trouble is not schism but inanition, and for this their failure to appreciate liberty at its real value is largely responsible. P. Leray defends his new scientific explanation of the Eucharist against the criticisms of P. Lehu, O.P. P. Leclère continues to indicate the weaknesses of the "classical arguments for the existence of God." P. Quiévreux finds in "Original Sin" of P. Bachelet, S.J., a tendency to divorce instead of to harmonize the natural and supernatural orders.

La Science Catholique (Oct.): P. Fontaine, S.J., author of "Protestant Infiltrations in the French Clergy," criticises P. Bigot's account of the Creation, and wrongly imagines that P. Bigot is identical with the Abbé Loisy.

Revue Thomiste (Nov.): P. Mandonnet continues his criticism of P. Brucker's denial that Pope Innocent XI. prohibited the Jesuits from teaching Probabilism. C. de Kirwan, discussing evolution, says that the theory is tenable to a certain extent, and mentions P. Leroy's reply to Dr. Jousset, the person who in 1891 summoned the International Scientific Congress of Catholics to reject evolution as opposed to faith. P. Folghera endeavors to remove certain misunderstandings by showing that modern scientific induction means something quite different from the induction of Aristotle.

Le Correspondant (10 Nov.): A writer declares that the present decadence of the French merchant marine is due to state mismanagement. A. Leger, writing on The Salvation Army, says unless we believe we can have in the world absolute evil on one side and pure truth on the other, then we must admit in this work a glimmer of that divine grace which is raising humanity little by little toward greater holiness, justice, and love. L. de Seilhac finds in the past conduct of the upper classes a justification for that distrust with which their efforts to benefit the working class are now regarded.

(25 Nov.): P. Klein, reviewing a History of Beliefs, makes the comment that we must judge generously and kindly concerning the multitude who inculpably remain outside the church; the universal and indestructible character of the religious sense verifies what religion teaches us about a sufficient revelation and sufficient grace offered by the favor of God to all men without exception. L. de Lanzac de Laborie sketches Masson's forthcoming Life of the Empress Marie-Louise, the mother of L'Aiglon.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 Nov.): In this and the following issue Mgr. Fèvre pronounces upon the probability of a French schism, and seems to think there is great danger that the government will contrive to intrude its own creatures into the episcopate, and then finally to break with Rome by means of them. L. Robert sketches the brilliant career of the Abbé de Broglie as a scientist.

(15 Nov.): P. Griselle, S.J., publishes a chapter from his thesis for the LL.D., soon to appear, and discusses the reputed bad memory of Bourdaloue.

La Croix (20 Oct.): Pierre L'Ermite, in an article entitled "Where is the Salt?" asks what has become of the priests whose influence alone can save France; since a priesthood irreproachable in conduct and also sympathetic with the daily life of the people controls the destiny of the nation.

La Justice Sociale (21 Sept.): P. Sifflet presents his ideas on the marvellous accounts contained in "uncritical" lives of the saints. Recalling the Diana Vaughan fraud, one is led to think how great must have been the credulity of those who are responsible for some of the pious stories popular to-day. The story of a saint triumphant over temptation and passion will do more good than can be done by the unproven account of St. Nicholas at the age of six months refusing the breast on Fridays, of St. Bernard consuming a rotten egg unawares, St. Lawrence Justinian burying his mother without a tear, or St. Benedict Labre neglecting the cleanliness of his body and his clothes.

L'Echo de Paris (18 Oct.): Jules Lemaitre writes that the Jewish spirit is the spirit of Freemasonry and has played an important rôle in all the recent religious persecutions in France.

Echo Religieux de Belgique (16 Nov.): P. De Stoop, C.S.S.R., writing on the literary beauties of the Bible, presents a parallel between the Bible "Story of Jephtha's Daughter" and the "Iphigenia" of Euripides. V. De Brabandère gives a savage reply to a letter from Baron De Sprimont of Durendal (magazine), which complained of unjust and defamatory criticism. P. Desjonay takes occasion of the flood of books now inundating the world, to plead for careful supervision on the part of parents and teachers.

La Revue Générale (Nov.): M. Leclercq reviews Mme. Massieu's *Travels in Indo-China*, a book highly recommended by M. Brunetière. Jeanne Bodeux comments on a German poetess and romanticist of real merit, Mme. Keiter-Herbert. R. Moyerson writes upon Holland's Educational Laws, where sectarian schools can claim a state subsidy. René Henry demands an amendment of the law so that fathers will be held responsible for the support of illegitimate children.

Civiltà Cattolica (16 Nov.): Comments on the current English controversy concerning the Jesuits in this wise: Fr. Gerard's defence of the Jesuits in the *Monthly Review* is

weighty and to the point; the *Weekly Register's* reply to Fr. Gerard is a trivial artifice, and anyway the *W. R.* is a half Catholic magazine of the same liberalizing tendency as the *Rassegna Nazionale*; the last named periodical has published an article on the subject from E. S. Kingswan based on second-hand information of Fr. Gerard's position and full of puerile stupidity. A very interesting description of the Görres Society and its recent publication, the first volume of a perfectly exhaustive account of the proceedings of the Council of Trent as recorded in the Vatican archives.

Rivista Internazionale (Nov.): G. Toniolo makes a critical study of the progress from a prevalent doctrine of "Laissez-faire" to the present tendency towards widespread and detailed social legislation. Professor Piovano advocates popular agitation, and petitions that Catholics may obtain liberty of educating and of conferring degrees.

Razón y Fe (Nov.): P. Aicardo defends the utility of classical as against technical instruction, apropos of a controversy on the question. P. Murillo describes the modern rationalists' position on the origin of Christianity. P. Fita attacks P. Duchesne's statement that the Spanish devotion to St. James is based upon suppositions which lack historical foundation; P. Fita says the statement is rash, contradictory to a Papal Bull, and without scientific basis. P. Villada highly praises a new volume defining and proving the legal standing of the Religious Orders in Spain. P. Valladares supplies a chapter lacking in almost all recent scientific retrospects of the nineteenth century, by describing the progress made in Meteorology.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (Nov.): P. Cathrein notices a new instance of the negative character of Protestantism, a book on *The Religion of Sunshine*, by a German pastor who denies the Trinity, the Incarnation, the immortality of the soul, and other fundamental truths of Christianity. P. Müller writes on the history of the discovery of the laws controlling the harmonious movement of the heavenly bodies. P. Schmid concludes his notes upon the development of Church Music. P. Dreves describes the legends in liturgical poetry concerning the bodily assumption of St. John into heaven.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE non-Catholic papers are profuse in their praises of Archbishop Corrigan on account of his determined stand against the opening of the saloons of New York City on Sunday. And yet this position of the Catholic Church is not new. It is the traditional policy of the church to maintain the integrity of the Lord's Day. How slow they have been in discovering it!

As we go to press report comes that closer relations are in sight between the American government and the Vatican. There are undoubtedly many questions of a weighty nature involving the best interests of the American government to be settled in the Philippines. These questions involve ecclesiastical rights. A settlement that will do full justice to all and at the same time advance the process of assimilation of the millions of Catholics in the distant islands is desirable. The only way in which it can be secured is by treating directly with the Vatican. If some Americans of ability and position would go to Rome there will be a better understanding and a more expeditious settlement.

On the 3d of March, 1902, the Holy Father will enter on the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate. A movement is on foot to celebrate in a fitting way this year of his Silver Jubilee. Perhaps no one took up the burdens of office with so many religious and political difficulties to face as Leo XIII. After a pontificate of thirty-two years of unwearied self-sacrifice, of invincible constancy in vindicating the rights of the church and his own personal freedom, Pius IX. bequeathed to his successor many unsolved complications. But Leo accepted the burden of office, and with an unusual wisdom and prudence he has raised the dignity and influence of the Holy See so that to-day he is easily the foremost figure in the world. He has earned the respect and admiration of the non-Catholic world, as he has intensified the devotion and reverence of all Catholic peoples. Twenty-five years of unparalleled sagacity in guiding the Bark of Peter have given him an enviable place among the illustrious pontiffs of history. Vivat—Crescat—Floreat!

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

LOVERS of exquisite poetry will find pleasure in a new volume by Alice Meynell, entitled *Later Poems*, published by John Lane. Some of her former verses had distinguished recognition from Rosetti and Swinburne, especially her famous sonnet called "Renouncement."

Students of public questions, as well as the public officials in charge of making laws, will find much profit in the volume on *First Principles in Politics* by William Samuel Lilly (G. P. Putnam's Sons). He contends that the moral law is the only firm foundation of the state, and that the individual conscience is a factor of great force in regulating conduct. False democracy and socialism are shown to be in alliance.

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In answer to an inquiry from a correspondent we are happy to state that the late Thomas Arnold, M.A., was a Catholic, and that Mrs. Humphry Ward is his daughter. The latter had opportunities at close range to learn many things about the true church, to which she has as yet shown no sign of submission. While associated with Cardinal Newman at the Catholic University in Dublin, Thomas Arnold published a *Manual of English Literature* which was praised by Brother Azarias, himself a specialist on that subject. This book is now for sale by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. He was also associate editor of the *Catholic Dictionary*, now published by the Christian Press Association from plates made by the Catholic Publication Society under the direction of the late Lawrence Kehoe. It should have a place in every public library for reference on many of the historical questions especially that have a bearing on controverted points. No other book has yet appeared that contains so many brief articles on important matters for intelligent readers.

The latest work written by Thomas Arnold was entitled *Passages in a Wandering Life*, which contains many episodes relating to his father, the famous schoolmaster of Rugby, and his celebrated brother, Matthew Arnold. In this book he gives a pleasant glimpse of the family life: "My father delighted in our games, and sometimes joined in them. Stern though his look could be—and often had to be—there was a vein of drollery in him, a spirit of pure fun, which perhaps came from his Suffolk ancestry. He was not witty, nor—though he could appreciate humor—was he humorous; but the comic and grotesque side of human life attracted him strongly. He gave to each of his children some nickname more or less absurd, and joked with us, while his eyes twinkled, on the droll situations and comparisons which the names suggested. In a sense we were afraid of him; that is, we were very much afraid, if we did wrong, of being found out and punished, and, still worse, of witnessing the frown gather on his brow. Yet in all of us, on the whole, love cast out fear, for he never held us at a distance, was never impatient with us—always, we knew, was trying to make us good and happy."

Thomas Arnold knew Tom Hughes as a boy, lanky of aspect, and there-

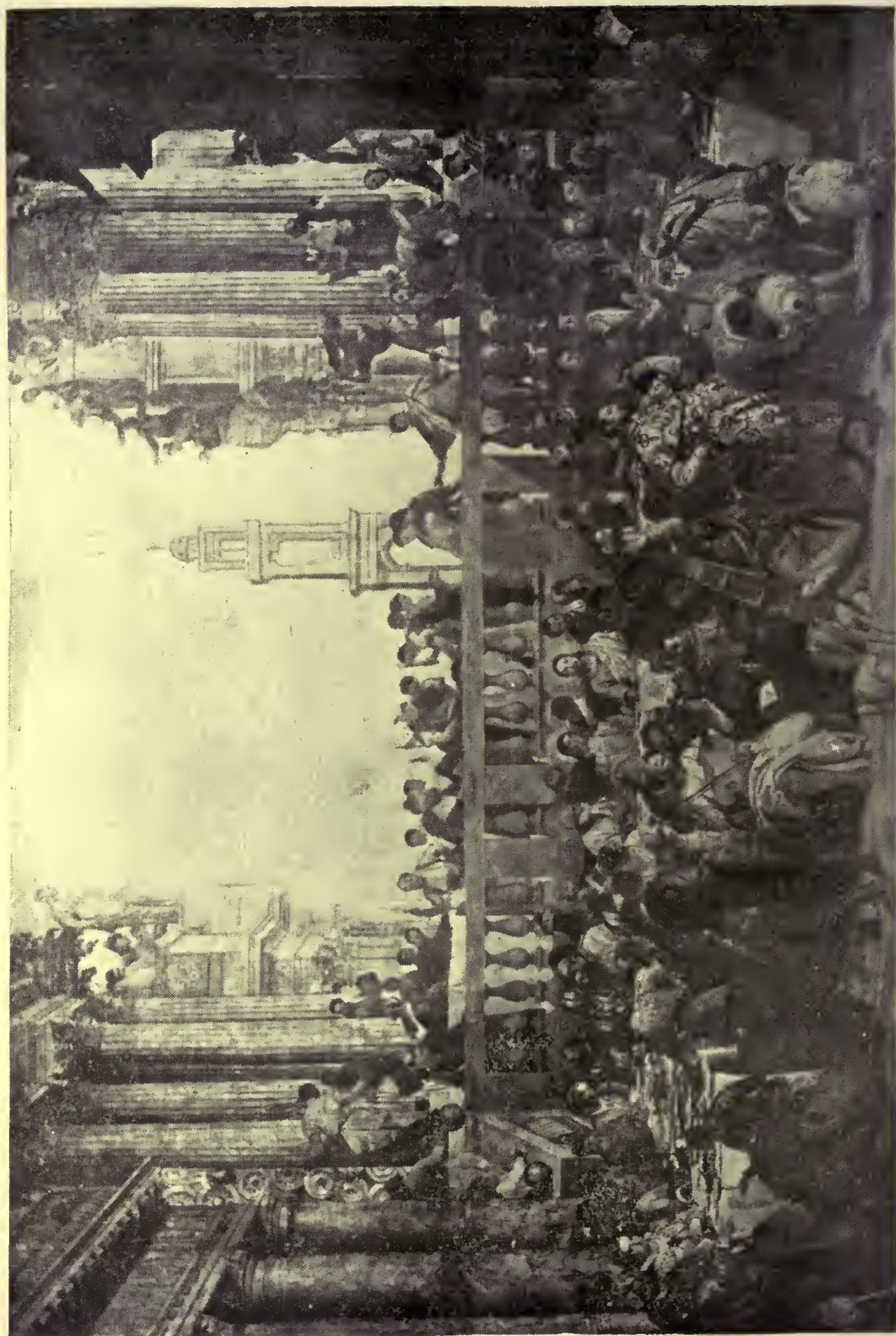
fore dubbed by his schoolmates "the executioner." His recollections of Matthew Arnold are interesting. The two brothers spent a year at Winchester. The future poet and critic bore his tasks lightly, and even went so far at breakfast one morning as to tell the head-master that he found the work in his form light and easy. Dr. Moberly laughed. The other scholars were anything but pleased. One of them afterward practically impressed upon Matthew the wickedness of making little to the head-master of the difficulty of form-work; he became unpopular in the school, and when the time came for the traditional exhibition of disapproval the offender was placed in position and his mates, with howls and jeers, pelted him with pontos, balls made of the soft inside of a fresh roll. At Winchester Matthew's recitation of a speech from Marino Faliero caused him to be ranked as the best speaker of poetry in the school.

Thomas Arnold describes his brother at Oxford as soon becoming something of a lion, owing to his keen, bantering talk. He began to dress fashionably, and developed the somewhat superior air which was to cling to him through life. There is a story, which the author gives for what it is worth, of Matthew receiving his family at the university. "We visited him at his rooms in Balliol," says Mr. Arnold, "at the top of the second staircase in the corner of the second quod. When he had got us all safely in he exclaimed, 'Thank God, you are in!' and when the visit was over, and he had seen the last of us out on the staircase, 'Thank God, you are out!'"

Thomas Arnold was received into the Catholic Church as far back as 1856, and the novels of his daughter, Mrs. Humphry Ward, show that the movements of her mind where questions of religion are concerned are very different from those to which Arnold of Rugby was accustomed. However much he may have differed from his father's school of religious thought he has apparently been, from first to last, at one with that eminent teacher on the essential point of taking life seriously and intelligently. In this record of life as a school inspector at the antipodes, and in similar paths at home, we feel always the presence of a thoughtful, reverent, high-minded man, one of the Arnolds, one of the Rugby Arnolds. His life was certainly a wandering one. But in all places, and under all circumstances, he has been governed by religious principle.

M. C. M.





THE WEDDING AT CANA.—BY VERONESE.

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THE POPE'S TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY A PROVIDENTIAL FACT.

BY REV. THOMAS HENRY ELLISON.



POPE LEO XIII. enters on his twenty-fifth anniversary as Chief Pastor of the Flock of Christ. It is his jubilee year, and should be one of rejoicing and jubilation; and no doubt in the fulness of his inmost heart he is overflowing with gratitude to God for such a signal favor. But we can well imagine that there is a deep tinge of sorrow overshadowing his joy on the occasion. For is he not hampered and shackled and hindered in his high office as Chief Shepherd of the Fold? He himself declares that he cannot care for the Flock or discharge to the full his duties to it placed as he is. Despoiled of his patrimony, and a prisoner in his own very city, and treated as a mere subject by the rulers of the new Kingdom of United Italy, he feels keenly the loss of his independence, and consequent inability to do all that his heart suggests for the welfare of the Church, and that which it needs.

Much has been written on this subject. Unfortunately, in considering the question of the Pope's Temporal Sovereignty even Catholic publicists have been wont to overlook, or gloss over, or explain away, or ignore altogether, the main fact of the gross injustice done to the Pope in depriving him of the States of the Church.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
OF NEW YORK, 1902.

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It was a robbery of a right and dominion most justly acquired ; and as such it is an open violation of the commandment of God : " Thou shalt not steal." It was a piece of piracy or brigandage without the palliation of the pirate or the brigand, who as an outcast from society plunders for his pressing bodily needs. Hence it cannot be condoned or remitted by the Popes ; just as robbery or theft will always remain such, and be ever condemned by that law of God already mentioned.

Res clamat domino, said the old Roman jurists. The thing unjustly taken away from its lawful possessor cries out for that rightful owner. Hence all civilized governments punish fraud, theft, robbery, and unjust spoliation of another. They do not and cannot condone it ; but ever make the thief or robber disgorge and give back, besides punishing him also as the unjust violator of another's rights. The Pope cannot do otherwise ; nor does he, as we see from his reiterated protests against the spoliation of his temporalities.

Waiving for the moment whether that sovereignty in temporals be of right divine, the unbiased reader of history, the impartial student of that question, cannot doubt that it is at least the outcome of an evident action of Divine Providence specially intervening.

All who have written professedly on this question, unless previously biased, maintain at least this much. And when we see how the Popes, especially St. Leo the Great, had this sovereignty thrust upon them, we are compelled to acknowledge an evident special intervention of God.

What does history record about this providential fact ?

I.

A poor, obscure, unlettered fisherman makes his way from the Sea of Galilee in Judea to the imperial city of Rome, at that time the capital of the world. He does this in obedience to a command given him by God's only Son, who had restored all things to His heavenly Father by His sufferings and death, and who had received all power in heaven and on earth, whose inheritance was that whole earth and the fulness thereof.

This poor fisherman, called Simon Peter, has hardly arrived in Rome when he is sought unto death by Rome's emperor. Why this ? History supplies the answer, given even by Rome's pagan historians. The emperor deems his sovereignty and power in-

vaded. Yet Peter refuses to abate one jot or tittle of his Master's claim, and his own right obtained from that Master to teach all nations, and gather them into God's Kingdom. As formerly to the Jewish rulers, he replies claiming exemption for the due discharge of his commission and office; and asserts that God has the supreme right, and must be obeyed above and before all.

Peter dies to defend this claim. His successor has the same duty; maintains it likewise, and shares the same fate. And so on every Pope for three hundred years.

II.

After thus maintaining for three centuries even with death this independence of Cæsar, Constantine, in gratitude to Peter's successor, recognizing the need of this independence, makes the gift which may be considered the very beginning of the Pope's Temporal Sovereignty. To emphasize that gift, he withdraws from Rome, his then capital, and founds Constantinople, the City of Constantine, as distinct from the City of Peter.

What, then, can be more just and indefeasible than this possession made over to the Popes?

Constantine had the power to give; St. Sylvester to take that gift and make it his own as Head of the Church. It became the Pope's property by every law, human, natural, and divine. To take it away by fraud, stealth, or violence is condemned by every law known to mankind.

No one questioned Napoleon's power to give Sweden to his general, Bernadotte, and make him its king. That gift and act are in full force to-day, recognized by every government.

So much, then, for the bare fact of history. Now for a more striking one of Providence.

III.

We find that when Rome and its people are menaced with destruction, and left unprotected, or rather forsaken, by those who were bound to protect and save both, the people in their forlorn state, certain of extermination by a ruthless enemy, turn to the Pope, St. Leo the Great. And Leo goes forth to plead for the people and their city; and, wonderful to relate, the ruthless, pitiless Attila, the Scourge of God, who feared no rival and spared no foe, but swept all opposers from his path like

chaff before a blasting storm, is overawed, cowed, submissive, and spares everything. When asked how this change, he tells of seeing the Apostle Peter and God's angel menacing him with destruction if he harms Leo or refuses his prayer.

Now, however unbelievers in visions may question this one to Attila, or whatever explanation they may offer in disproof, the *undeniable fact* remains that Leo saved Rome and its people from Attila's destruction; and they considered him as their heaven-sent rescuer, and saviour and master. Left as they had been to their fate by their former possessors, being saved by Leo, they became his in a truer and higher sense than any captives made in war.

When later Genseric menaced Rome with destruction it was saved again by Pope St. Leo.

It is evident, then, that these beginnings of the Pope's Temporal Sovereignty are the works of Providence, and divine.

IV.

It is useless and nonsense to bring up the errors in action, or accidental abuses in administration, to be found in the course of ages by those temporal sovereigns, even if we make no account of falsified history, which should not be forgotten when treating of the Papal supremacy. Compared with those of others of the same times, the Papal sovereigns will always show more than favorably.

At the present day the wretched Italians, former subjects of the Pope, know to their bitter cost the difference between the fatherly rule of the Popes and that of Victor Emmanuel, Humbert, or the present King. A tax of seventy-five per cent. on one's income to bolster up a bankrupt United Italy with bloated armaments may well cause the crushed Italians to fly in thousands from their lovely land, by every steamer, to the happy hunting grounds of the United States, where if taxed heavily they can find abundance to eat of the earth's choicest fruits, and not have their salt taxed and very blood coined.

What folly to talk of a United Italy as a reason for despoiling the Pope and the other princes of their lawful rights and possessions! It is sheer hypocrisy. Why could not the Italian States be united, as the States of United Germany? There were the same petty duchies and principalities in Germany as in Italy. Yet they are united firmly, and still possess their former

autonomy. And the petty sovereigns of Italy had claims as just and as indefeasible as those of Germany. This was the idea of Pius IX. He wanted to do for Italy what Bismarck did later on for Germany, respecting the just rights of all.

Granted that there were abuses in the prisons of Naples; the very one who upset that kingdom was the same who spared no cruelty, observed no law or right of humanity to crush the Irish patriots.

V.

The unbiased observer of events during the past half-century knows full well that other agents than those ostensibly given, and other reasons too than the ones alleged, brought about the spoliation of the temporal dominions of the Pope.

That Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel were mere tools of others will not be called into question by one who has followed events during the past few decades. Victor Emmanuel was not the one to conceive, or think out, or execute such a vast scheme; nor Garibaldi either, though plentifully endowed with animal brute courage.

It is well known that Victor Emmanuel was forced into his position, and would willingly have escaped from it; and his son too. But they feared assassination, that came eventually to Humbert, who lost his life while trying to save it through continuing the perpetration of robbery.

(The real plotter and actor was Cavour the Freemason, with the secret help of the European section of that fraternity.

Whatever the origin of Freemasonry (though, if credit be given to the members of that craft, it should be placed among ancient mythology), one well-ascertained fact about it is that in the seventeenth century a coterie sprang up among the English Deists who attacked the very being and attributes of God.

It is hardly necessary to remind the student of that period how profligate life in England was at that time. The dramatic literature of that age reflects it only too correctly. The plays and comedies—as, for instance, those of Congreve—were grossly carnal and shameful. Things were put in print, and even acted, that make one nowadays marvel at such bold effrontery in vice.

That coterie was brought over to France, where its propagation begot the Encyclopædists—the Voltaires, the Diderots, the D'Alemberts, and all that class. It found its culmination in

the French Revolution—that veritable orgy of riot, lust, and blood, when all the fiendishness of fallen man was let loose in every mad excess of lawlessness and crime.

That spirit and system permeated society, especially in Catholic countries. Portugal, Spain, Italy, France, and Austria can bear witness to this. The church, religion, God, and everything sacred was flouted, mocked, and openly derided, and attacked as to-day. Temples of God were closed and violated. Ministers of religion were slaughtered, or had to fly for life. And the faithful were compelled, as in La Vendée, to battle for life, religion, and the churches.

Even after the calming down and restoration under Napoleon, as First Consul or as Emperor, that spirit and that society continued its propagandism; just as we see to-day in those Catholic countries, and in the Latin republics of South America, where no secrecy is observed as to their aims and workings.

The Freemasons of Continental Europe openly profess their hatred of the Church, as *L'Infâme* of Voltaire—the Infamous One. They vow war on it, and on God, and on man, God's image. This has been made clear out of their own mouths, from their own documents and printed declarations. Professor Robertson, of the Catholic University of Dublin, in his *History of Freemasonry*, gives the documents of the Austrian and Belgian lodges. And the action of the French Freemasons in 1870, when they publicly denied the existence of God, caused those of England to sever all connection with them and with the lodges of Continental Europe.

In the South American republics to-day it is astonishing and appalling to true Christians how the most sacred rites of religion, and the very sanctities of life, are dominated and prostituted by the Latin Freemasons. Things are done in Peru that seem incredible, under the very eyes of Americans, at their very doors, on this very continent. The sacraments even of religion are used, and the religious guilds of the churches are brought into requisition, or rather usurped, by Freemasons to further their principles of ungodliness.

It is to these Freemasons that one must go to see and know the spirit and aim of that fraternity. Such Freemasons differ *toto cælo* from what one meets in the United States or in England.

These are the men who caused the Pope to be robbed of his

Temporal Sovereignty, in order to cripple him in the administration of the church.

Writers in the English and American press may sneer at the Pope's being a prisoner. Leaving aside the fact that he cannot consistently with his dignity appear outside the Leonine City to avoid insult and ignominy, is he not in fact treated as a *subject* by the Italian government? The facts are at hand to prove it. Look at the action of the Italian government over the medals for Pope Leo's Jubilee when they declared him a subject. Can anything be plainer or more convincing? How, then, can he govern the church?

Yet do not the most eminent leaders in politics, Protestant as well as Catholic, declare that the Pope cannot be a subject to any temporal prince? The great maker and unmaker of kings and kingdoms, Napoleon, tersely said the reason he tolerated the Pope was that he was not residing at Vienna, nor Berlin, nor London, nor Madrid, but that he was independent at Rome. As a subject of any power whatever the Pope's action in the church elsewhere could be suspected. So thought Guizot, a Protestant; so also thought Thiers, a free-thinker.

But see the efforts of the various governments to meddle with the College of Cardinals, and so influence or control the election of the Pope, hoping for political reasons to get one favorable to their views and country.

VI.

From all this one can see the obligation, a most pressing and urgent one, for all Christians, but especially Catholics, to insist and even do battle for the independence of the Pope, and for the restoration of his temporal sovereignty. Any Christian acknowledging the supreme dominion of God should strive for this right.

Abstraction made of the alleged errors of the Roman Church, it is generally conceded that it is the most ancient of the churches, and is the Church of Peter. Historians have long since exploded the theory that that Apostle was not its founder, and that he was not in Rome, nor that he did not end his days there. Now, Peter was the one of all the Apostles who had to confirm his brethren; who above all the others had to maintain the truth of God given to mankind for its guidance.

It is needless to recount all that the Popes through the ages have done for the welfare of humanity, and how they have ever held up the beacon of truth to guide society and enlighten it in its darkenesses and doubts about the divine law. See how Leo XIII. has wrought and written to stem the torrent of false principles sapping human affairs. No one can gainsay it. He has only done what all his predecessors have ever done, and without ever failing in this divine commission. Abstraction made of their personal lives, publicly the Popes have ever labored to keep the true light before men, and to warn them of the imminent dangers that at various times menaced society. The *Bullaria* are witnesses of this assertion. We have only to remember the encyclicals of Leo XIII. on the vital pressing questions of our days to acknowledge his claim to the efforts of every Christian in his behalf to aid in his perfect freedom of action in teaching. No ruler of modern times can be compared to him in this.

But the grave obligation rests on every Christian government in this matter. They are bound to see that God's law be observed, and that He be acknowledged, in fact, as the Supreme Ruler of the world. There is no power but from Him. Woe then to those entrusted with the share of this power if they abuse it themselves, or let others abuse it! No government at the present time that does not feel the urgent need and necessity of checking crime, and pursuing to the very death crying vices against humanity. And why? From a well-founded dread of certain vengeance coming from an outraged God; from a sure knowledge that famine, the sword, or pestilence will most surely visit the whole people whose rulers ignore or neglect God's rights, or condone His broken law. They know full well that they cannot ask, with Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" For the cry of certain sins will go up to the throne on high, and God will come down to see if it be so indeed; and vengeance will come down with Him swiftly and unfailingly.

There is a right and a strict obligation on governments to interfere when God's law is outraged. We see this in their laws against unnatural sins in the large cities; and in their armed interventions to stamp out human sacrifices, unnatural practices or customs, and to succor the oppressed and protect the feeble and helpless.

Why did the United States go to Cuba? The reason given

was to put down cruel oppression, and bring freedom to the crushed ones.

Witness how England risked an empire ostensibly to put an end to the Juggernaut procession, to abolish the practice of suttee, and again to do away with the human sacrifices in Ashantee.

See again at what cost of treasure and blood this country abolished slavery and stamped out the traffic in human beings. A great wrong was then righted; but it was rather a great retribution or chastisement from God for His outraged laws so long practised and tolerated by the peoples of these States. The cry of outraged humanity in its most sacred rights of life, of limb, of liberty, of social ties, ties of nature between negro husband and wife, parent and child, had cried aloud to the throne on high; and the polluted land was literally washed clean and purged in the very life-blood of the governing people, the oppressors and the condoners of that oppression.

Such are God's ways of vindicating His rights and maintaining His laws.

VII.

Thus, then, all those robberies, done by governments, or condoned supinely by the other powers, will only bring down vengeance from on high. The Lord will rule and reign. He will not give His glory to another. "Thou shalt not steal, nor do violence, nor oppress."—Otherwise!

This attempt to condone the Papal spoliation, or to treat it as an accomplished fact, which thereby justifies itself, as though it ceased to be a great wrong and a violation of God's command not to steal or do violence, will eventually recoil on the world, and bring many a future woe on the nations. As with the Philistines of old, the sword of each may be turned against his brother, and the robbery of the Pope will surely beget similar spoliations among those who try to condone it. Facts are at hand to prove this.

In affairs military as well as civil there is a potential Factor called the God of armies and Lord of hosts, who can give the victory and salvation with few as well as with thousands.

At Sadowa the Austrians were three to one against the Prussians. They were well officered, well disciplined, under a famous general of renowned success. Yet they were beaten most

unaccountably. And that one battle left the Austrian Empire at the mercy of Prussia.

While France under Napoleon III. defended this right she was safe. The moment she actually recognized *le fait accompli*, the Germans were sent against her to be, as their first emperor said at Versailles, "Le grand Justicier de Dieu"—God's high justicer. And mark the terrible coincidence of the one who wrought that havoc of retribution! Six decades previously, when only a helpless babe in the arms of his poor mother, the heroic Queen Louise of Prussia, the Emperor of Germany was hunted about from every shelter and driven out of every refuge by Napoleon I., whose dynasty he was now shattering for good, and relegating to the shady realms of history. He might well declare that he was only God's high justicer: "Je ne suis que le grand justicier de Dieu!"

Had Napoleon III. followed Marshal MacMahon's advice, and set fire to the Black Forest, where the Prussian army was massed, there would have been a different tale to tell. The God of armies had something to say and do on that occasion.

In his musings at St. Helena Napoleon acknowledged that he had been struck with that spirit of blindness and folly which God is wont to send on unworthy or unfaithful rulers in punishment of their dereliction of duty.

These lessons should be taken to heart, especially in this important affair.

While uniting, then, in protest against the Pope's spoliation, there is a duty to strive vigorously for the restoration of the Independence of the Holy See, so that justice may reign.



Aubrey de Vere

AUBREY DE VERE, who has just passed away at the ripe age of eighty-eight, was a revered friend of Father Hecker, and many of his lyrics as well as of his longer poems were made known to the American public through the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE. Through fifty years he was in close touch with the foremost intellectual men of the times, and in a volume of "Recollections" published in 1897 he gives an intimate and personal account of his relationships with these men. In 1851 he made his submission to the Catholic Church, coming to a knowledge of the truth, as he says, "not from writers of the polemical, but the philosophical school, and chiefly from Coleridge, Bacon, and St. Thomas Aquinas."

When he was about to become a Catholic, Carlyle called on him and said: "I have ridden over here to tell you not to do that thing. You were born free. Do not go into that hole." Aubrey de Vere answered: "But you used always to tell

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

PRIMEVAL night had repossess'd
Her empire in the fields of peace;
Calm lay the kine on earth's dark breast;
The earth lay calm in heaven's embrace.

That hour, where shepherds kept their flocks,
From God a glory sudden fell;
The splendor smote the trees and rocks,
And lay like dew along the dell.

God's angel close beside them stood:
"Fear naught," that angel said, and then,
"Behold, I bring you tidings good:
The Saviour Christ is born to men."

And straightway round him myriads sang
Loud song again, and yet again,
Till all the hollow valley rang
"Glory to God, and peace to men."

The shepherds went and wondering eyed,
In Bethlehem born, the heavenly stranger.
Mary and Joseph knelt beside:
The Babe was cradled in the manger!

me that the Roman Catholic Church was the only Christian body that was consistent and could defend her position." Carlyle replied: "And so I say still. But the Church of England is much better notwithstanding, because her face is turned in the right direction." De Vere answered: "Carlyle, I will tell you in a word what I am about. I have lived a Christian hitherto, and I intend to die one." He died one within the bosom of the Catholic Church.

MAY THERE BE A GOLDEN AGE IN THE FUTURE?

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.



WE mean by the question which heads our article: May a time ever come when man, freed from disease and worry, will be perfectly contented and happy on earth? Well, although we are by nature an optimist, we must answer No. Almighty God did not intend perfect happiness to be man's lot here below; this life is a pilgrimage. Nevertheless, we may not unreasonably hope that through the moral force of Religion and the influence of natural selection—which will continue to work albeit with slowly diminishing force—man will one day become much happier than he is now. And here let us observe that man's present condition, which is certainly an improvement on the past, is without a doubt partly the result of natural selection, which has kept up the physical strength of the race through an elimination of the unfit. And his greater happiness in the future will be, at least in some slight degree, a victory won through the same important factor; it will be a victory won after ages of struggle. For struggle is a condition of development and betterment. Let all strain and worry cease, and degeneracy—unless God worked a miracle—would sooner or later set in. But in this world toil and struggle will never entirely cease, and the Divine action, which we believe to be manifest in natural selection, will continue to the end of time, although with a lessening force, to help man hold the ground which he may win over his hard environment, by eliminating the weaklings, and to assist him onward through increased brain power to further triumphs over nature. And here we may ask, if the Jew to-day is so persevering and masterful, is not his perseverance and masterfulness an outcome of natural selection? For many generations the Jew was terribly handicapped. The laws of many countries obliged him to dwell in gloomy, unwholesome places where he and his fellow Jews were herded together like sheep; and only the most vigorous offspring of a Jewish mother could survive the Ghetto life. But in the end, the weaklings being eliminated, a race was developed which is in many respects physically and mentally superior, and to-day more than one nation on the continent of Europe is ruled by the Jews.

But if, as we believe, the influence of natural selection is not so great as in days gone by, the other uplifting force—namely, Religion—is becoming more and more potent. In spite of obstacles which need not here be mentioned, the church is gradually making her way over the globe, and it is her voice which gives to poor man courage and hope in the struggle for existence. And these qualities, as natural selection wanes, grow more and more vitally necessary; and the church also tells him not to set his heart too much on the things of this world, nor must he pamper his body with luxury. For as man becomes more and more civilized there does undoubtedly loom up before him a grave danger, and this danger is over-civilization. As we have already remarked, our physical condition is much better than it used to be. Leprosy, which was at one time so common in Europe, has almost disappeared; we are no longer visited by fearful epidemics; our towns are better drained; we have learned the worth of fresh air and sunshine, and few of us would be content to dwell in the homes of our great-grandfathers. But in these very improvements on our past state lurks the danger to which we have alluded. We are growing too comfortable, so to speak. The life of the poorer strata of humanity—the *great recruiting ground of energy for the richer strata*—is becoming softer; the hours of work are not so long; wages are higher; the poor enjoy what their near-by forefathers would have considered luxuries; and the delicate children among them, instead of being naturally eliminated by hard conditions, often grow up to marry and to beget still more delicate offspring, and except for the moral force of Religion our near-by future would look even more threatening. For we may plainly see from these changes which have come over society that the struggle having grown less keen, natural selection in its work of eliminating the weaklings has indeed lost a good deal of its influence; it does not act with the same stringency. To quote Lloyd Morgan in *Habit and Instinct*, page 335: “. . . When all is said and done, natural selection plays but a subordinate part in the life of civilized mankind.” And on the following page he adds: “. . . It would seem probable that with this waning of the influence of natural selection, there has been a diminution also of human faculty.”

It is possible that we may not all agree with this last conclusion of the distinguished writer. It seems to us that man's brain is doing as good work to-day in literature and science as

it ever did in the past. And our ever-growing fund of knowledge forms, as it were, a deep well out of which we and our descendants may draw materials for further intellectual progress. Nevertheless, as man is constituted, the mind cannot do without the body, and it would certainly appear as though, through an increasingly softer environment, man's physical vigor was never so seriously menaced, and that he must look more than ever to moral principle as the main uplifting force. Otherwise we might well tremble at what F. W. Headley tells us in *Problems of Evolution*, p. 336: "Civilization seems to be moving towards a precipice." But we have confidence in the power of Religion to prevent man's physical degeneration. If we listen to its voice the potency of two vices from which most of our ills, both bodily and mental, spring—namely, intemperance and lust—will be greatly diminished, and the vigor and energy of the human race may be kept up without the aid of natural selection.

But even admitting morality to be the main preservative of our bodily strength in the future, there are pessimists who tell us that virtuous living will not prevent the soil from being sooner or later utterly worn out. And then how are we to get our grass and corn and wheat? For to be strong and healthy we must have food. We answer, that the advance of chemical science will be able to restore life to the most worn-out land. And not only will chemistry show us how to reinvigorate our fields: the husbandman of the future, thanks to electricity, will find labor ever so much easier than it is to-day. Electricity will do all his work. Nor is it unreasonable to believe that our great-great-grandchildren will not use the horse for any purpose whatever, and in order to look upon this noble animal they will have to visit the museums.

But even when we assure the pessimists that the science of chemistry will teach us how to raise enough food from the earth, they may say that in the course of time all the coal mines will be exhausted, and that the gas, too, will give out some day. Well, we admit that machinery and factories are making a most lavish use of these blessings, a use which would have driven our economical fathers wild with wonder and indignation. Nevertheless, we believe that when coal and gas do give out, man's fertile brain will find a way to utilize the inexhaustible energy which exists in the winds, the tides, and the sun; while some physicists maintain that an undreamed-of source of mechanical power is to be found in the heat from the earth's

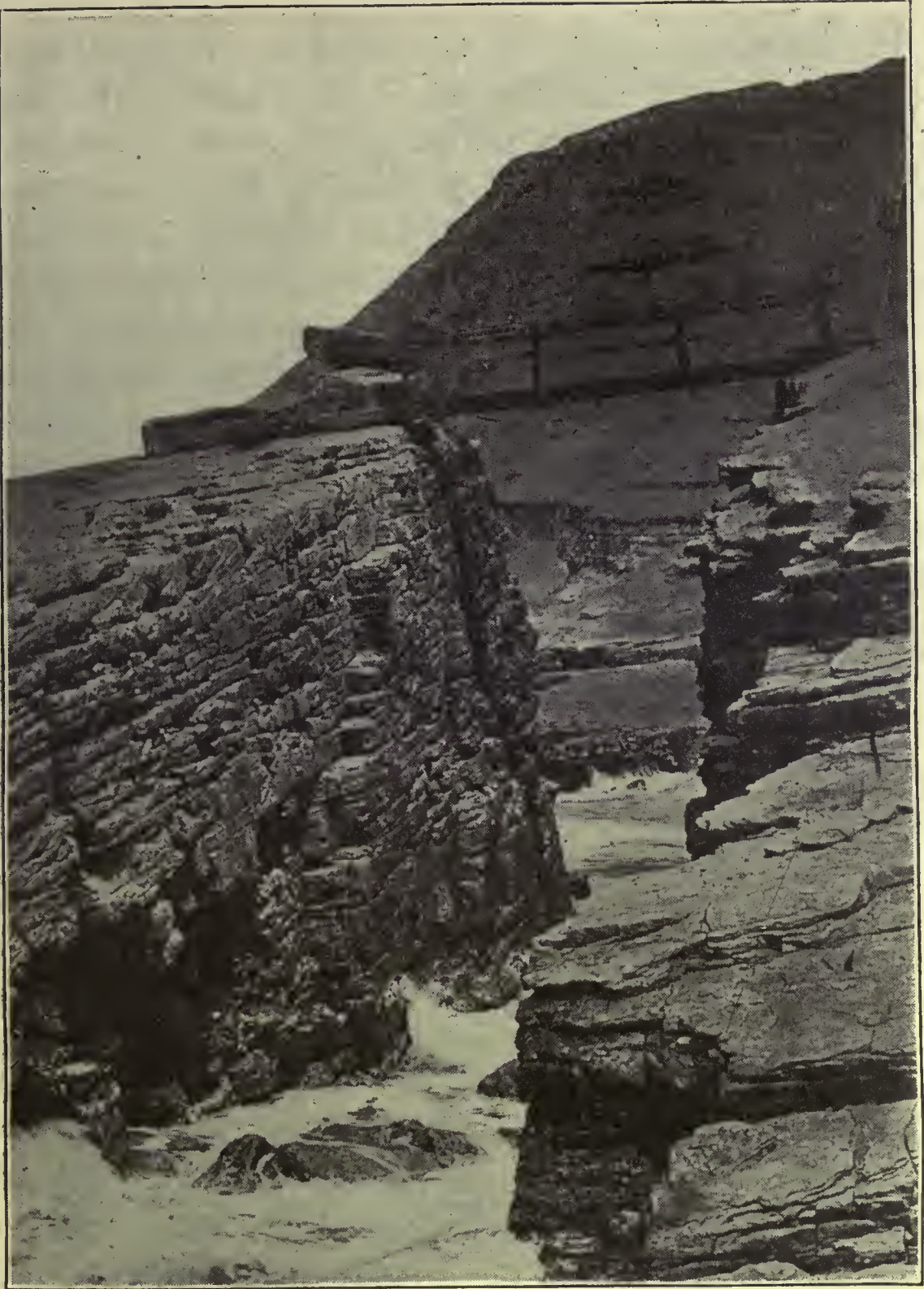
interior. Now, if only half of this be true, our machinery and factories are undoubtedly safe for countless generations to come.

We therefore see no good reason why we should not all be optimists in regard to our future upon earth except for one single dark spot, and this we admit does make us at times a little uneasy; and this dark spot is the over-population of the globe.

Not only are we living on a very small planet, but only about one-quarter of it is land; three-quarters of it is water. Now, in considering the question of population let us for convenience' sake confine our figures to our own country—to the United States. Mr. H. S. Pritchett, the able President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, tells us that between 1790 and 1890 the growth of our population, notwithstanding varying conditions, has been a regular and orderly one. And he makes the interesting observation that the percentage of growth is not kept up: "The law governing the increase of population . . . is, that when not disturbed by extraneous causes, such as emigration, wars, and famines, the increase of population goes on at a constantly diminishing rate. By this is meant that the percentage of increase from decade to decade diminishes."* Hence it will come about that after the lapse of an indefinite period the percentage of increase will fall to zero: the population will be stationary. But long before this indefinite period arrives the number of inhabitants in the United States will be appalling. Mr. Pritchett calculates that if the same law of growth continues for a thousand years, our country will hold 41 billions of people, or a little over 11,000 to each square mile of surface. Now, a thousand years is not a very long space in a nation's life. It is only the time that has elapsed since King Alfred the Great. Think what the population may be in two thousand years!

Is it unreasonable to believe that by that time many families will be obliged to make their homes on the water, on immense rafts floating upon our rivers and lakes? And happily we have many broad lakes and rivers. But suppose we let our mind's eye wander off into a future still more remote, and let us suppose the population to continue to increase even ever so slowly. What may the number of inhabitants be, say, in six or seven thousand years from to-day? Well, we can only say that the outlook is a dark one indeed. Will there be even standing room seven thousand years hence? Is it not better to stop thinking, and to remember that we are all in the hands of God?

* *Popular Science Monthly*, November, 1900, p. 53.



THE SOLDIER'S LEAP.

FROM PANAMA TO THE HORN.

BY MARY MACMAHON.



AS our great ship moves steadily on through the blue waters of the Bay of Panama a beautiful panorama is unrolled before us. To the left lies the mainland of South America, stretching away endlessly over sandy lowlands to the rising undulations of the Cordilleras and the lofty line of the Andes in the south. We are leaving behind us the little red-tiled houses with their overhanging balconies, standing in clumps of feathery

palm; the sparkling spires of the churches rising from among the trees, the endless sails of the fishing boats; the long line of white beach fringed with azalea and rhododendron bushes.

We skirt by the islands of Maos and Flamenco (Deadman's Land), near their bank-side villages elbowing one another in gardens of fruit and flowers; by the sombre green of banana groves; the vivid verdure of the young sugar-cane; and the bleak cliffs sloping down to the sea where the English officers and sailors lie buried far from their native land.

Stately ships here ride at anchor, for it is the dry dock station where they are cleansed from the marine life, of such rapid growth in these waters. Sailing onward down the gulf we pass the Pearl Islands ("Archipielago del Rey"), as the early Spaniards named them, for the wealth of their treasures was poured into the royal coffers. Lives were frequently lost in seeking for pearls; the waters are treacherous and monsters of the deep lie in wait for the bold diver who would rob the sea of its jewels. When Vasco Nuñez de Balboa first visited these islands he was surprised to receive black pearls from the Indians. They in ignorance cooked the oyster before looking for the pearl.

In the language of poetry we liken pearls to tears, and in this, it may not be generally known, the poet has but followed the teaching of the naturalist. For pearls are born of pain; they are the result of disease in the oyster. A grain of sand enters the shell, which the animal is unable to expel; little by little this grain is covered by a silky membranous substance, which gradually hardens, and so a pearl is formed.

Upon one of this group of islands—Pedro Gonzalez—grows the pita grass, from which the noted Panama hats are made. So fine is their workmanship that a native working constantly takes three months to finish one.

Four days' journey from Panama our steamer stops at Guayaquil, in Ecuador. Guayaquil is in the fertile valley of the Guayes River, in the land of the cacao, the pineapple, and the guava, of the sugar-cane and of the rubber and ivory-nut trees. Narrow, crooked streets wind down to the river bank. Houses of bamboo cane are fastened by thongs of cowhide; the sloping roofs of thatch are set in groves of bananas and plantains; here and there rise churches looking like Chinese pagodas with their towers of terraced galleries.

The river is covered with canoes and balsas—rafts made of the light, cork-like trunks of the balsa trees, unchanged as when the Spanish Pizarro first stepped upon these shores. Whole families can live comfortably on one of these balsas, which are seldom destitute of pets in the shape of parrots and monkeys; in fact there are often so many of the latter they might be the owners of the establishment carrying their human freight to the market of Guayaquil. The children and the monkeys are on the most friendly terms; and as the former are unencumbered by clothing, they are not easily distinguished from their tailed companions. An adherent of Darwin would not look farther for his missing link.

Rowed by dusky natives, their naked bodies gleaming like polished bronze under the fierce rays of the tropical sun, these balsas slowly wend their way to the ship's side. They are laden with golden melons, rich red mangoes, with cocoanuts and zapotes, while from the tiny huts built on some of the larger boats issue sounds which denote our four-footed passengers are to be increased. We would be delighted if that brown, chubby baby who has just been placed by his Indian mother in his cradle of woven grasses at the door of the hut might be loaned us as a "compagnon de voyage"; he would prove, no doubt, as interesting as the chattering and grinning monkey we see there in its master's arms.

Huge baskets are now being lowered from the ship's side; into these the fruit is piled, and so is drawn on board. For the live stock there is another method. A large sheet of heavy sail-cloth, tied at its four corners, forms a sack into which the sheep and smaller animals are driven, and up they come a struggling mass of heads and legs. Should a tiny lamb slip through the folds and fall into the water, so much the worse for it. It may be rescued and placed with its flock, but if this proves a little difficult for these ease-loving natives, they let it go. It will fall to the balance sheet of loss.

The society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would find here a noble field for its exertions, and would make improvements on the manner of boarding cattle. The tender-hearted humanitarian would have bad dreams after once seeing the heavy animal suspended and slowly lifted up by the rope tied around its horns. Sometimes its weight is too great for the slender support and the horn is pulled from its socket.

Then comes the question, How soon will the work of loading be put aside long enough to deal the merciful blow that will put the suffering animal out of its agony?

Indian women swing themselves up by the fruit baskets. In their long black hair, braided to the waist, they have twined bright flowers, and around their shoulders they have draped shawls gay with many colors; manifestly from feminine vanity, for the height of the thermometer would prompt a dress more resembling that of our yellow ship's cook, who tries (though vainly, since we have seen him) to tempt our appetites by concoctions fearfully and wonderfully made. His garments the fashionable journals would style "décoletté."

But to return to our Indian women. They are offering "muy barato," if we may trust their point of view, bright shells, clumps of feathery coral, and Panama hats, all sizes from the tiny one small enough to delight the little mother who, clasping her doll in her arms, stands by my side watching the scene with interested eyes, to the burly farmer, who is just making the ascent—not too gracefully it must be confessed—in the hogshead set aside for the accommodation (?) of passengers.

I find that our new arrival is the manager of a large sugar "hacienda," and he tells me something of life on these plantations, where the farmer lives like a feudal baron upon his broad acres surrounded by his host of retainers, sometimes a thousand in number. In the great house—primitive enough in its appointments—live the manager and his assistants. In the cabins near by are the employees—in reality slaves on the "peonage" plan, buying their freedom after so many years of toil. The routine of the day for the peons is as follows; They rise at four and go to their work in the fields; at six they are given a bowl of coffee; at nine, they have breakfast in the open air. Breakfast consists of dried meat, beans, and corn-bread. At noon there is a small collation, and at 5 P. M. dinner, similar to breakfast. At seven in the evening they leave the fields for work in the mill or house, and at nine go to their quarters to rest until the great bell summons them to another day of toil. "Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." Verily upon these has the curse of Adam fallen! Yet why should we pity them since they are happy in their lot? They are content to continue *ad infinitum* threshing the grain.

with the branches of trees, crushing the sugar-cane between rolling stones, and tilling the ground with sticks.

The managers, often men of culture and college training, lead free, wild lives in the midst of these vast solitudes. They receive many of the new books and periodicals, and thus keep in touch with the outer world. When leisure permits they are away on their ponies to visit the members of the other "hacien-



A CHILIAN DANCE.

das" some twenty miles or more distant. My companion speaks with eloquence of these evening rides through the great meadow lands, under the starry vault of the Southern sky; of the impression of serene repose as moving swiftly on through the silent air one's thoughts escape from earth to the unknown beyond the spheres, and the finite seems to touch the infinite. The stillness is broken only by the cry of a bird as he wings his flight to join his mate, and the faint murmur of countless fireflies whose phosphorescent lamps flash out and suddenly disappear in the gloom.

This is the land of atmospheric delusion and fairy cities; mystic castles arise to tempt the unwary from his path. It is also the land of quaint traditions and of curious archæological remains. On the little island of St. Elena, famous for its almost

inexhaustible deposits of "catacean," are found fossil remains of men and animals of enormous size. Tradition says that a race of giants, who mutually destroyed themselves, disembarked in a prehistoric period upon this spot. Whence came they? What was their previous history? Tradition is silent. They were possibly rude nomad hunters warring against tremendous odds, exhausting the resources of natural being in a mere struggle for existence, making a prey of the gigantic "catacæ" of the tropical ocean.

Two days' journey and we stop at the little seaport of Paita, lying at the foot of the mountains, on the other side of the desert of Sechura. There is no sign of vegetation in or around the town, and the water that supplies the wants of the inhabitants is brought from a point thirty miles away. We make a short excursion on shore, and I enter for the first time a Peruvian home. The house of basket-wood, covered with adobe, is painted white. Passing over the wide veranda, we are shown into the "corredor," a square room simply furnished but charmingly neat, from which radiate the living rooms of the family. Over the door and draped around the pictures are bows of crape, mourning for the mother who has died some months since. We chat for a time with Señor — and are introduced to his five little daughters, who range themselves in a respectful semicircle around us and reply to our questions in passable French, for we prefer that tongue to venturing too boldly upon the still untried territory of their native Spanish. From the home of Señor — we visit the only place of interest the town contains, the tiny church, quaint, sombre, bare of ornament save for the miniature ships suspended over the doors or placed in niches under the altars. There gaily float flags of many nations, conspicuously our own starry banner. I ask the reason of this strange custom, and am told that the people, humble seafaring folk, simple in faith as were the early Christians centuries ago, place thus under the special protection of Heaven the great ships sailing over the seas bringing to them the products of far-away countries, to take in return what they have to offer. As it is with primitive people, they teach by emblems. Signs have to them significations words could not express. The tiny flags upon their miniature vessels speak to them more eloquently than to us the learned discourses by which our patriotism is stimulated and our faith encouraged.

A few days' journey from Paita and we reach Callao. A bright sunny morning in October we slowly make our way through the clear waters of its bay. We see in the distance its low, square houses overtopped by the tall masts of the ships in the harbor; its beautiful pleasure grounds artificially irrigated, the dark green foliage contrasting pleasantly with the yellow gray of the hills, and the towers of the castle commanding the town, that rises against a background of snow-capped mountains. Disembarking, we cross the Plaza Mayor by the cathedral, whose lofty portals are rich with reminiscences of Moorish architecture. While passing through the covered colonnade it is hard to resist the tempting display of native wares in the little shops along the way. We mount to the restaurant above, where there is a magnificent view of the town and harbor. Here we are served with an appetizing *Almuerzo*, after which we stroll through the narrow, winding streets into the *Paseo Publico*, with its dazzling array of marble seats, white vases, statues, etc., enclosed by gilt rails.

We disturb the morning meal of a flock of "*Gallinazos*" which were eagerly eating up the refuse of the street, although as I afterwards notice them perched on the house-tops with outstretched wings, an attitude denoting repletion, I surmise they returned to their feast when the intruding "*extranjeros*" had passed.

Ancient Callao is now a city under the sea. It was submerged by an earthquake in 1746, and when the ocean is calm, rowing over it in a boat, we can look down on the ruins below. Modern Callao came near sharing the same fate in the years 1825 and 1868. In fact, such is its position in this land of physical and social change it is likely at any moment to be engulfed.

There is a large English and German population attracted by the shipping facilities. Society life is gay, especially when a foreign man-of-war drops anchor in its bay, for naval buttons cause feminine Peruvian hearts to flutter as wildly as their more phlegmatic northern sisters.

There are also many Chinese, and while hated by the natives, who call them "*macacos*" (monkeys), they do a thriving business in their tiny "*fondas*" of extravagant name and fantastic sign. One which claimed the sole proprietorship of the "*Te del Demonio*," and whose sign is a most hilarious-looking demon holding a steaming cup of that refreshing beverage, has a large patronage. To its tiny cloth-covered tables loaded with un-

recognizable, although not unsavory, dishes flock English as well as Chinese.

The servants are Indians, Negroes, and Cholos (half-breeds). The Indians seem superior to those of the United States, and I thought, were we not so busy throwing stones into our neighbor's garden, we might take time to pause and contrast their condition with the well-nigh exterminated "Wards" of our nation. The Indian of Peru has been civilized, Christianized, and endowed with citizenship, and forms to-day a not unimportant part of the body politic. "Why," let us ask ourselves, "has good thus come from Nazareth?"

They are to be loved and trusted, these servants of the south. I find them faithful in the discharge of their duty, attached to their employers, of moral life and much religious feeling, and I am especially interested in the Indian nurse in the family I visit. Martina left her mountain home and native tribe only a few years ago. She is possibly a type of her people. Her face of a clear olive, oval in shape, bespeaks both strength and womanliness; her dark eyes are full of intelligence, her mouth of sweetness, and her voice has a persuasive quality which the most unruly baby finds impossible to resist. By way of parenthesis, the youngsters of this country seem to have more than the average amount of "resisting faculty." Martina is something of a naturalist. Often she comes into my room holding the baby in one arm and in the other her folded apron, which when opened she displays with pride a glorious red, gold, or green butterfly, a horned or a jewelled insect.

Insect life is prolific. My room opens upon the garden, in which flowers bloom the entire year, and I often find its unwelcome denizens taking refuge from the heat of the outer air. My most troublesome visitor is a tiny moth which buries itself in the wood-work of the walls and furniture, and, freeing itself of its wings, riddles with holes everything within reach. It has almost destroyed some books I had lying on my table, which I have not had occasion to use recently.

We spend Christmas near Callao. Strange to welcome among the roses the feast we have always associated with the chime of sleigh-bells and the gleam of falling snow! The summer is upon us, but I do not find the heat oppressive. I would rather characterize this climate as that of perpetual spring. The soft balmy days are followed by nights it would take the



A GROUP OF CHILIAN HORSEMEN.

pen of a poet fitly to describe; nights when the heavens are without a cloud and the moon unites in great bands of light the earth and the sky above. Then we join in the promenade along the Malakon and watch the gayly dressed, bejewelled señoritas as they pass and repass in slow procession, casting coquettish glances upon the handsome señores, who stand twirling their mustaches with an air of conscious superiority, and looking with seeming indifference upon these feminine charmers. The pulsations of dreamy music played by the native band throb in unison with the beat of the waves upon the beach below, and the heart of the romancer is content. What more could be desired than moonlight music, the murmur of the sea, and the vision of beautiful women?

During *Mardigras* and the last three days preceding Lent these light-hearted people hold high carnival, but the stranger is wise who remains in-doors far from the "madding crowd." He will be pelted with small flower bags, deluged with wax water-balls, and made the victim of practical jokes that will cause him to long earnestly for his "ain fireside" and the calmer amusements of his more staid compatriots.

Winter is approaching; we leave Callao for the south. On the steamer is a lady going to Valparaiso, who with her family forms a not unimportant part of the ship's personnel. There is the English governess and her two charges, the German maid and two little boys, and the Indian nurse with the baby, whose retinue causes the nursery jingle, the "House that Jack built," to haunt my brain. For prominent in her small majesty's suite comes the cow to furnish milk during the journey, next the calf, as large as its mother, as society for the cow (there is a popular belief that deprived of its calf the cow refuses its milk); next the Indian man to care for the cow, and lastly his wife and three children to console him for his enforced separation from home, and his perilous venture into the land of the hated and feared "Chilenos."

The lady tells me she has made the trip several times, and finds it hard to keep the milk from the depredations of the third-class passengers. When I see how more like cattle than human beings they are accommodated I cannot wonder they take advantage of everything chance sends their way. They sleep on deck, men, women, and children, on the bare boards or the blankets brought from their homes; only prevented from rolling over the ship's side by a rude wooden barrier, divided into pen-like sections. When it storms they herd below with the cattle.

These coast steamers carry, in addition to the fruit and vegetables of the country, quantities of live stock. When meat is needed on the journey, an animal is led to an open space on the under deck and there slaughtered. This usually takes place at night. My first knowledge of the fact was when a little Peruvian religious, who had attached herself to our party, ran trembling to my state-room. Her meditative contemplation of the serene beauty of the southern heavens had been rudely disturbed.

South from Callao we pass the Chincha Islands. They rise from the sea in precipitous cliffs, worn into countless caves and hollows, which form convenient resting places for the sea fowl. Their great source of wealth is the guano beds. The guano is deposited here by the sea birds, and as rain never falls there is no moisture to wash the substance away. Mixed with their deposits are the decomposed bodies and eggs, and the bodies of seals. When about to die the seals climb upon

the highest places on the rocks, and it is safe to say millions have died on these islands.

The ancient Peruvians knew the value of guano, and the laws of the Incas forbade under pain of death any one to land on these islands during breeding time, and the same penalty was attached to killing the birds at any time. The guano deposits were first made known to Europe by Baron Von Humboldt, when he found the islands covered with a deposit to the depth of fifty feet. The long ages passed in its formation may be realized when we learn that during the three centuries following the coming of the Spaniards the growth was only a fraction of an inch.

We are now almost constantly in sight of the coast, sometimes hugging it closely. The seaboard of Peru is a long, arid waste, intersected at intervals by narrow green river valleys, fertilized by short rivers, made of the melting snow of the gigantic Cordilleras. The winter mists have caused the growth of the little verdure and the hills are covered with a tender green, soon to disappear under the summer sun. We pass a short distance from Arequipa (Place of Rest), a little city in one of these river valleys lying on the edge of the desert—a spot of living green in the midst of the arid waste. It is interesting to know that Arequipa was a station under the Inca government before the city was founded by Pizarro, in 1540.

As we pass south of Coquimbo we reach a well-wooded country that the inhabitants call the "Garden of the New World." Its most important port is Valparaiso. Near the coast are the interesting islands Masa Fuera, Masa Terra, and Juan Fernandez. It was upon the last named that Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish sailor, having quarreled with his captain, was left to die. The account of his years of solitary life until rescued by an English ship is known and loved by every school-boy, under the title *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. A tablet with the words "Selkirk's Lookout" points out the place where he spent long hours watching for the vessel that would restore him to friends and country.

We are within a few days' sail of Valparaiso, and have already begun anticipations of a pleasant stay in the "Vale of Paradise," when we are overtaken by a "Norther," one of those terrible winter storms that so devastate the coast. We come in sight of the city; we see its lights gleam through the heavy

mists; we note the waves as they swell and break over the high buildings of the Malakon; the vessels in the harbor unloosed from their anchors, carrying full steam ready to put to sea should the danger become more imminent, and we retrace our way into the open ocean. And for three days we toss on its bosom, as far removed from human succor as was ever the



THE LONG BRANCH OF CHILE.

ark in the waters of the Deluge. No sound save the howling of the wind, the crash of the waves over the rocking vessel, and the plunging of the frightened animals on the lower deck; no sight save the dreary gray of sky and water. But it ends happily at last. The fogs lift, we near Valparaiso, and from among the breakers come out the tiny vessels that bob about on the water, until filled with eager passengers for the shore.

Valparaiso, this city of vicissitudes, was founded by Saavedra in 1536; it was captured by Drake in 1587; was almost demolished by the Spanish fleet in 1866, and earthquakes and wash-outs are of such usual occurrence they hardly call for a comment in the local journals. When the winter season is past, cheerfully the city fathers repair streets, rebuild houses, renew the destroyed telegraph wires and street-car tracks, always with the expectation of doing the same thing the following year. A

charming manner of thinking that next year one must do what one has done is not uncommon to the South American mind.

Valparaiso has been compared to Gibraltar nestling at the base of its famous rock. Along the narrow beach, and up and over the sides of the rugged hills, climb the houses, the front of one abutting upon the rear of the other, so close that from his third-story back window one neighbor may step to another's front door. There are theatres and churches, schools and hospitals, great warehouses, a custom-house and government palace, and a large and increasing commerce, destined to become more important as time goes on.

I pass a short season in Vina del Mar, a suburb of Valparaiso, the Long Branch of Chile. What a smiling country this is in which the wealth of Chile builds its summer home. And surely there was never beach so beautiful in its savage grandeur as the "Playa," or Vina. Our home at the foot of the mountains is surrounded by a garden of palms and flowers. Before us lies a fertile valley, watered by a tiny stream along whose banks spring up dwellings that remind me, as on bright mornings from the heights of the hills I look down upon the scene below, of huge water-lilies lying amid the green.

Our house, a pretty one-story building, is modelled after the White House in Washington. It has wide porticoes and marble colonnades; but, as, in many Chilian houses, in the centre are dark rooms, whose only means of lighting are from the corridors. To one of these I have been assigned. For greater convenience a window has been opened in the roof, and often do I sleep with the rays of the southern moon shining full upon me. When I find the light annoying I improvise a tent by raising my umbrella, and with some imagination I might fancy myself one of our country's "brave defenders" waiting for the morning bugle call.

From Valparaiso to the Horn there is little to distinguish the route, beyond the savage beauty of its scenery; little of historic interest save the momentous records of troublesome times; few castles, except Lota, built by Cousino, on the cragged heights overlooking the sea. The little town of Lota lies at its feet, rich in coal deposits, from whose mines Cousino drew his wealth, leaving to his widow \$1,000,000 a year.

Along the stretch of seaboard from Panama to the Horn are found varieties of aboriginal humanity, as different in their



THE CITY CUSTOM-HOUSE AT VALPARAISO.

characteristics as are the variations of the climate. From the eternal summer of Panama, where the dark-skinned natives lead lives of indolence and ease, we pass to the civilized Peruvians, living amid the ruins of former grandeur and the pathos of a tragic past, unforgotten by the intelligent Arancanac of Chile. Finally, in the land of unending winter, we meet the Giants of Patagonia, kindly, impulsive children of nature, good friends and good enemies.

As we near the land of eternal snow more impressive becomes the mysterious grandeur of the scenery. The atmosphere seems blacker here than elsewhere. Looking from the ship's distance the jagged cliffs seem to rise sheer from the water's edge. Against their crests bank masses of clouds, often assuming fantastic shapes as of Gothic turrets of old church and castle gleaming through the gathering twilight, and tinted with many colors, as the clouds part giving glimpses of higher snow-fields in the distance. We seem to be moving onward beyond the confines of the world. We are in the Straits of Magellan, and are advancing so slowly through the dangerous pass that the great

vessel is hardly moving. How necessary this caution the black spars tell us as they rise above the clear waters. They mark the spot where some noble vessel was lost, too near, alas! the treacherous coast.

The first faint streaks of dawn herald the approaching day as we reach Puntas Arenas, the one time penal colony of Chile, the most southern city in the world. Every type of humanity is here represented, and every language. Its broad, rough, partly paved streets, and houses green and white, with gray shingle roofs, lie in the centre of a gently sloping plain, which rises north to a little hill over which run flocks of mountain sheep; the largest, it is said, in the world. At dawn come the traders—tall, symmetrically formed men, dressed in ponchos of guanaco skin, boots of puma—bringing gold-dust, silver ore, snake-skins, turtle-shells, rugs of seal, and the young ostrich breasts.

Who does not wish to carry to absent friends a souvenir of this distant land? So soon the bargaining is concluded, trader and traveller are equally content, and as the sun's pale beams give something more of color and life to the gray landscape we bid a final "Adieu" to Chile, as we move on our way homeward.



THE SUCCESSFUL CATECHIST.

BY ELLA M. BAIRD.



QUESTION the lesson into the child's mind and then question it out again" has come to us from that prince of catechists, Socrates.

Our thought to-day turns to the little child with his own ceaseless questions: "Who made this?" "How did he do it?" "What for?" The endless Who, How, and Why.

How shall we answer these questions and keep alive the interest, the desire to know, and stimulate the emotional and spiritual nature until knowledge becomes principle, principle is lifted into the plane of action and habit, and a moral and religious life becomes the structure of which the catechist has helped to lay the foundation.

In a recent number of the *Ave Maria* a Catholic bishop writes: "The fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Church are few, simple, and definite. Granted a highly educated and zealous priesthood, with a sufficiency of devoted assistants, and classes of children ready to learn, there appears to be no ground for discussion of methods, or apprehension of failure." The writer says, "appears to be no ground," etc., and then adds: "The question of an efficient religious training for our children has risen to the dimensions of a new science, Catechetics." We read this phrase with delight—"A new science, Catechetics."

As art precedes science, as the science of any subject can only tell us how the artist reached his ends, that others may follow, though imperfectly, the paths which he has trod, even so must he who would be a successful catechist know the rules of his science which have been laid down by older and better catechists; for this new science counts among its scientists the great teachers of the church in all the ages.

We take it for granted that the teacher always knows the subject-matter of the lesson. What does he know of methods of instruction? What power has he to arouse interest, to stimulate into activity? Has he adaptability? Does he know that a

knowledge of doctrine is not the only prerequisite of a successful catechist? Is his zeal tempered with judgment? Is he old enough to have common sense, young enough to be sympathetic? Has he sufficient education and training to be a teacher, sufficient spirituality and religion to be a religious teacher? In other words, does he love God, the child, humanity, and the work? For without these all else availeth little. Subject-matter and methods of instruction are the letter, it is true, and necessary they are; but love is the spirit that giveth life.

Is it not true that "the highly educated and zealous priest" is too often unable to give to his Sunday-school his personal attention for more than a few minutes each week, save during the special time of preparation for First Communion and Confirmation? Is it not equally true that the "sufficiency of devoted assistants" are, the religious orders excepted, but raw material whose devotion is their only recommendation and who, at best, can but teach as they themselves were taught, by asking questions from a catechism and insisting on answers learned by rote? This training of memory is far removed from a training of heart and conscience. Knowledge is not power, though it makes for power, either for good or evil. Knowledge of God which is doctrine; faith and love following that sublime knowledge are necessary to establish habits of right action, the ultimate aim of teaching.

To have a new science there must first be new scientists. With the best of dispositions the amateur is but a poor substitute for the professional.

Yet many children receive only the teaching of amateurs during their entire Sunday-school life; by Sunday-school we mean the religious school, the school where Christian Doctrine is taught, whether it be for one day or seven days in the week. The "leakage" in the church, the loss to it of so many Catholic boys and girls, may be too often traced to unskilful teaching.

The successful professional teacher prepares his daily lesson with diligent care. Nature, art, music, and literature are drawn upon to furnish illustrative material. He must not only appeal to the intellect but to the emotional nature as well, for his psychology has taught him that emotion is an aid to memory as well as a means of growth. He succeeds because he cannot afford to fail; success is the price of material comfort.

The little child becomes ill. The physician prefers the trained nurse to the loving, devoted, but inexperienced mother; the child's physical life is at stake and the mother yields her place to the trained stranger. Time was when any one who knew books might enter the school-room and draw a salary as a teacher; to-day the civil law bars the school-room door to the untrained teacher. Time was when every summer saw hundreds of little ones, whose lives might easily have been saved, laid in early graves. To-day science sends the city physician or trained nurse to teach the young and ignorant mother to sterilize the milk, to care for the sick, to isolate the contagious cases—in fact, to save the community, to protect humanity.

Our horizon has widened, and we recognize that the trained catechist is as necessary in the Sunday-school as the trained teacher in the school-room, or the trained nurse at the bedside. As much more necessary as spiritual welfare is more than material welfare.

Simple faith, learned at the mother's knee, beautiful, holy, necessary, as it was and is, is not meeting all the demands of our age and time.

The child to-day must go out fortified with a living, loving, intellectual faith. He is not facing persecution, exile, or death; but a danger graver than any of these, the fatal disease of unbelief which permeates a compulsory education system, and is exhaled by pulpit and press, by college president and business man, by the shopmate at the counter and the laborer in the street; a danger as grave as it is insidious.

In the intellectual world we count that teacher successful whose students pass the yearly examinations and who show in future years that they built upon a firm foundation.

In the spiritual world he is the successful catechist whose children carry from the Sunday-school the germs of knowledge that have reached the heart and the conscience as well as the intellect, and that have created the desire to know more in order to behave better. "It is not so much that children should know what they do not know, as that they should behave as they do not behave."

The knowledge, of course, is necessary, and the catechisms are not all at fault. We must know the nomenclature of our subject. What then? Simply this: the successful catechist goes

before his class prepared "to question the lesson into the child's mind and then to question it out again."

It is better that the child should not have studied the lesson first; then there is no dislike of hard words, no feeling that a task must be accomplished; let the teacher develop, step by step, the new ideas in the lesson, give new words when needed, not before; bring to the lesson the picture that will illustrate some portion of the great truth he is to teach, the poem whose rhyme will help to keep it in memory, the quotation from Gospel or Epistle or Psalm or Prophecy, that will make that truth a living thing to the eager heart, the open eye, the willing, earnest mind, and then crystallize the whole in the catechism question and answer; then and not till then let the child study the lesson; study it in class with the teacher's aid, study it again at home with the parents' aid. It is of small moment to the catechist whether the parent aids the child or the child aids the parent, but it is of great moment that a mutual sympathy exists, and that parent and child aid each other in that divine science that leads to the service of Divinity. The next Sunday a few moments will suffice to hear the lesson that was learned on the previous Sunday, and then comes the preparation of the new lesson as before. Anybody can hear a lesson if a class can recite it; to teach a lesson, or rather to teach children so that they may learn a lesson, is a great accomplishment, possessed only by the favored few who have worked earnestly to achieve this power.

This preparation by the teacher requires an expenditure of time, energy, and money, for the tools of a craft are a necessity, and it is plain to be seen that Heaven works no miracles for the Sunday-school funds. The time and energy must come from the worker. The working material, Bibles, Sunday-school papers, lesson helps, pictures, and books of reference should come from the funds of the church.

Who is to instruct the teachers if they are not already trained? That is a question for the clergy. But that preparation is necessary no priest, parent, nor teacher can doubt. The children are with us, to-day, willing and anxious to learn those fundamental doctrines which the good bishop says are "few, simple, and definite," and he might well have added beautiful, holy, and attractive. What answer can we make these chil-

children in later years if, lost to faith, they tell us, "we came to you for bread and received a stone"? And such the teaching of catechism becomes when it is simply a matter of memorizing doctrine. The imagination, the emotions, are factors that make for faith and are strongest in the earlier years. Countless boys and girls with tender hearts and willing minds will receive with joy this product of the new science, this last gift of the Holy Ghost—the successful Catechist.

ETERNITY



O end. No bounds. Illimitably vast.
 Before the faintest outlines of a sun
 Or moon, or world or star had first begun
 To float in space, and give to time a past;
 Before a single ray of light was cast,
 When earth and air were one—ay, less than one,
 Were nothingness. Before e'en thought can run,
 There something was; else nothingness would last.

And so 'twill be when centuries have trod
 The epoch-marking path and disappeared,
 And chaos wraps the universe in gloom;
 When even memory has met its doom.
 Yet hope will live where faith has never feared,
 For then we'll know eternity is God.

THE IDYLLS OF THE SOUTHLAND.

BY REV. JOHN MARKS HANDLY, C.S.P.



ENNYSON'S poetic art in his *Idylls of the King* consists chiefly in re-creating the world of the past. His magic touch has given semblance and reality to the beings that lived when the race was young, and it has clothed with poetic sentiment the ruder passions of a youthful people.

In the early history of our own people it is evident to all what abundant material there is for a genius like unto Tennyson's to weave into poetry that will live and so perpetuate the throes of a nation's birth.

Never was there nor will there be ever again a natal folklore to compare with our own. You can imagine something like it if St. Paul had preached in Troy, and Telemachus had known the story of the Holy Grail. The fair-haired Northern peoples, at whose virtues Tacitus was amazed, had entered upon their Homeric period when Europe was suffused with the dawn of that splendid day whose noon-tide glory earned for the mediæval time the title of the Age of Faith. The rugged humanity of the North, its steadfast eyes accustomed to the glitter of the snow and ice, its nostrils familiar with the cold sea spray, its hardy limbs inured to the severities of winter, had learned from nature a sturdy morality to which Christianity merely added new motives and new names. At Jerusalem, at Antioch, at Corinth, at Rome, Christianity substituted the new for the old. On the Rhine and the Thames it directed and educated, building the new upon the old. Hence it came about that Merlin lived in Arthur's court, and magic was brother to miracle in the people's wonder-lore. The extermination of pagan ideas was not made the indispensable condition of upholding the Christ, but pagan ideas, ennobled and etherealized under the influence of Christianity, enjoyed a share in the unquestioning acceptance of the ideal which faith demands.

It was a period of transition, a sweet childhood where prayers are said after an evening spent in fairy-land. Faith;

becoming logical and definite in its dealings with the maturing mind of the race, set up the boundary stones of revelation, and the rapt gaze of the new Christian peoples, fixed upon supernal beauty, did not heed the sorrowful passing of the friendly elfs and gnomes. But poetry could not forget this period. It was the rarest blending of fact and fable history ever spread before the entranced vision of the poet, for the fable gave form and color and splendor to the noblest phases of the universal destiny which is the one subject of true poetry; and the poet who entered upon this field had only to translate into modern thought and meter the legends of the past.

There came a time, our own time, when fable and faith were alike forgotten, and every tender aspiration of the human heart was dessicated in the glaring heat of commercialism. The descendants of the Skalds and Vikings were neither Völsungen nor sons of God, but helpless chattels in a slave mart that made the enslavements of ancient Rome an episode by comparison.

Then two inspired men began to sing over our old, old cradle-song.

FIRST HOMAGE TO WAGNER.

Irresistibly, my heart pays first homage to Richard Wagner. From Rheingold to Parsifal this master prophet, who has given to the world a new medium of spiritual teaching, blazes and thunders the great truths of Christian ethics and Christian revelation. The names and men and deeds of the old half-pagan times are there, but the substance and the mighty conclusions of his themes are one with the eloquence of St. Peter at Pentecost and with the pathos of St. Mary Magdalen at Simon's banquet. He has appreciated to the fullest the beauty of his material. Nothing more mystic, more sense-satisfying, more truly pagan, more characteristically racial, than, for example, the fire charm that concludes the Walkyrie; but its delightful cadence, its exquisite preternaturalism, is none the less the final summing up of the great opera's lesson—that the gods themselves cannot make right of wrong, and justice must triumph though the heavens fall. On the other hand, his instinct of the true Christian spirit is unerring. The cycle of his works is a progressive development of happiness. Every motive by which man is beguiled in his quest of peace is discussed in the setting of our folk-lore, and one by one the false motives are grandly, sadly dismissed,

as the fate of our forefathers is recalled. Slowly the Christian ideal presents itself, just as it was presented to the Northern peoples; one by one, again, its obstacles are analyzed and their falseness revealed, until the Holy Grail stands forth, majestic, dazzling, as the unimpeachable vindication of Parsifal's simplicity, and the one true source of happiness. This progression is hopeful and hope-inspiring. In every defeat there is the germ of new life, the promise of victory on some other battle-field, after the old mistakes have been corrected. Brünhilde sleeps, it is true; but Siegfried is coming. Tannhäuser is shut in Vénusberg for ever; but the staff is blooming—blooming for you and me. Parsifal is the virgin who alone can sing the new song of those that follow the Lamb; but, that we may not despair, the magnificent cycle closes with the crouching, repentant Magdalen finding at the foot of the Cross surcease of all her sorrows in a Saviour's free forgiveness.

TENNYSON SUFFERS BY COMPARISON.

It is as if, in the dual mysticism of our race's infancy, Wagner saw the Christian superseding the pagan, illuminating it, triumphing over it, as sunlight triumphs over moonlight, while Tennyson has lost his heart in mourning for the lordly shadows that the day dispelled. Both have revived the past, and both have made it better than it really was; for both are poets. But Wagner made it more supernatural, while Tennyson made it more genteel. Tennyson has taken us up one by one and with a poet's mastery has shown us the worth of the Arthurs around us, whom we fail to value as we should; shown us the charity we owe to our Lancelots; shown us the worshipful beauty of our Enids—the abhorrent ugliness of this or that Etarre. He has given our lives the perspective of the misty landscape of fable, and has taught us how we may make our lives—not sublime but noble, with that nobility which our ancestors had before we became a race of shop-keepers. And this is good. This is the high and holy office of poetry, which Tennyson has exercised so admirably that we cannot easily overestimate our debt of gratitude to him. But in the end our Laureate is pagan, and the echoes of his Idylls mingle with the wails of the water nymphs when Thramnos told them that the great Pan was dead.

Wagner was a greater genius than Tennyson. He was not circumscribed by his age. He had more than the spirit of his

times—he was inspired with the spirit of eternity, and made for himself an age. Tennyson is Victorian—the crowning glory of the Victorian age, the standard by which the future will measure that age, the strongest claim of that age upon immortality. And he has given us the Victorian version of the Arthurian age.

THE VICTORIAN VERSION NOT THE TRUE ONE.

I do not believe that this is the true version. A great deal of history—all the history between St. Augustine and Sir Thomas More—has to be unlearned and forgotten in order to give verisimilitude to the Passing of Arthur; and the Last Tournament is the groan of an old, sick, sin-weary race, at which the real actors would have listened with dismay.

But the Victorian version of King Arthur is vastly important to us because it holds the mirror up to nature—not of the past, but of the present. And Tennyson, being a faultless artist, has been unflinchingly true to the spirit of the age he mirrored.

It is far from being an unflattering picture. My heart leaped when I first read the Idylls of the King. Whatever England might be, whatever might be the truth concerning any other region where the English-speaking peoples dwell, I knew that my country, my Southland, was worthy of those magnificent pages. And I will allow no maturer knowledge of men and women to shake me from my enthusiastic conviction that the noble characters and gentle manners and loyal chivalry of the Idylls of the King are to be found in the South, even though I am sometimes disappointed in my search for them.

I have not been disappointed often. Arthur and Enid and fair Elaine—how lightly we mention them, when every one of those names is a tragedy!—I have known them, and better than they, in real life; and I have known a Galahad and a Percivale. The strong association existing in my mind between the society of the South and the Idylls of the King is not, however, mainly due to similarity of characters. It is because the South is governed powerfully by the same motives that wrought in Tennyson's poem. Love, chivalrous love for woman dominating all and determining the relationships between man and man—this is the characteristic common to both. Arthur might have said of the men of the South what he said of his Round Table:

“To reverence their conscience as their King;
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it;
To honor his own word as if his God’s,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under Heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,—
Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach high thought and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.”

This description of Southern manhood, and, by reflection, of Southern womanhood, is so eminently true, that it might reasonably be claimed as the distinctive trait of Southern society. To deny this is to discredit the whole of Southern literature, the majority of our family traditions, and the most vivid memories of personal experience.

REVERENCE FOR WOMEN.

Our ideas of right and wrong are formulated for us by the women we love, and our love is the motive for conforming our lives to these ideas. A good woman exerts an influence at whose extent she herself would be appalled if she realized it, for her name is cherished and her opinion feared by hundreds of whose existence she may be unaware. A Southerner cares very little for money, or for fame, or for power, except as he can lay them as tokens of love at a woman’s feet. The woman is in a sense the mediator between the man and God. He expects her to say his prayers for him. He reveals his inner self to her. He feels purified from his uncleanness by the presence of her holiness, and her continued favor is forgiveness for his sins. Meantime, the Southerner unhesitatingly joins Arthur in the imputation of a general perfidy—the blasting of an entire knighthood—to the deeds of a Guinevere. Hence our ready sympathy with the Last Tournament, and all the unhappy depression that the story brings. As age gains wisdom from self and self reflected in other selves, youthful enthusiasm falters—and we say the world seemed fairer in the earlier time; youth was brighter, and those

who went before us better than we; we understand now the feelings of Lancelot as he sat on Arthur's double-dragoned throne while

“The autumn wind blew, and yellowing leaf
And gloom and gleam and shower and shorn plume
Went down it, sighing weariedly as one
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire
When all the goodlier guests are passed away.”

And we hear oftener now the murmurings, “All courtesy is dead—the glory of our Round Table is no more.”

This steady progress of depression is inevitable for all who derive their happiness from created things. Beauty fades, intellect betrays its limitations, honor yields to the tyranny of circumstances, and we throw ourselves on our knees beside the heart-broken King to hear and approve his moanings:

“I found God in the shining of the stars,
I marked Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain.
And all whereon I leaned in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death!”

To this sad note is all the poem keyed.

The Coming of Arthur, first poem of the Cycle, is the coming of a summer day—mist-heralded, and through the slow yielding of the powers of darkness all the more sublime,—a day of soft glories, purpling everything, obliterating smallness, making of the dim world a royal realm—a day of false promises mated with mysteries, sad callings from the great deep to the great deep whence he comes and whither he goes, and in his very dawning speaking of his swift approaching doom. Delightful love stories follow this, it is true—Gareth and Lynette ending with that quaintest legend of modern love:

“He that told the tale in older times
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,
But he that told it later says, Lynette.”

And I hold that no better story was ever sung in hall, nor written on a fair white page for maiden eyes to read, than the story of Enid and Geraint. So far as humanity is naturally perfectible, it is perfected in these two, and, true to our Southern traditions, the whole wonder is wrought through the dauntless fidelity of a woman's love. Here we have reached the highest standard of natural virtue, and we may well grow heartsick with regret for our race of Enids and of Enid-ennobled Geraints that they tell us passed when the Old South died.

Their story is a flood of golden sunshine let down for a brief hour through a rift in the cloud-veiled heaven. The wind sighs and the mists fall and nature mourns directly after the beautiful brothers self-slain for Vivien's spite, and she, who poisoned all the court, beginning with these boys, ends with Merlin tricked, entrapped, entombed,—all the mystery of Arthur's birth, all the magic of his greatness, all the reverence of wisdom and venerable age, made the scorned toy of a wanton's sin!

Look about you now, in this world which is under the spell of Tennyson's wonderful poetry! It has become a prison. The heart that seeks happiness struggles in vain, like a snared bird, for its freedom. To what purpose is the Lord of Astolat a loving father? to what purpose are Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine loyal brothers tenderly cherishing a peerless sister's peace? to what purpose is Elaine the lily maid, all womanly in her gentle devotion, all plaintive in her love of death and deathless love? These be but one lone group of fair palm-trees in the desert of the whispering court, the gaunt desert of the queen's jealous dishonor and Lancelot's bitter perfidy.

To what purpose is Pelleas faithful—faithful to all the duties and observances of knighthood, faithful amid all the pangs of unrequited love, faithful to his manliness in every test of man,—true knight, true lover, true image of God in man? His reward is the uttermost proof of Etarre's baseness, and of Gawain, thrice base because of Etarre—his reward is madness and lonely death and despair.

Guinevere is the crown of womanhood, and Guinevere is false. Lancelot is the prince of chivalry, and all the good in him twines round one poisonous sin. And there is not one noble deed or virtuous home or happy fireside in all Arthur's realm that is not darkened by the shadow of the shameful bond between these two. For this reason Enid suffered, for this cause

death claimed Elaine; these two made Vivien possible and gave countenance to Etarre. If they had not sinned, Gareth had not been scorned, Tristram had not dared to flout his betrayal of Isolt, nor Modred found courage to rebel.

Truly it is a sad world which our poet is constructing for us.

There is but one escape from the logical despair of hedonism, and behold how he masks it! Tennyson does not forget the supernatural. He cannot honestly, for he lives in a Christian age. But King Pellem's devotions are the dotage of a feeble old man, beneath whose chapel-window Vivien is singing:

“Old priest, who mumble worship in your quire,
Old monk and nun, ye scorn the world's desire,
Yet in your frosty cells ye feel the fire:

The fire of heaven is lord of all things good,
And starve not thou this fire within thy blood—
But follow Vivien through the fiery flood;
The fire of heaven is not the flame of hell!”

O Tennyson, Tennyson! wherefore art thou Tennyson? Who can write lyrics like to thine? and who can put them more ruthlessly—the best and sweetest of lyrics—into the mouth of Vivien?

“In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping—let it go:
But shall it? Answer, darling; answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.”

This is the very altar hymn of human love, the brightest jewel in all the wondrous wealth of the Idylls of the King, and it is Vivien's song—the song of Merlin's undoing.

Tennyson did not, could not, forget the supernatural; his soul was Eolian, ringing out in solemn cadences an interpretation of every wandering wind; and we are a Christian race. What more reverently beautiful than the queenly penance of Guinevere? what more comforting than the assurance that Lancelot turned at last to Holy Church for peace? what more sublime than Arthur's forgiveness? what more noble than the plea of the dying King for prayer:

“Pray for my soul! More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of; wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those that call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

Nevertheless, the treatment of the poem is less Christian than pagan—a tragic paganism because measured at every moment by the standard of the Cross—measured and found wanting, yet fulfilling, in spite of it, Vivien's prophecy:

“This fire of heaven,
This old sun-worship, boy, will rise again
And beat the Cross to earth, and break the King
And all his Table.”

In this regard the most significant feature of the poem is the quest of the Holy Grail. It is not the wily Vivien, it is not the treason of Modred, it is not the sin of Lancelot and Guinevere—it is the Holy Grail that brings disruption and ruin to the Round Table. Arthur stands for Christ, is Christ's champion in a disordered world; but when the supernatural destiny of all mankind is presented to him, he finds no limit for his denunciation of the quest:

“Go—since your vows are sacred, being made.
Yet—for ye know the cries of all my realm
Pass through this hall—how often, O my knights,
Your places being vacant at my side,

This chance of noble deeds will come and go
Unchallenged, while ye follow wandering fires,
Lost in the quagmire! Many of you, yea, most,
Return no more!"

It is the wail of the Venusberg when Tannhäuser sets out for Rome. And so the quest was regarded by all in that Christian court:

"The knights and ladies wept, and rich and poor
Wept, and the King himself could hardly speak
For grief, and all in middle street the Queen,
Who rode by Lancelot, wailed and shrieked aloud,
This madness has come on us for our sins!"

Are these vowed Knights riding to disgraceful villany? Are they for some base motive challenging a ruthless fiend? No; they are seeking, in penance, with purified hearts and straining eyes, tear-dimmed, to see the visions of a Galahad! Well indeed is it that the public wailing is led by the shameless Queen! The British Laureate sympathizes with her, not with Galahad, and he makes us feel that after the invasion of the Holy Grail the honor and chivalry and dauntless spirit of the glorious Round Table are shattered; the Christian Knights, because they would draw nearer to Christ's self, are broken, maddened, lost; and Galahad and Percivale fade from our sympathy as their visions fade—too ethereal, too vague and ghostly for our Christian world. Was the Holy Grail, then, the heavenly fire, the old sun-worship, of which Vivien prophesied? Plainly, in Tennyson's mind, it was. And, in this, Tennyson was true to the age in which he lived and to the people for whom he wrote.

That Tennyson did not present the true conception of the supernatural follows from a study of the blameless King.

The poet wishes us to make Arthur our Christian ideal. And a goodly picture he has drawn of the truth-worshipping, fearless, gentle, mild, and generous King. How instant in sympathy for youth and innocence! How strong and kindly with the erring! How quick to every high impulse of justice and of reverence! How sternly vindictive of right against wrong! How masterful over self, how patiently forgiving!

Taking Christ to be merely a man, no poet could invent a character more nobly imitative of Him.

The disquieting conclusion of this study is that Arthur was a failure. He could not understand Galahad—he lacked the spiritual ardor of Percivale. He was merely a perfect natural man. He set up standards to which his fellows could not by natural means attain. He bound them by terrible vows they could not keep. He walked alone, blameless, in the midst of treacheries and sins which he could not prevent, to which his own calm faultlessness was an aggravation. His house were they who swore his vows, and even while they broke them owned him King. And his house was his doom. He perished at the hands of the people he had made. His large and comfortable words, the vast design and purpose of the King, the men he loved, the goodliest fellowship of famous knights whereof this world holds record, all perished with him in that last, dim, weird battle of the West. And he laid the blame on Guinevere! As Tennyson has created Arthur, we do not regret him. He is not Christian. He is pagan through and through. For the man Christ he imitated was in reality not a mere man—and if he had been merely man, He would have failed as Arthur did. Therefore we are willing that Arthur should depart, crying, “Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?” We are willing that his kingly form should rest on the mystic barge by three queens tended, that he should say

“Farewell; I am going a long way
With these thou see’st—if indeed I go—
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt—
To the island-valley of Avalon,
Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.”

Willingly we leave him thus; for he is pagan, he belongs to the land of faëry, such as is the heaven he describes, and if he keeps his promise to return we will welcome him as a dear poetic fancy; but not as human, not as the champion of the Christ he claimed to be.

It may perhaps seem hypocritical to hold Tennyson so strictly to account for his gorgeous melancholy. After all, might he not have been actuated by the deliberate theorizing of Edgar Allan Poe—that the greatest charm of poetry is hopeless grief for beauty dead and irrevocable? Poetry, let us say, is above the rule and square of logic and of fact. It appeals only to the emotions, not to the intellect; it has to do with beauty, not with truth. Say this to Poe, if you will—but imagine saying it to Lord Alfred Tennyson!

The poet is the seer. His office is sacred. He is the inspired teacher of his fellow-men. He is a welcome guest of the soul, and may influence the emotions, fashion the faith, of every confiding reader. He cannot escape his tremendous ethical responsibility. This is especially applicable to the author of the *Idylls of the King*. His subject-matter is the young loves of our race; his art is enhanced with all the ideals of our past and present national consciousness. He is like an elder brother telling us of our parents' earlier years, reminding us of what we should be for the sake of those who gave us life. It is truly an awful responsibility, and with awe should we accuse him, if at all, of unworthiness.

I am a great lover of Tennyson. He has been one of my purest enthusiasms from boyhood up. And I did not realize until I began to write this paper how much can be truly said in disparagement of him. Even now, although I write from conviction, I shrink from the conclusions I must draw. For the melody of that majestic poem, echoing like the sweet resounding after-strains of a mighty harp rung grandly by a master-hand, reproves the temerity of a little soul who dares to lift a tuneless voice in criticism. The poem is so compact, so marvellously articulated, so complete in its artistic perfection, that it should be its own vindication. Its sweetness enamors me. Its noble beauty fascinates. Its matchless pentameters, ever ending in a plaintive sigh, draw my heart-beats into unison with its sad spirit of mourning for the immemorial past. Can I find courage to say that it has met a great issue, been called to answer a lofty question, and has failed?

SOUL-LONGINGS FOR THE SUPERNATURAL.

What, then, would you have me change? the poet asks.

You have not told the truth about the early times, I reply.

The people of Arthur's age were not so hopeless, so enthralled with worldliness, so uncertain in their knowledge of the things of the soul, so weakly declining to the melancholy of pagan mysticism, as you have made them appear. They were passionate, fierce, sinful, it is true, for they had the excessive faults of a brave and masterful race; but they were fiercely passionate, too, in their devotion to the Christ; repentance followed quickly on the heels of their misdeeds, and they were clothed round about with the awful splendor of the supernatural, to which they paid unquestioning homage; and *this* it was which made them not a fabled, dying race; but the ancestors of a glorious people, than which no greater is on this earth to-day.

But I am a poet, says the master, not a historian. I am not seeking to do justice to Arthur. I have lifted up a wondrous fable of beauty to mirror the wisdom and virtues of my own age. And is there any poem of our age that is comparable with its pathos? is there any more sad, sweet appeal to the tenderest sympathies and yearnings and regrets of the modern heart?

True, true! I cry; oh, most irresistibly true! But wilt thou leave us so, thou greatest poet of our age? Thou art a seer. Hast thou no further message—no promise of a better way? Shall Elaine have no consolation? Is there no wholesome solace for the rage of Pelleas? Are our Merlins to be always the prey of the wily Vivien? Are our Lancelots and Guineveres to flourish, to poison the universal world, to overshadow our noblest and best, to remain for ever Lancelot and Guinevere? And will the Arthurs among us, whom with all our hearts we gladly welcome as our kings—will they continue to cry down our heavenly aspirations with the scornful words:

“What are ye? Galahads? No; nor Percivales?”

Are courtliness and courtesy, and faith in vows, and hardihood on the field—are these the sum of human greatness? Must our Arthurs find a woman in her womanhood as great as he in his manhood before he can hope to change the world? Are all the King's great purposes—even his own home's betterment—to be frustrated by that woman's sin? Does it all depend upon a woman, then? We have heard of old that we are called to be the sons of God—and thou hast made us faithless courtiers. Where are the promises of the Christ? And why should it be folly for us to go in quest of the Holy Grail? When we come to die—even were we Arthurs—hast thou no more of promise

than Arthur's faltering—"I am going a long way—if indeed I go—for all my mind is clouded with a doubt"? Thou hast upheld before us for imitation merely natural lives, and thou dost offer to blameless souls only the island-valley of Avalon—the Red Indian's happy hunting grounds. But if we have lived the natural life blindly, as lived Gawain, shall our ghosts be blown for ever along the wandering wind, shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all delight"? Is it thus that men made in the image of God shall live and die?

I am not a theologian, the Poet answers.

But Wagner—he is poet and theologian too—he has not left us unsatisfied with vague soul-longings for the supernatural to which God has destined us!

I—I—the Laureate is about to dismiss me—I am true to my age!

And thou dost leave us with only this for answer to the problems of our age?

Slowly the Laureate replies from his funeral barge—

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways;
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,
Comfort thyself—what comfort is in me?"





ELIZA ALLEN STARR.*

BY WILLIAM STETSON MERRILL.

THE recent decease of Miss Starr has removed from American Catholic life a woman eminent as a poet, a writer, and a teacher of art. Though Miss Starr came of Puritan ancestry, yet she early passed beyond the Puritan's narrowness of vision, while she retained his independence of character, his conscientiousness, and his loyalty to personal conviction in the face of popular disapproval. She abandoned the Unitarian teaching of her childhood at the age of twenty-six and embraced the Catholic faith. For a New-Englander to take such a step in the middle of the century just passed meant to encounter social distrust and to experience personal humiliation, however much the soul might be sustained by the consciousness of right action and the consolations of religion. Yet when she became a Catholic she accepted the truths of Catholicity with a joy and an enthusiasm that never abated throughout her life. Her artistic temperament and tastes found in Christian art a new field for their

* Born in Deerfield, Mass., August 29, 1824; died at Durand, Ill., September 7, 1901, at the home of her brother. The interiors of St. Joseph's Cottage illustrating this sketch are from photographs taken by Miss Edith E. Allen, a cousin of Miss Starr.

exercise. She found her life mission in setting forth the manifold beauties and sublime perfections of the masters and master-pieces of religious art.

She perceived among Catholics far too slight an acquaintance with and appreciation of the great heritage which is theirs; among non-Catholics a greater appreciation of its artistic beauties, but a blindness to its meaning. She brought to the study of her subject an entire sympathy with the ideals which it is designed to portray; and this sympathy enabled her to enter into its spirit, to interpret its meaning, and to proclaim its message to the world in a way that the mere art critic without personal appreciation of the inner spiritual life of faith can never do. Not that Christian art is anywise independent of the purely natural and empirical rules of technique and the education of the senses. But the Christian artist, unlike the pagan, makes the art of expressing and presenting the beautiful not an end in itself but a means of representing the truths of revelation and the ideals of Christian character. Beauty as a reflection of one of God's attributes or perfections is indeed an end in itself, is "its own excuse for being." But the mission of Christian art is to present the beauty of a character made like unto God's, as exemplified in the saints, in the Blessed Virgin, in the human nature of the Incarnate Word. It has thus a religious mission in the world which raises it above the sphere of "art for art's sake."

We dwell upon this point because it was just in the intimate union of artistic genius and interior piety that Miss Starr's strength lay for the accomplishment of her life-work. Without her natural powers, her careful training, her deep study, she would have failed to apprehend the perfection of Christian art as an instrument; without her living faith she would have failed to receive fully and impart its message.

Miss Starr's early life was not, indeed, confined to Christian art, nor were her writings; yet it is that which gives a certain unity to her varied activities, and the large share of attention which it received from her in the last twenty-five years of her life shows the importance that she attached to it.

She began to give lectures upon art to ladies in Chicago about 1878, and delivered them regularly from that time on, at her own house and elsewhere, to friends untiring in their interest and attendance. She was much sought after and loved as a teacher



ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE BECAME A VERITABLE ART MUSEUM.

of drawing and painting, and has left many examples also of her own skill and delicacy of touch. The excellence of the class-work done in her studio is attested by the presentation to her, by the World's Fair judges, of the only "gold medal" bestowed upon any art exhibitor. The medal is of bronze, and the design, by St. Gaudens, represents the Landing of Columbus.

In 1875 Miss Starr visited Europe in company with her nephew, William W. Starr, the gifted sculptor. She spent a year in Rome, and visited other scenes associated with the memory of saintly deeds that she afterwards described in *Pilgrims and Shrines*.

She began to collect photographs with which to illustrate her lectures, and St. Joseph's Cottage became a veritable art museum. Some series of the reproductions of a single master or collection were to be obtained and completed only by diligent search of European art stores and by patient waiting. The finest of her pictures she had framed and hung upon her walls; and there was precious little wall-space left in her tiny home.

Her bedroom was as expressive of her piety as her parlor and studio were of her art. Built into the east wall is a deep relief of the death of St. Joseph, the patron of her home. Below it burned night and day a tiny wick floating

in olive oil. Above her oratory hung a beautiful crucifix and a crown of thorns; relics, rosaries, and prayer-books aided her in her devotions. Every day she recited her office, like the nun that she was in all that pertained to the interior life. For years she received holy Communion daily at Mass. Nor was hers a piety merely of externals. No beggar ever left her door without a pittance; it mattered not that he might perhaps be unworthy and would spend his coin for a drink at the next saloon that he passed. Her thought was, he is in need and should be aided.

Charitable and educational enterprises received more than moral support from her. Prelate and priest found in her a ready supporter of their enterprises; her pen and her influence often outweighed the material contribution that they might receive from others more blessed than she with worldly goods.

Miss Starr strenuously upheld the moral and intellectual elevation of woman. A short time before her death she gave the use of her auditorium to the promoters of Trinity College for the higher education of women, as she had given it for many another similar movement. Though a public lecturer herself, she never lost a single trait of her womanliness. She lectured at the centres of culture in the East and West, at the Catholic Summer-Schools and at the Winter-School, and her visits to convents were eagerly awaited by sisters and pupils. Yet she was no advocate of woman invading man's traditional sphere of public administration. She would have woman enter no sphere of activity that would tend to keep her from the family circle and the home, or would impair Christian motherhood.

"She was crucified to her pen," was remarked of her at her funeral; and indeed when she was not teaching or lecturing she was writing. On her bed of pain she called for her pen, and when the feeble fingers could no longer guide it, she dictated her thought to others.

Poetry, art, and the saints were the topics that most engaged her pen. Beauty was, indeed, the desire of her soul wherever it was to be found. The more delicate moods and sentiments of the soul find beautiful expression in poetry; the truths and lessons of religion in Christian art; the beauty of Christian character in the lives of the saints. In this varied expression of the beautiful is seen the underlying unity of her work.

This is not the place to analyze or to appraise her writings.

They are too well known to need either the one or the other.* It may be of interest, however, to say a word as to her manner of producing them.

Miss Starr was in later years her own publisher. She engaged her printer, corrected her proofs, chose her paper and binding, and sold her books directly from her home. Nothing but the best work of a printer and binder would satisfy her. Discovering upon one occasion an alarming number of broken types in a proof of one of her books that had been submitted to her, she promptly took the entire job out of the printer's hands, paid him his price, and then had the work set up again by another.

Her *Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary* and her *Three Archangels in Art*, with their delicate half-tones, their uncut edges, and faultless typography, are a delight to all who value good taste in their religion as well as in other aspects of life. *The Three Keys to the Camera della Segnatura* is the crown of her life-work. The result of years of research and of conference with those best qualified to advise her, this work is presented to the world in a garb befitting the sublimity of its subject. One copy bound in white muslin, lettered in gold, was sent by the author to the Holy Father. His Holiness is said to have examined it at unusual length, and as a token of his high appreciation of Miss Starr's work, he sent her an exquisite cameo of the Immaculate Conception. The Laetare medal was conferred upon her by Notre Dame University in 1885—and for the first time upon a woman—"in recognition of her services to Catholic art and literature." Perhaps the most beautiful of her many medals is the Benedictine, with its solemn figure of St. Benedict, its cross-bars of blue upon a background of gold, and its mystic letters. This was sent her from the monastery of Monte Cassino, near Naples, Italy.

Visitors to her cottage always noticed the statue of St. Joseph, made by her nephew, William W. Starr, in Rome, which stood watch in the hallway. In the parlor stood two interest-

* A complete bibliography of Miss Starr's writings is not at hand. A list of her books in the order of issue is as follows: *Poems* (1867); *Patron Saints*, first series (1871); second series (1881). *Pilgrims and Shrines* (1883), two volumes; *Songs of a Life-time* (1887); *Isabella of Castile* (1889); *Christmas-tide* (1891); *Christian Art in Our Own Age* (1891); *What We See* (1891) [a book for children]; *Three Keys to the Camera della Segnatura* of the Vatican (1895); *The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary* (1898); *The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art* (1899). The above works can all be obtained—some in later and illustrated editions—from her sister, Mrs. C. W. W. Wellington, Durand, Ill. The *Songs of a Life-time* supersedes the *Poems*, which is out of print.

ing pieces: in one corner the Starr chair, with its lion couchant bearing a star on his shoulder; in the other the Allen chair, with its double griffins supporting a yoke marked with a star and the Crusader's Cross—heraldic emblems that belonged

to her family. If the day were chilly, a cheerful fire of logs—logs in Chicago were her only luxury



HER BEDROOM WAS AS EXPRESSIVE OF HER PIETY AS HER PARLOR AND STUDIO WERE OF HER ART.



—would blaze on the hearth-stone, which was brought from her native Deerfield by her sister. Above the fire-place are emblems designed by herself of the Deerfield massacre: a bow and arrow, a deer in field, and the pipe of peace. Hers was more than a merely local interest in that bloody tragedy, for her maternal great-grandfather, Samuel Allen, fell while defending his family from the attack of the Indians on that occasion. A daughter was tomahawked, and a young boy of the family was carried a captive to Canada, to be ransomed many months later through the kindness of an Indian squaw.

Miss Starr's services to art and religion have been recognized at home and abroad by prelate, priest, and layman. Some years ago a testimonial, accompanied by a handsome purse, was presented to her, bearing the signatures of Catholics from all over the country.

Living a life of supreme piety, charitable in mind and hand, her private character was the theme of scarcely less eulogy among her large circle of friends. Protestants were accustomed

to ask whether she would not be canonized, and more than one of the clergy have expressed their decided conviction that she lived the life of a saint of God. No one ever heard her speak ill of any one, and if unpleasant facts about somebody would obtrude themselves, they were dropped from tongue and memory as quickly as possible.

Free from trace of jealousy or selfishness, sympathetic for the joys and griefs of others, intensely devoted to her family and to all connected with her by ties of blood, hers was a soul that showed forth in practice the type of character that she loved to point to and dwell upon in her lives of the saints. It was certainly fitting that one who had lived "in the world but not of it" should be laid at rest in the habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic, made for her by the devoted Dominican Sisters. As her friends took their last farewell look upon that occasion, it seemed like a final manifestation at the hour of death of the invisible life she had always lived—the life of a saintly religious.


As we write these lines on the Feast of All Saints, we note that it is the anniversary of the day, thirty-two years ago, when she wrote the dedication of her first *Patron Saints*, "to the faithful youth of the Catholic Church in America, to whose interests I am proud to devote my life."



MISS STARR'S BIRTHPLACE AT DEERFIELD, MASS.

THE NEW CRISIS IN IRISH AFFAIRS.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

HE old saying, that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity," has hardly ever had more practical application than at the present hour. Not for many a long year has the government of Great Britain been so seriously concerned as it is now over the Irish problem. The increase of Britain's troubles, the loss of men and money in South Africa, the decline in trade supremacy, and the constant menace of hostility on the part of the Continental powers have caused the Lord Salisbury government to again take to heart the question of placating the irreconcilable party in Ireland.

The Marquis of Salisbury has been credited with a certain tendency to cynicism, and this defective quality was seldom more conspicuously exemplified than when he declared his intention of killing Home Rule by kindness. His lordship seemed to think that by spending money in the Emerald Isle he would induce its inhabitants to forget their grievances and to become more English than the English themselves.

The atrocious political and legislative crimes committed against Ireland during several centuries had been owned up to by Mr. Gladstone and others of the most conspicuous of British statesmen during the past twenty-five years. It was the intention of Mr. Gladstone to concede to the Irish people at least a measure of that individual liberty that obtains in England, and also a certain measure of the freedom of the press, and, as far as was compatible with the existing judiciary in the country, to grant a due measure of legal and judicial right and independence. Mr. Gladstone was thwarted by the elevated class of the British people. The House of Lords voted down the measure of autonomy which the great Liberal statesman had succeeded in passing through the House of Commons, and, contrary to all precedent, the House of Lords was allowed to have the upper hand in the matter.

When the Marquis of Salisbury came into power he arrived as the vigorous opponent of Home Rule, and as the advocate of a United Kingdom in which Ireland should still play a subservient and submissive rôle, but he was fortified at the same time with a policy which a large number of persons in England, who desired to see some of Ireland's rights recognized, believed would be a solution of the more immediate grievances of that country. He would make minor reforms with a spirit of grandiose largesse.

It was well known, for instance, that the Catholic episcopate in Ireland forbade the attendance of Catholic students at Trinity College, Dublin, or at the Royal Colleges in Belfast, Galway, and Cork. This practically meant that the Catholic youth of Ireland was precluded from higher education.

When Lord Salisbury arrived in power his nephew, Mr. A. J. Balfour, who for many years had been chief secretary of Ireland, came out with glowing promises in the matter of Irish Catholic education. He practically pledged his government to the establishment of a Catholic university, and thereby disarmed all complaint, at least temporarily, in the matter of one of Ireland's serious grievances.

Other members of the government announced that money would be spent freely in Ireland. In what is known as "the congested districts" seed potatoes were to be annually distributed amongst the peasants, and the macadamizing of roads and the building of light railways were also to form part of the plan to allow the free spending of money in Ireland, and the consequent abatement of the awful chronic famine that existed in a large section of the country where willing hands found no work to which they could turn, and where human life at certain periods of the year was sustained with seaweed as sole food.

Money unquestionably was spent on works of this kind, and grants of seed potatoes were annually made with a certain liberality in the middle western part of the country, but still there was no sign that that measure of kindness had been filled which would have the effect of killing the desire for Home Rule. Then the British government thought out a new scheme whereby a system of local government would be put in actuation in Ireland with the expectation that it would have the result of simulating Home Rule and making the people forget

their desire for autonomy. A Local Government Board was accordingly established, with County Councils subservient to it throughout the country. In practice this proved to be a very deficient form of Home Rule, and it left popular discontent practically at the point where it had previously been.

In the meantime the British government was every hour becoming more seriously involved by its South African troubles, and the existing parties in the British Parliament had fallen into a condition of political inefficiency. The Conservative followers of the government had grievances of their own, and the Liberal party, disrupted owing to a divergency of views among its members regarding the justification of the Boer War and the urgency of making reasonable terms of peace with the Boers, became practically disorganized. At this very time the disunion that had existed in the Irish Parliamentary party between Parnellites and anti-Parnellites was smoothed over, and under the new leadership of Mr. John Redmond the party was reorganized as a working unit. More than this, some of the Unionist members who sat in the House of Commons as representatives for Ireland—members, namely, who had been sent to St. Stephen's from the Protestant counties in the North—began to show a yearning for co-operation with the Nationalist party. In fact, the two most capable and most influential Unionist members from Ireland, while desiring to remain firm in their advocacy of parliamentary union with England, openly sought for aid from the Nationalist party with regard to all other questions that concerned Ireland. One of these was Mr. Plunkett, who was at the head of the Agricultural Department in Ireland, and the other was Mr. T. W. Russell, who held a post in the British cabinet, but who relinquished it in order to be independent in fighting for Irish rights.

During the last session of Parliament the only energetic action revealed by any body of members within it was by the Irish party. The Conservatives were obliged to follow the Conservative cabinet like sheep on all matters advocated by the cabinet, and the Liberal party had to forego freedom of action and freedom of criticism at the risk of being branded as traitors to their country at a time when their country was at war. The United Irish party was the real opposition party, and the vigor and the independence of its members obliged the British government, more than once, to make serious concessions, and

caused the press and public in Great Britain to cry out in alarm over the growing power of these turbulent members.

Since the Parliamentary session ended the Irish party, far from remaining inactive, have caused the British government renewed and serious trouble.

The imprisonment of Mr. P. A. McHugh, M.P. for the County of Sligo, permitted the party to raise a stir throughout the country that recalled some of the stormiest periods of the Irish agitation twenty years ago. Mr. McHugh's imprisonment has been regarded as a flagrant and outrageous violence on the liberty of the press. He had denounced the British government's policy of "jury-packing" in Ireland, and had received a sentence of six months in jail therefor. The case which evoked his criticism was remarkable in some of its circumstances. A poor countryman had been accused of wantonly maiming cattle. At his trial the government prosecutor refused to allow any Catholic to enter the jury-box. Dozens of men who were on the jury roll were peremptorily challenged, and it was with the utmost difficulty that a dozen men, whose faith seemed to warrant the public prosecutor in believing that he would be certain of a conviction, could be found to fill the box.

The man was tried and a palpable miscarriage of justice was committed. The presiding judge instructed for a verdict of guilty, and the jury accordingly brought in that verdict. The whole case had hinged upon the word of a local police sergeant. The defendant was sentenced to a term of years in jail. But Mr. McHugh brought the matter before the British Parliament, and there the chief secretary of Ireland frankly admitted that on causing an investigation to be made he had discovered that the man who had been sentenced to imprisonment was innocent, and that everything pointed to the police sergeant himself being the guilty party. Mr. McHugh published a vigorous article, in the newspaper which he conducts, on the subject of "jury-packing." This was taken to be an offence against the majesty of the law in Ireland, and he was tried and sentenced to jail.

His delivery from Kilmainham prison took the form of a veritable triumph. A banquet was given him in Dublin at which the lord mayor presided, a number of the most influential citizens were present, and a letter from the Most Rev. William J. Walsh, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, was read.

In this letter the archbishop, after expressing his regrets at not being able to be present at the banquet given to Mr. McHugh, made the following interesting statement:

“Let me, however, also say that I have long since lost faith in any mere expression or demonstration of protest as a means of obtaining the redress of any Irish grievance. In England public opinion tells. In Ireland it counts for little or nothing. I trust that the public men who will meet on Monday may be able, before separating, to sketch out the lines of something that can go before the country as a practically effective step towards putting an end, once for all, to the system of jury-packing in our courts—an abuse, as this discreditable system is, of legal forms directly subversive of any sentiment of respect in the minds of our people for the administration of justice, as it could not fail to be subversive of any sentiment in the mind of any one familiar, as they have long since become familiar, with what was said of it, in his capacity of judge, by an English landlord, now more than half a century ago—that if continued, as it has ever since been continued, it would turn trial by jury in Ireland into a ‘mockery, a delusion, and a snare!’”

The iniquity of at least one feature of the outrage on justice systematically perpetrated in Ireland was thus brought before the public of the British nation, and was frankly advertised as a point on which the Irish people would henceforward agitate and fight.

Shortly after this Mr. McHugh, with Mr. John Redmond and Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, set out on a mission to this country to seek co-operation for the Irish struggle. The progress of these three gentlemen from Dublin to Cork, where they embarked, was of a sensational character and was made the occasion of a great public demonstration. Mr. Redmond took the opportunity of making a national profession of faith. He declared that what the public was fighting for was no longer a redress of grievances of the agricultural class of Ireland, but was a determined battle for the emancipation of Ireland as a nation. Mr. Redmond's utterances were couched in such vigorous terms that they evoked symptoms of considerable alarm in the British press.

The visit of these three gentlemen to this country is so recent that it hardly needs comment, but it may have been noted that Mr. Redmond's utterances were marked by a degree

of frankness that hitherto had not been forthcoming from one holding so responsible a position. It having been pointed out to Mr. Redmond that there were sections of Irishmen in this country who believed that the policy of seeking redress of Irish grievances by constitutional means was vain and futile, and that physical force was the only weapon that should be tried against the power of Great Britain, Mr. Redmond cheerfully replied that he was by no means opposed to the employment of force. Let those who advocated this policy and felt able to carry it out go ahead and do so, and they would have his utmost commendation. In his farewell address to the American public he said: "We have claimed that when Ireland speaks with one voice she is entitled to decide for herself, according to the circumstances and the limitations of the moment, what is the best policy for her to pursue in her efforts for national self-government. We have no quarrel with Irishmen who desire to go further and who consider that our policy is insufficient. Every Irishman who desires to strike an effective blow against English government of Ireland has our best wishes, and we have come to America to ask sympathy and support for the present Irish movement, which is organized upon lines that the experience of the last twenty years has proved to have been wise and successful."

The boldness of Mr. Redmond's remarks, coming from a man whose Parliamentary conduct has always been associated with political prudence and foresight, reveals a notable amount of confidence, and there is some evidence that on the part of the British government the situation is regarded with no little diffidence.

An insult and a challenge to the majesty of the British Empire which under different circumstances would hardly fail to awaken a degree of bitter trouble and retaliation was the election of Colonel Lynch for a Parliamentary constituency in Ireland. Colonel Lynch had only recently returned to Europe from South Africa, where he had been in command of a brigade on the Boer side and had fought vigorously against the English troops. Of course the decisive action in the matter will only come in case Colonel Lynch presents himself at Westminster as the duly elected representative of a constituency. But in the meantime his Britannic Majesty's government has glozed over the matter in a nonchalant and pacific spirit which is quite

remarkable and unprecedented. The cabinet has, so far, taken no action on the subject, though at one of its meetings it took up the question of proposing new rules of procedure for the House of Commons, and it has escaped nobody that these new rules of procedure are solely motived by the energy displayed during the last session by the Irish members, and are intended to be almost solely applied with regard to the Irish members.

In previous years, instead of creating new rules of procedure, the British government had no compunction in applying unparliamentary violence to Irishmen who persisted in a policy of obstruction, and it is very significant of the existing condition of affairs that the same government should now seek new constitutional justification for any action that may be taken with the view to subduing the vigorous hostility of the Irish representatives during the Parliamentary sitting.

The war by the British on the Boers has had a momentous influence in modifying the outlook of Irish political affairs. The war split up the English Liberal party into two sections, the Liberal Imperialists, with Jingo views and aspirations and eagerness for unflinching prosecution of the war, and the so-called "pro-Boer Liberals"—mostly Radicals—who had opposed the war at its inception and who, through all its stages advocated immediate and honorable peace. The Irish party at all times were frankly and outspokenly pro-Boer. In the House of Commons they applauded the announcement of British defeats. The bitterest shafts of sarcasm were hurled by them at the government and the army. When the Under-Secretary for War was giving the House statistics on the number of horses and mules sent out, Mr. Tim Healy, with mock gravity, inquired if the minister could furnish him with statistics of the number of asses that the War Office had despatched to South Africa. Mr. John Redmond even went so far as to express a wish that the Boers would ultimately triumph.

The result of this attitude by the Irish party was that the army of their enemies greatly increased. The Liberal Radicals, and some Liberal statesmen like Mr. John Morley, remained faithful in their advocacy of Ireland's rights; but those somewhat lukewarm friends of Ireland, the Liberal Imperialists, now became more bitter foes than the Conservatives themselves. Lord Rosebery, the foremost Liberal Imperialist of them all, in his speech at Chesterfield declared that the Liberal party was

now free altogether of its Irish alliance and its consequences. The Irishmen must now plough their furrow alone, or at least unaided by either of the great parliamentary parties in England, and henceforward the Irishmen could not hope to hold the balance of majority and power in the House of Commons.

This consummation had, of course, been long foreseen and discounted by the Irish representatives. They had become convinced that the lines on which Parnell worked were unavailing. The policy of conducting themselves decorously and constitutionally in Parliament and of offering their votes to—and thereby putting in power—that one of the English parties which would make Ireland the best promises had been given a long trial. Sextons and Healys, and McCarthys and O'Briens, and O'Connors and Redmonds acquired reputations as mellifluous orators in the process, but the great aspirations in Ireland's cause were in no way furthered. The Irish people at home were beginning to be a little weary of making huge sacrifices in the patriotic cause and receiving little but brilliant oratory in return. Accordingly, when the period of strife among the Irish members was ended and the reunited party started out on a new campaign there was no surprise that they came forward with radically new proposals. The day of ornate speeches and high-flown resolutions was admitted to be over. If the people desired freedom they must earn it. Nothing could be obtained from England with honeyed words and suppliant prayers; it must be wrung from her by aggressive agitation. Redress for the farmers, relief for the laborers, the encouragement of native industries, the revival of the Gaelic literature and language—these were objects on which the Irish people were setting their minds, and of course they were matters to which only a native Parliament could devote sufficient and adequate attention.

Mr. Redmond's exposition on this subject, as contained in his farewell address to Americans, is worth reproducing:

“The prospects of Ireland to-day are brighter than they have ever been. The ultimate policy of the Land League was ‘The Land for the People,’ and to-day there is all over Ireland a movement to compel Irish landlords to sell the land to the occupying farmers upon fair and reasonable terms. This movement has at its back not merely the Nationalist farmers of the centre, south, and west of Ireland, but also all those Ulster

farmers who in the past have been bitterly opposed not only to Ireland's demand for national self-government, but also to a radical land reform.

"With proper support it is almost a certainty that the immediate future will see a settlement of the Irish land question upon these lines, while in Connaught the breaking up of the large tracts of rich grazing lands, at present in the hands of a few individuals, is certain of early accomplishment. By the distribution of this land among the poor cottiers on the mountains and the bogs of Connaught, the chronic famine and distress in that province will be stayed, and the tide of emigration from Ireland will be arrested. By thus making the people of Ireland secure, prosperous, and independent in their daily lives, the United Irish League will be working directly for the triumph of the National cause.

"In addition to this the English Parliament, by universal consent, has broken down. It cannot perform one-twentieth part of the work which is cast upon it, and all thoughtful English statesmen are to-day casting about for a remedy. The only possible remedy is the concession of national self-government to Ireland, and the present Irish National party of eighty men in the House of Commons are engaged in the task of making the government of their country by the present system troublesome, difficult, and dangerous to England.

"One of the foremost items in the programme of the United Irish League is the promotion of the Gaelic revival movement. Being engaged in the great national work of rebuilding an Irish nation, and anxious to shape it on lines distinctly Irish, as well as being anxious to band together in this country by some well-defined solidifying bond the children of our race, we appeal to all Irishmen in America to use every means in their power to have the language and history of their country taught to the children, to use that language at meetings wherever possible, and to send their children by preference to schools where the Irish tongue and history are taught."

Mr. Redmond is quite candid in declaring that the policy of his party is agitation, that their task is to make the government of Ireland troublesome, difficult, and dangerous to England. And they are succeeding. Nationalist members of Parliament and United Irish League speakers have been arrested.

Extra police have been drafted to points where disturbance is expected, the crimes act has spread over a number of counties, and announcement has been made that the King's projected visit has been indefinitely postponed. The present season bids fair to be one of the stormiest that Ireland has experienced in fifty years.

The concern of the British government in the matter is shown in its rather weak device of endeavoring to throw a sop to the Irish people. Semi-official statement is made of the early probable establishment of a Catholic university. Again, there is obviously an attempt to mitigate some of the existing evils in the administration of justice. A somewhat curious and quite significant incident occurred at the recent opening of the winter assizes at Waterford. Chief Baron Pallas, in his charge to the grand jury, expressed condemnation of the practice of judges on such occasions discoursing at large on the general condition of the country. "I feel strongly," he said, "that in making such observations I am only conveying to you the views and opinions of others, and not my own." He explained that the observations made were the observations of the police. It has been often, and on good authority, asserted that the police are in this matter only the mouthpiece of the Executive at Dublin Castle, and violent denunciations have frequently been forthcoming from the Irish members of Parliament against this system of using the highest judicial function of the country for purposes of intimidation, judges being made to harangue the public in solemn form and give a judicial imprimatur to bogus statistics of crime or of manufactured outrage, which could later be used with effect in the English Parliament and the English press as justifying wholesale coercion in Ireland. The fact that the Lord Chief Baron has now put himself on record as discountenancing it is interpreted as implying the early abolishment of one of the noxious and offensive little tyrannies that accompany the administration of English justice in Ireland.

One of the most interesting developments in the Irish question is the attitude taken by leading parliamentary representatives of the so-called "loyal and Protestant" districts of the North of Ireland. Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. Lonsdale frankly advocate compulsory sale of land to Irish tenants. Mr. Russell goes further, and declares that in the fight against the landlords the Unionists of the North should seek alliance with the Irish Nationalists. Mr. Russell is the most conspicuous and able of

the Unionist representatives, and some of his recent utterances reveal a remarkable change of heart and a new sense of patriotism that augurs well for Ireland's prospects. Mr. Russell recently made a tour in the North and was enthusiastically greeted by the Protestant farmers. He declared that the day of acrimonious religious contention, of bitter strife of Orangeman against Catholic, was past. He appealed to his hearers to refuse to occupy themselves with those dead issues, but to make their concern with the living present and the future.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have recently been in the West, where I spent two months. What I saw there made me unutterably sad. I asked a Frenchman who sat next me at dinner one night in Connemara what he thought of the country. His reply was graphic in the extreme. 'Why, sir,' he said, 'it is for all the world as if one of Kitchener's columns had cleared it.' A strong English Conservative, sitting on my left, said he and his wife had both been horrified by what they had that day seen, and he added that he would not like it to be thought that his Conservatism sanctioned such treatment of the people.

"That very day I had driven through one of the most lovely glens in the whole country. The everlasting hills were on each side of us. The river, swollen by heavy rains, rushed over stones and boulders. Away on the side of the mountains, and far up too, there were everywhere traces of old cultivation. Here and there were ruined homesteads, telling their own tale. For miles we drove and passed no living thing save black Angus cattle and the most lithe and graceful sheep we ever saw. And at the mouth of the glen stood two shepherds' cottages. I asked the driver of our car if people had once occupied these parts. 'Ay, plenty of them,' was his grim reply. The landlord had made a solitude and called it peace. Where are these people now? They are scattered over the world; driven forth by evil laws and rankling injustice to make room for sheep and cattle. And wherever they are they treasure up their sorrows, and they are the enemies of England.

"And I have gone into other regions where there is no beauty, where there are no babbling streams. I have gone into the slums of Ireland's great cities. I have seen what life is to tens of thousands of men, women, and children for whom Christ died. I have seen drink-cursed homes. I have heard the cry

of hunger and seen the famine look in the pinched faces of little children. Gentlemen, it is all utterly wrong. It is not the will of God that these things should be."

The sympathy of the Unionist member and of his Ulster audience for the sufferings and grievances of the Catholic portion of Ireland is a novel feature, and is full of promise of future good results. With Ulster in an alliance of any kind with the other three provinces, the British government would regard the day of trouble as imminent. The Nationalist party contend that short of Home Rule there is absolutely no solution for the problem of Ireland's grievances, and it has been their aim to win over Ulster to this view.

But against Home Rule the sentiment in England is hourly growing stronger. Home Rule in itself would probably be granted to Ireland with a willing heart, but the English rulers fear that Home Rule would soon mean total separation. A totally independent Ireland, they think, would mean an Ireland either actively or passively hostile. And should war break out between England and Germany or France or Russia, why Ireland would be the point of vantage from which the enemy could menace and overawe England. If we give Ireland Home Rule, then good-bye to our own independence, is the way in which a good three-quarters of the people of England now formulate their opposition to Irish autonomy. So it is fairly safe to say that in her present humor England would lose her last ship and spend the last shilling in her treasury rather than concede Home Rule to Ireland.

What, then, is the present programme for the redress of Irish grievances? Mr. Redmond, in behalf of the party of which he is the leader, calls for agitation at home and tells his people to rely on the help of the United States. Agitation has begun, and the British government responds to it, as in the past, by applying coercion and by imprisoning the active leaders of the agitation. As regards relying on the United States, there is a pathetic insistence in Ireland on the blessings and redress that are to come from this quarter. And what is being done over here?

The Provisional Executive Committee of the United Irish League of America has issued an address to the people of this country. Some of the more salient paragraphs follow:

"Ireland, by her chosen and accredited envoys who recently visited the United States and Canada, has called upon us, her kith and kin on this continent, and on all lovers of liberty, to aid her in winning back from England the national independence of which she has been so unjustly deprived, and also the fertile lands, the natural heritage of her people, of which successive crown confiscations—the result of violated treaties—robbed their ancestors.

"The grievances under which Ireland, after the lapse of generations, still labors, would justify an appeal to arms. Were her military resources and opportunities equal to draw the sword or use the rifle with even a reasonable chance of success, we would prefer that method of obtaining her rights and avenging the insults heaped upon her by a remorseless government to any other. But we know that she is not—at present untrained, unarmed, and without formidable allies as her people are—in a position to cope with the forces of England.

"Must we, therefore, brood in sullen silence over the grievances still endured by our kindred in Ireland while England is left to pursue, absolutely unchecked by any force whatever, her programme of the extermination of the Irish people on their native soil?

"Mr. Redmond and his associates told us fully and frankly, during their recent tour in this country, that the chief cause of despondency over the future of Ireland is the strong tide of emigration which ever sweeps the young and vigorous of both sexes from her shores, gradually but surely reducing her population to two classes—the aged and the immature.

"This threatening tide of emigration proceeds mainly from the agricultural classes, because, by a singular economic contradiction, the result of England's selfish policy and of landlord rapacity, the poorer lands of Ireland are over-populated, while the richer are mostly given over to the beasts of the field.

"The great task, then, of our generation is to strive and 'root the Irish people in their soil'—the work so gloriously begun by Parnell and now so ably prosecuted by Redmond, Davitt, O'Brien, Dillon, and their associates. The young rural people of Ireland must be given a living interest in the land that gave them birth. In order that they may cleave unto the soil they must be made, like the Frenchman, the Hollander, and the Boer, farmer proprietors.

"The farming youth of Ireland must be brought down from the mountains and out of the moors which the wondrous industry

of their fathers partially reclaimed and wrung a meagre living out of in spite of penal persecution and felonious landlordism. They must, instead, be planted on the broad and fertile plains, and enjoy the heritage intended for them by the God of nature.

"This, allied to the underlying cause of Irish national independence, is the noble mission of the United Irish League of Ireland. We, American Irish, are honored in being commissioned by its leaders to supplement its good work by forming an auxiliary organization in full harmony with that of which John E. Redmond is president.

"It is our duty to sustain Ireland in her chosen policy, which in no way conflicts with our national sentiments either as friends of Ireland or as American citizens.

"We therefore, obedient to the request of the Irish nation made through its accredited representatives, call upon the American Irish throughout the limits of this continent to form as soon as may be possible branches of the United Irish League of America, to co-operate with our Irish brethren in the cause of national liberty and agrarian reform."

But is not all this somewhat redolent of the vague generalities that one has heard for years and years and as far back as the memory of any one of this generation can go? If the British government refuses Home Rule and is more than ever averse to imposing compulsory sale on the landlords, what are the plans for promoting the cause of national liberty? and how are the landlords to be forced out?—for this is implied in the rooting of the Irish people in their soil, and in the bringing of the farming youth down from the mountains and out of the moor and planting them on the fertile plains. Not, you say, by recourse to arms. But what, then, are the concrete practical plans?

Can it be that what Ireland most lacks is a leader? Her woes are grievous and of urgent redress. There are friends in all quarters of the globe who would gladly aid in drying her tears, and in repairing the mischief that English laws have wrought. But has there yet been born a Moses to lead her out of bondage? Time alone must decide, and pessimistic doubts are perhaps out of place. Great occasions bring forth fitting men, and it is perhaps legitimate for Irishmen and for the friends of Ireland to hope that the present revival of Irish agitation may prove vastly more forceful than any in the past.

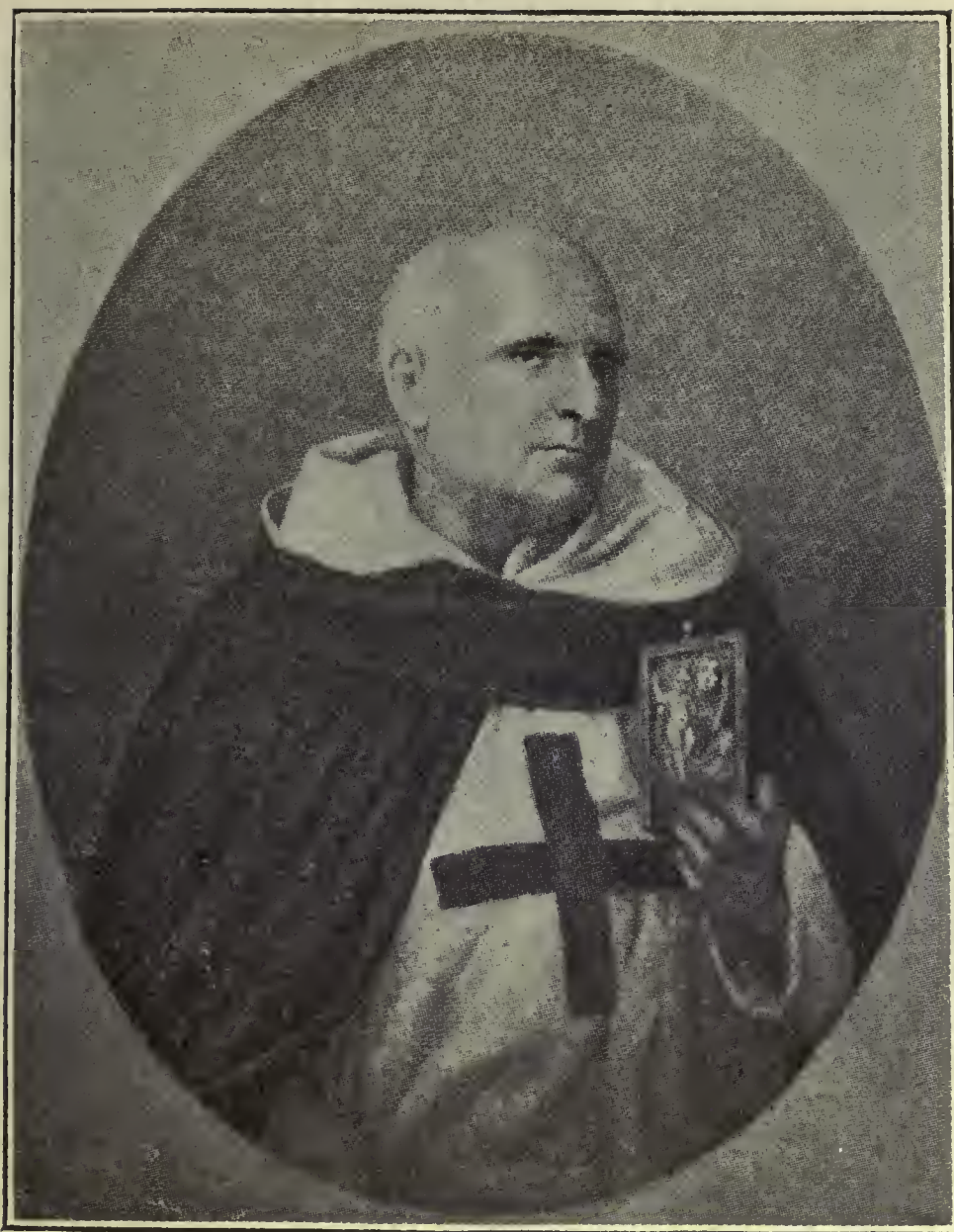
THE CONFESSIONAL.

A resting place, along life's troublous way,
Where weary hearts can lay their burdens down ;
Forgiving smiles dispel the accusing frown
Of conscience, for the moments gone astray.
The entrance, woe. The joyous exit, weal ;
Just room enough to pray, repent, and kneel.

God's ministers, with mind and soul and voice,
In kindly words, vouchsafe a healing balm.
The tempest-tossed find there the Heavenly calm
And tear-wet eyes are lifted to rejoice.
It is a wayside shrine, where those who wait
Gain faith and guidance toward the Heavenly gate.

Within its shadows life begins anew ;
Distasteful grow the follies that allured ;
The truly penitent depart assured
Of high-born thoughts that last a life-time through.
The earthly symbol of the gate of Heaven ;
Kneel, pray, repent. Pass on. Thou art forgiven.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.



PADRE ANTONIO, THE MINISTER-GENERAL OF THE TRINITARIANS, WHO DIED IN 1867 IN THE ODOR OF SANCTITY.

A TUSCAN GOOD WORK: THE CONGREGATION OF S. MICHELE DEI SANTI.

BY MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL, *Author of "In Tuscany," etc.*

ENGLISH-SPEAKING people, who have not the advantage of an intimate knowledge of Italy or Spain, are too apt to imagine that zeal for souls is no longer of the ancient make among Christ's clergy, that new and original and yet distinctively Catholic works no longer flourish in Christ's Church, or at best are still-born, that saints and blessed and venerable servants of God have ceased to exist. They are unmindful of the fact that the saint has always sought to hide himself and his work, that it is often only owing to the inquisitive prying of

NOTE.—The photographs in this article, not bearing any other name, were kindly taken for me by my friend and colleague, the Hon. James Allwood Smith, United States Consul at Leghorn.

busybodies (like myself) that the mantle of their great humility has been raised and the splendor of their hidden virtues blazoned to the world.

In the city of Leghorn there lives, still young in years, one of these servants of God, and he has founded an old-time work of sanctity so modern as to be scarcely two years old. Giovanni Battista Saglietto is his name in the world; Fra Giovanni del Sacro Cuore in religion. It is necessary to call attention to the distinction, for Padre Giovanni is a parish priest and yet a member of a religious order, and no member of a religious order may, by the law of Italy, be a parish priest unless he first "secularizes" himself. The "secularization" with most religious is a mere matter of form; they continue to wear the habit of the order and lead the community life where a community is still left. But none of their acts would be valid unless done in the name which they bore in the world. And so it happens that Padre Giovanni is even better known as Padre Saglietto.

Fra Giovanni is a member of the ancient and honorable Order of the Discalced Friars of the Most Holy Trinity, founded by St. John of Matha and St. Felix of Valois, in 1198, for the Redemption of Captives from the Moors. The order still does African work, but is now more concerned with the piteous plight of captives nearer home. Popularly the friars are called "Crocianti," from the Cross (red over blue) which they wear on their white scapulars and black cappas, and in England, from a corruption of "Crocianti," they came to be called the "Crutched Friars." Most busy city men will know a street full of offices near the Tower called "Crutched Friars," and many may have wondered what association these friars can have had with crutches. The order has produced three canonized saints: St. John of Matha, St. Felix of Valois, and St. Michael of the Saints, besides many blessed and venerable servants of God; the Roman prophetess, the Venerable Anna Maria Taigi (ob. 1837), was a Trinitarian Tertiary; Father Anthony of the Mother of God, Minister-General of the Order, who died in 1867, died in the odor of sanctity. And it may be of interest to some readers to know that the Queen Mother of Italy, Margaret of Savoy, is a Tertiary and benefactress of the order.

Padre Giovanni came to Leghorn about two and a half years ago as parish priest of San Ferdinando, the church of the Trinitarians. It is a handsome church, now situated in the



PADRE GIOVANNI.

poorest quarter of the town, a quarter known as "Venezia" from the numerous canals which intersect it. The old houses are fine; for here, once upon a time, the Leghorn merchants lived above their warehouses and offices. Now, as I said, Venezia has become the poorest quarter of the town. It is the abode of rough (if good-hearted) waterside characters; there are anarchists in the parish; it is the haunt of all the elements blindly and bitterly hostile to the church and her ministers. And of this bitter hostility we know nothing in comfortable

England or prosperous America; in Italy it takes the form of the most active hatred to the very idea of "il prete," from whom all evils are supposed to flow. Inside the church there are some fine marbles; six statues of sainted kings, our own Edward the Confessor among them; and over the high altar is a noble group by Giovan Battista Barratta, whose work is well known to visitors of the Pisa Duomo, representing the deliverance of two captives by an angel. The second chapel on the left will attract the attention of Englishmen: it is dedicated to St. Peter, and contains the body of the founder, Peter Jarvis, "nobilis Anglus de Sandvich," as his tomb tells us, who died in 1723, having given all his substance to Holy Church, the Poor, and the Redemption of Captives.* The church has lately attracted the attention of the government, and has, for its beauties, been declared a "monumento nazionale."

When Padre Giovanni took over charge of the parish he found it in a deplorable condition. That but few men should come to Mass, that many should be openly leagued against the church, was comprehensible if terrible, but the most grievous evil of all was the existence of a society of boys bound by secret oath never to enter a Catholic church, and to prevent any other boys from doing so. These young reprobates took a particular delight in offending the ears of good Christians by the most shocking forms of blasphemy. They would open the church doors during divine service and shout "Abasso Gesù!" or "Abasso la Madonna!" They posted their scouts and, so to speak, surrounded the church with a cordon, to try and prevent other boys from going to Mass. At this time there were only eleven boys in the large parish who had the courage to frequent the Sacraments, and they must in justice be described as young heroes.

* The following is the inscription on Peter Jarvis's tomb. I regret that I have been unable to find out anything about him. The arms, as far as I am able to decipher them, are: Azure, semé of fleur-de-lys, a Lion rampant, or.

D. O. M.
 PETER YARVIS NOBILIS ANGLUS
 DE SANDVICH
 TOTUS FLAGRANS CHARITATE
 ERGA CATHOLICAM FIDEM
 DEO OMNIA SUA
 ECCLESIAE EGENIS CAPTIVIS TRADIDIT
 CORPORI QUOQUE SUO
 HIC REQUIEM DEDIT
 A. D. MDCCXXIII.



THE HIGH ALTAR, WITH BARRATTA GROUP OVER IT.

The leader of these young rascals and founder of this juvenile anti-Catholic society was a wiry, active, high-handed, dare-devil of a boy called Salvadori Lismano. He was a born leader of men, and partly by terrorism and bullying, partly by the magnetism of the natural leader, his society grew and flourished apace. Padre Giovanni formed the idea of founding a society to combat this evil association, but the idea seemed madness. He had another great idea: to convert Lismano, but that seemed even more mad. The boys had noticed that the new parish priest was showing unpleasant signs of zeal, and they

hated him for it cordially. Padre Giovanni betook himself to prayer; he also tried to get into conversation with Lismano, but that he found impossible, for the boy purposely evaded him. One day he came face to face with him in the street. "I want to speak to you," said the priest. "You mind your own business and I'll mind mine," replied Lismano insolently. "And I advise you to leave us boys alone, or you'll get something you won't like."

There seems no doubt, however, that Padre Giovanni's zeal and good works impressed Lismano from the first, and he must have turned the matter over in his mind in however sullen a fashion. One thing is certain, that a relative of his, who had some influence over the boy, after much prayer and searching of heart induced him to go and see the new parish priest. On the day of the appointment Padre Giovanni went to the church door, and found him standing outside in defiant and sullen anger. Quick as thought the priest seized him by the arm and pushed him into the church. Lismano was either too surprised to remonstrate, or, what is more possible, felt something like admiration for this imitation of his own high-handed ways. At all events he allowed himself to be half-led, half-dragged, to the sacristy. "And now," said Padre Giovanni, "go down on your knees and confess your sins. At least you needn't confess your sins, for I can tell you well enough what they are. You've done so and so, and so and so, and so and so, and so and so." Lismano did go on his knees, and when he rose from them he was a completely changed boy, a sincere penitent. "And now," said Padre Giovanni once more, "you are to be as openly good as you have been openly bad. You shall have a society too, but it shall work for good, as yours has hitherto worked for evil. Go out into the streets and find me the subjects for the society; I'll go away and write its rule."

Lismano went straight from the sacristy to the altar rails and received Holy Communion, for it was still early morning. After his thanksgiving he asked for a little crucifix such as boys in Italy wear on the occasion of their first Communion. He went out into the streets openly wearing this crucifix. The news spread and the sensation was considerable. His companions in evil regarded the whole thing as a hoax. But Lismano was entirely changed and very much in earnest. He converted a little room at the back of his father's shop into an



LISMANO.

oratory, collected his old fellow-workers in iniquity there, harangued them, said the Rosary with them. In fact he worked so strenuously and well that he brought over the whole of his anti-Catholic society to the church. There was no resisting him, for the boys had been in the habit of obeying him. I do not

mean to imply that he had quite lost his overbearing ways in one morning. He suffered considerable persecution even from his elders, and all that chaff which is so particularly irritating to a high-spirited boy. Once he fairly lost his temper; the old Adam in him came out in full swing, and he badly thrashed a lad older than himself. After that he had a quieter time. He is a muscular young Christian, and has known how to make himself feared as well as respected. This, in briefest outline, was the beginning of the Congregation of S. Michele dei Santi, which I believe is destined to spread to other towns and work yet other miracles. "Lismano is its real founder," said Padre Giovanni to me in his humble fashion; "without him I could have done nothing."

St. Michael, the patron saint, was born in 1591 in the little town of Vich, in Catalonia; he died in Valladolid, at the age of our Lord, in 1625. Pius VI. in 1779 beatified him, and Pius IX. in 1862 enrolled him among the saints. Devotion to this new saint has scarcely begun in England or the United States, but he is a saint who has proved himself to possess great influence in the Court of Heaven. From his early infancy he manifested a most tender and perfect purity, and, according to the beautiful legend, our Lord so loved his pure heart that he assumed it unto himself during the saint's life-time, giving him instead a mystical heart with which to finish his days. Hence in all pictures of St. Michael of the Saints there is a representation of a mystical exchange of hearts. Change of heart is the one thing needful in all attempts at a radical reform of corrupt human nature, and so Fra Giovanni of the Sacred Heart, longing for a change of heart in these wild boys of his, chose Michael for their patron.

I have left myself but little space to speak of the congregation. It is managed entirely by the boys themselves, though Padre Giovanni has reserved to himself the right of controlling their actions and annulling their deliberations should he think fit. Salvadori Lismano is its supreme governor. The congregation is divided into three divisions. Each division has a president and three directors. Other great officers of the congregation are the governor's two assessors, the secretary, the treasurer, and the procurator. These, with the presidents and directors of divisions, form the council. The council meets periodically, and



THE SOCIETY IS MANAGED BY THE BOYS THEMSELVES.

conducts its deliberations with much form and solemnity, but Padre Giovanni is not far from its elbow.

The objects of the congregation are: the teaching of Christian doctrine; an open profession of the Catholic Faith; the frequenting of the Sacraments; a league against blasphemy and bad language; mutual benefit aid among the poor and sick brethren; a school of religious music; and evening recreation (pursued with great vigor and gusto). The first division is composed of boys under twelve; the second of boys under fifteen; the third of all others. The congregation has a very picturesque dress: a white linen tunic with white girdle, the scapular of the Trinitarians, and a cape or *sarrocchino*.* The cape of the first division is red† with a white border; of the second, white with

* From San Rocco (St. Roch), who is usually represented in art as wearing a palmer's cape.

† Red in Tuscany is the color of children in memory of the blood of the Holy Innocents. A child's little coffin is always covered with a red pall.

a red and blue border; of the third, or highest, black with a red and blue border. There are medals for good conduct, medals for attendance, medals for proficiency in Christian doctrine. Each high officer has a distinguishing badge, and the governor is recognizable by a very grand species of grand cordon. The congregation, which two years ago began with twelve, now numbers 243 boys. So quickly have they come in that poor Padre Giovanni has not the funds to provide all with the dress of the congregation. It is a trial of patience to the ragged little fellows who have to walk in procession by their brothers in the proper habit. But the congregation is becoming known in Italy and in Heaven, and surely some benefactors will come forward and put an end to the anomaly by their offerings.

The congregation possesses a mutual benefit fund. It is small, but the Queen Mother of Italy has just contributed 1,000 lire to it; so the fund is to be turned into capital and invested. This fund is administered by the council. Padre Giovanni brings forward a case of need in all its circumstances; the council deliberates upon it and votes so much bread or so much money, but in no case is the name of the needy family divulged to any member of the council except the procurator, who is charged to distribute the relief voted. Thus the pride of the boys is never wounded when their families are reduced to accept small doles from the congregation. The management of the mutual benefit fund is particularly commendable. Indeed I commend to the attention of English-speaking Catholics the whole of the constitution of the congregation; so full of dignity is it, so wise, so well-ordered, so common-sense, and framed with so just a regard to human nature—it might even help to exterminate the domestic pest of Hooliganism. I should have stated that the boys pay a subscription of a penny a month.

But the great object of the congregation is to save the rising generation from the clutches of those secret anti-Catholic societies from which he who once enters can scarcely ever hope to escape again. Boys who have made their first Communion are invited to “consecrate” themselves to the congregation. The “consecration” is made publicly in church, but does not bind by vow or oath. The boy merely promises to observe certain good resolutions. But there is another step beyond consecration, and that is a solemn oath. It is a very bold step, and Padre Giovanni only allows it to be used very sparingly

and after long and searching probation. The congregation was founded on Trinity Sunday, 1899, and so far only eight boys have been allowed to take the oath.* The oath is made publicly into the hands of a bishop, in presence of the Blessed Sacrament; but I will try and describe this touching and beautiful ceremony.



THE DRESS IS VERY PICTURESQUE.

The brothers in their picturesque dresses march out of the sacristy, followed by the bishop and clergy. The bishop takes his seat on the gospel side of the altar, the postulants kneeling before him.

"What is your wish, beloved sons?" asks the bishop.

"We desire, most reverend father," answer the postulants, "to be admitted to a solemn oath against the societies or sects condemned by the Catholic Church."

"In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, dear sons," replies the bishop, "we most willingly allow you to make this act of fidelity and love to the Roman Pontiff and Holy Church."

*The names of these eight courageous lads deserve to be set on record: 1. Salvadori Lismano, Governor; 2. Alessandro Balleri, Treasurer; 3. Giuseppe Pampana, President 1st Division; 4. Adolfo Minghi, President 2d Division; 5. Amleto Casabona, President 3d Division; 6. Oscar Zupi, 1st Director 2d Division; 7. Ezio Fuccini, 2d Director 2d Division; 8. Omero Trocar, 1st Director 3d Division.

But do you rightly know the importance of it, and its consequences ? ”

“ Yes, most reverend father, we do, by the grace of God.”

Then the bishop addresses a brief “ fervorino ” to the postulants, and having said the collect “ Deus qui non vis mortem peccatoris,” intones the “ Veni Creator,” which is followed by three collects, “ Deus qui corda fidelium,” “ Concede nos famulos tuos,” and a collect of San Michele dei Santi, which, because it will be new to most of my readers, I quote in full:

“ Misericors Deus, qui Sanctum Michaellem Confessorem tuum, morum innocentia et mirabili charitate præstare voluisti; concede quæsumus, ut hi famuli tui ejusdem intercessione a vitiis liberati, et igne tui amoris succensi, ad te pervenire mereantur. Per Christum Dominum Nostrum. Amen.”

At the conclusion of the collects Monseigneur the Bishop sprinkles the postulants with holy water while they three times chant the versicle: “ Suscipe me, Domine, secundum eloquium tuum, et vivam, et non confundas me ab expectatione mea.” To which the choir three times answer: “ Suscepimus, Deus, misericordiam tuam in medio templi tui.”

Once more the bishop addresses the postulants. “ Most dear sons,” he asks, “ do you make this oath spontaneously, without having been forced thereto by threats or promises, and simply with the desire of serving God more faithfully ? ”

“ We do, most reverend father, by the mercy of God.”

“ And will you be faithful unto death to your solemn promises ? ”

“ We hope to be, most reverend father, by the grace of God, and by the intercession of Mary Immaculate and of our Protector, St. Michael of the Saints.”

The bishop then rises and, advancing to the middle of the altar, addresses the postulants in yet more solemn tones: “ My sons, with all my heart I invoke the grace of God upon you in this most solemn moment, so that it may strengthen you to maintain unto the last hour of your lives the promises which you are about to make by oath at the foot of this altar. But woe unto you if ever, by your misfortune, or out of human respect, or led away by evil companions, you are false to your promises and your oath.”

One of the brothers of the second division then reads a prayer to St. Michael of the Saints in Italian, beseeching that

he would recommend the postulants to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And then the shrill voice of a little fellow of the first division is heard, saying: "Let us pray the Immaculate Virgin, companions, that she may help our brothers." All the brothers of the congregation then fall upon their knees and recite together a beautiful prayer to the Blessed Virgin. "Pray for them," it ends, "in this solemn moment, so that they may never, either out of human respect or by the threats and promises of the impious, be found faithless to the vows they are about to make."

After the collect "*Deus misericors, Deus clemens*," from monseigneur, each of the postulants pronounces the oath in a loud voice. It is very simple and runs as follows:

"To the honor and glory of the Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, of the Blessed Virgin, Mary Immaculate, of Saint Michael of the Saints, and all of the Heavenly Court, I, N. N., make oath and promise that all my life long I will be faithful to the Catholic Church, obedient and respectful to the Roman Pontiff, and that I will never join any society or sect condemned by the Holy See."*

"O Lord, may thy grace never be withdrawn from them," sing the brethren of the congregation, and a few more prayers bring to an end one of the most recent, one of the most touching, beautiful, and salutary ceremonies ever sanctioned by the fruitful Mother of sanctity and good works, the Holy Catholic Church. I write of the living and not the dead, and fear to say too much. But how much have I not been privileged to see: the touching friendship between this saintly friar and the rough boy who rules the congregation, the hopes and fears of the institution, its crying wants, its fervent processions and devout Communions, the anonymous letters of insensate madmen, who know not what they do, threatening battle, murder, and revenge upon the zealous founder. The full history of the congregation will be written in another generation. But to us of this it teaches the great lesson that if the Church is Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, she is also still Holy; that if the meanest and worst of us desire to change our hearts the Lord of Love is ready as of yore to give us all the means of making a full and generous exchange.

* On the 30th September, 1900, when these eight boys took the oath, the governor despatched a telegram to the Holy Father asking the Apostolic Benediction, and received in return a most gracious reply.

JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.

BY MARY SARFIELD GILMORE.

PART II.—*Continued.*

IN THE RAPIDS OF YOUTH.

CHAPTER VI.

JOYCE CROSSES THE RUBICON.



HE next day!

The chasm separating subordinate youth from independent manhood is spanned, when the youth is college-bred, by the single night connecting final Commencement and "long vacation,"—the permanent vacation of the graduated, emancipated from scholastic rule and regulation for the term of human life. But brief as it is in actual time, the night between youth's consummation and manhood's beginning is among the most momentous of human epochs, inaugurating and not infrequently predestinating the maturity beyond. Its "wee sma' hours" are seldom hours of peaceful slumber. Sometimes, indeed, by pathetic and even tragic mistake, they are hours of feverish carousal, sowing the wind whose whirlwind devastates the field

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West.

of future life. But otherwise, they are hours of mental travail rife with ambitious project and daring enterprise; prolific, at best, of strength for labor, which is the price of life's success!

It had been Joyce's fate to bear the throes of transition a trifle prematurely. His was not the happy-go-lucky nature for which the evil or good of to-day suffices. He was solicitous for the morrow with the righteous solicitude of the earnest, resolute life cast, in a human sense, upon its own resources; and it was not in the nature of Hiram Josselyn's son to trust that the future would bring its own provision. On the contrary, even the most prosperous days of Joyce's young life had been haunted by the inherited conviction that future provision would be lacking, and justly lacking, should he who desired to reap the harvest neglect to sow its spring-time seed! Therefore he had not awaited the close of his college-life to decide upon the career to follow it. But decision was one thing, action another: and facing the momentous hour of action, he feared lest his inexperience betray him into a false first step. A propitious start would shorten the way to eventual success; while a mistake at the outset might result in irretrievable failure. Grudging the waste of time and energy incurred by doubt and hesitation, Joyce reproached himself, on the morning following Class-Day, for his improvident neglect to solve post-graduate problems in detail, in anticipation of his plunge into the world. As yet he failed to realize that to forecast one's own future too confidently, is the most futile of human presumptions. Opportunities are providential, and more often than otherwise come as surprises. The man resolved to stand or fall by self-made opportunities is the man whose fall is sure.

The career upon which, in a general sense, Joyce already had decided, had revealed itself to him as his natural vocation, not in sudden apocalypse, but in gradual vision first dawning upon him in his junior year. As a Freshman he had been too engrossed in study, too bewildered by novelty, and too exclusively absorbed by student-ambitions, for serious introspection; but during his first vacation,—passed in Maintown in consideration of his father's still feeble condition,—he had thought deeply of his impelling taste, his dominant ability, his defined ambition; and as though in answer prophetic of his eventual decision, his return to college was signalized by the consignment of the editorship of the Class-paper into his hands. Then it was that

Joyce discerned the shadow of coming destiny. In any profession or avocation out of touch with intellectual work, he knew that he should not find content; yet neither erudition pure and simple, nor even more ambitious and alluring authorship, appealed to him as an end. As his range of choice passed before his mental eyes, it seemed at first to present two careers attracting him impellently:—the career of the financier, to which, by inherited greed of gold, his material instincts tempted him,—and the more illustrious career of the politician, between which alluring possibilities his ardent youth and strong ambition pulsed with coequal love. But as time and experience matured him mentally, he recognized that midway between finance and politics, exactly where he hesitated, the Press,—most universal of worldly powers, virtual master of autocratic Capital, and maker or marrer of political party and man,—opened to him his destined place.

“Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword,”

he quoted; and to be “entirely great” did not seem an insuperable condition to Joyce, of whose optimism and excess of ambition, self-confidence was born!

During the vacation of his senior year, Joyce had put his embryo convictions to practical test, and served his apprenticeship on the reportorial staff of a Boston Daily, to which his college-notes had introduced him favorably. His amateur experience was predictive of later success. His facile pen, quick and versatile sympathies, shrewd intuitions as to the winning side of public questions, and convenient though not commendable lack of such fixed principles as are the rock upon which conscientious natures come to grief, equipped him propitiously for modern journalism; and long before he was graduated, it was an open secret in Centreville that it was by the “mighty pen” that Joyce Josselyn aspired to win the guerdons of the “man entirely great”!

The Boston Daily to which he owed his first assignment had welcomed him during successive vacations, both as reporter and substitute copy-reader; and had offered to him, in advance of his graduation, a permanent position upon its staff. But though by no means scornful of this exceptional opportunity, Joyce regarded it only as a transient resource.

Packing his boxes,—not in the helter-skelter fashion characteristic of irresponsible masculinity, but with the nice and deliberate neatness of a nature both fastidious and economical,—he told himself that no humble or subordinate position could ever satisfy his ambitions. He was not unwilling to begin at the bottom, indeed, where the goal at the top was both visible and attainable; but in insatiable Joyce's opinion, old Boston lacked goals for ambitious Young America! He revered his native New England as an honorable cradle; and even, in its moral rigor, its intellectual ideals, its standards of thrift, its healthful spirit of asceticism, as a splendid school for impetuous youth. But the propitious field for speedy and extensive fortune seemed to lie outside it, in cosmopolitan New York, in international Washington, or in the young, vital, American West! It was somewhat unflattering to the exerted powers of suggestion of his social patroness, Mrs. Raymond, that the latter thought, as it flashed upon Joyce, seemed to take him by surprise rather than to occur to him naturally, as an already familiar idea. As the sudden inspiration defined itself illuminatively, he lifted a face flushed by happy excitement, and springing from his stooping posture, smote his left palm emphatically with his clinched right hand. His blue eyes flashed and darkened; his rumpled hair fluffed above his white forehead like a coronal of triumph.

"By Jove! I've got it! The West, the West," he soliloquized, jubilantly. "The effete old East isn't in it for a fellow! New wine in old bottles hasn't half a chance to ferment, and I'm in for a fizz, not for stagnation! Yes, I'll make a try in Chicago, or Denver, or way up in Leadville altitudes;—and if they fail me, there is Oklahoma left,—or the Klondike! What's the matter with me, with all the world before me? Not the slightest thing! *I'm* all right!"

In an exultant mood of boyish glee he resumed his packing with excited ardor. He was no more the mere handler of material things, but the user of means, the master of instruments, the swayer of forces! Beyond the boxes his prophetic eyes sighted his journey; and beyond the journey, already he looked spell-bound upon a vision of heroic struggle and glorious attainment. The vista of manhood opening before him dazzled him with its brilliant possibilities. It seemed to him that the world and all the kingdoms thereof were created alone and only for Joyce Josselyn, in his joyous youth and supremacy of sex!

Such moods are not necessarily egotistical and complacent,—they are phases of transition prolific of inspiration to noble effort. The man of faint heart who lacks faith in his own future, never achieves the glorious summits scaled by youth's unbounded hope!

It was like a dash of cold water upon leaping flame when Father Martin, dropping in for a promised chat concerning plans and prospects, ruthlessly pooh-poohed the Western idea as reckless and visionary; and advised Joyce, if his journalistic choice were final, to return to Boston's providential opening, and be content to climb the traditional ladder by slow and sure degrees. For the first time Joyce found his friend cold, unsympathetic, intolerant, even severe. He did not understand that the simplicity and integrity of his Western inspiration were circumstantially open to suspicion. Only the previous day, a few chance words of Raymond's had revealed to Father Martin that the Western financier's friendly intentions in regard to Joyce were a concession in favor of his wife's protégé, rather than inspired by his own spontaneous interest; and the heart of the priest had throbbed painfully at the discovery. His cousin Imogen's patronage he knew to be but a whimsical social fancy; yet into what false positions and expectations might it not delude Joyce, for whose spiritual and temporal welfare he felt in a measure responsible! The world of wealth, with its demoralizing atmosphere of leisure and luxurious pleasure, he knew to be perilously tempting to Joyce's mercenary yet refined and sensitive nature; and he feared lest his youth should lack strength to stand against opportunities which, in subjugating his pride and independence to worldly experience, must inevitably react deterioratingly upon his manly and moral nature.

"Why and when did this Western idea occur to you?" Father Martin demanded, his arraigning eyes subjecting Joyce's mobile young face to a stern and pitiless scrutiny.

"Only this minute," responded Joyce, unhesitatingly; "as suddenly and luminously as a flash of lightning! As to 'why,' I'm sure I don't know! Probably Kismet willed it. Or perhaps the ghost of old Greeley whispered to me, 'Go West, young man, go West!'"

"Has no human voice anticipated the whisper, Joyce?—No *woman-voice*?"

A puzzled look flickered over Joyce's face. Then his clear

eyes flashed upon his inquisitor a sudden frank glance of amused intelligence.

"Now that you ask me, I remember that Mrs. Raymond has suggested that I conquer the West," he said. "But I never thought twice of her words, you know. A man doesn't take a woman's advice seriously!"

Father Martin smiled broadly, with lips and eyes. After all, Joyce was still an innocent boy! The wiles of the world had not spoiled him.

"Under many circumstances, the greatest men cannot do better than to take a woman's suggestions seriously, my boy," he said: "but in this special case I am glad that you are uninfluenced. I wish to see you win by your own merits;—by your own merits only, under God's blessing!"

"I intend that you shall," replied Joyce, confidently; "and the West suggests itself to me as the one really promising field for my independent success, in a cat's life-time! Therefore your disapproval seems to me irrational and unjust. It surprises and disappoints me!"

"Nevertheless, my disapproval survives your surprise and disappointment, Joyce. Perhaps I am selfish, and desire to keep my Maintown boy near me!"

"Not you, Father Martin," laughed Joyce. Then, with a swift change from light to gentle mood, he rested his hand on the priest's shoulder, with a touch almost feminine in its tenderness.

"Dear your Reverence," he said, "to be near you, and to realize that you are pleased to have me near you, has been the proudest happiness of my life, up to date; and I doubt if the future can rival it! But in order to return to you with my arms full of sheaves, I must leave you for a little time,—I must! Surely your best wishes will follow me?"

"My prayers will follow you everywhere, Joyce, and under all circumstances! But do not deny my advice the compliment of serious consideration. Remember that it is the counsel of maturer years and experience. The East is a certainty, the West only a possibility; and it is not the struggler at the start, but the man whose success is at its zenith, whose prudence can afford to take chances! But I shall say no more on the subject. Now I must be off to Carruthdale!"

"Where I, also, am due; since I promised Mrs. Raymond,

by all the stars, to help out her afternoon-tea! May I walk there with you?"

"Oh certainly," acquiesced Father Martin; but his voice was suddenly cold and constrained. "My cousin, Mrs. Raymond, is quite a friend of yours, it seems, Joyce!"

"Like her Reverend kinsman, she has been gratuitously kind, most kind,—not only to me, but also to mine, as you must have observed yesterday! Of course my dear old people aren't a little bit her style, but a daughter could not have been more cordial. She is the queen of trumps, is Mrs. Raymond; and I shall not forget it!"

"Gratitude is sometimes shown best by rejecting new favors," remarked Father Martin, as Joyce hastily made his toilette. "To be frank with you, Joyce, the society of women of fashion is not desirable for a youth who must fight the grim battle of life. The atmosphere of great wealth is enervating, the world of pleasure not the school from which earnestness and industry are graduated. I am glad that my cousin's hospitality has enabled you to meet Miss Broderick and the little Mina. They are refined young gentlewomen whose memory will supply you with a standard of girlhood which you cannot lower without loss of more than ideal! But your present ambitions must be manfully industrial, not social. Bid farewell to Carruthdale and all that it represents, this afternoon, my dear boy, and turn your face to the world of the worker,—the true world for a self-respecting man."

Joyce scarcely understood why he chafed under the gentle words; yet chafe he did, quite evidently. In truth, he was learning his first lesson in humility, and he did not enjoy the experience. It is only in retrospect that the proud spirit of mankind recognizes and acknowledges humility as the solid foundation upon which enduring strength and nobility of character are built! Joyce had no petty pride, no conscious personal vanity. If not absolutely unaware of his exceptional physical advantages, his intellectual superiority, his social charm and propitious promise of success, at least he accepted these pleasant facts quite simply, classifying them with the ordinary natural gifts of normal man, and pluming himself upon them not at all! But there is a resistless assertion of youth, a fine pride of manhood, an invincible independence of Americanism, which instinctively resents any stab to personal dignity; and

Joyce felt his dignity attacked, if not routed, by the suggestion that he was not the Raymonds social equal. Had he not proved his equality by his popularity with them? Did the mere exterior circumstances of wealth and fashion make them more than humankind akin? He had not yet found the world heartless and cruel; but the first suspicion of its possible cruelty,—of the scorn of snobbishness, the slur of selection, the chill of social conservatism, the arrogance of position and presumption of the plethoric purse, dawned upon him; and even while stimulating his natural ambition and challenging his defiance, sorely wounded his still simple heart! Hitherto he had responded to the Raymonds' graciousness with the beautifully natural response of the happy child who sees nothing wonderful in love and bounty, because love and bounty are all it knows of life! But of a sudden he was compelled to realize that, in the eyes of Father Martin and others, his welcome to Carruthdale had been a social favor extended to him as a concession rather than as a right:—that its hospitality had been his honor, and that the smart set of Centreville, to which Carruthdale had introduced him, had tolerated him as an indulged alien, rather than spontaneously welcomed him as a social peer.

Disillusion in any direction is a pathetic experience for simple-hearted youth; and a wound to its pride is the most bitter blow that can be dealt it. Unsophisticated Joyce felt all the world crumbling to dust and ashes, as Father Martin's ruthless frankness swept his social Utopia from under his feet. His mood, as he entered Carruthdale,—a mood ingenuously betrayed by his face,—was boyishly rebellious and wilful. He was pouting like a spoiled child, his brows meeting in a perplexed frown, and his beautiful eyes clouded with complex emotions, which a woman would have vented in tears. Manly repression reacted visibly, fevering his cheeks with hot young blood, and lending his glance an intensity, his manner a recklessness attracting his hostess' observant gaze, as he followed Father Martin into the library.

The great square room whose rear windows opened on a wide veranda redolent of the adjacent pine-grove, which was Carruthdale's picturesque background, was well-filled with representatives of Centreville's college and social circles, with all of whom Joyce was a familiar favorite; and a volley of jovial greetings hailed his appearance, and signalled his progress through the rooms. He responded to them all with a new reserve, a

proud gravity, a sensitive self-repression which made more than one stare after him curiously, wondering what made genial Joyce Josselyn so unlike his usually buoyant self? Behind the mask of convention there were tears of blood oozing from the boy's hurt heart. At least for the hour, his happy ingenuousness was a thing of the past; and since youth is the period of discrepant extremes, his new-born self-consciousness tempted his natural optimism to reckless bitterness. So these cordial men and gracious women, born and bred to the world of pleasure, were the patrons, not simply the social affinities, of Hiram Josselyn's son? Well, they should see how lightly he valued their condescending favors! He was making his way to Mrs. Raymond, with the intention of speedy withdrawal,—once his promise to present himself had been fulfilled,—when his genial host approached him, informally grasping his shoulder by way of hearty greeting.

“Remain after the others, my boy,” he said, “and we'll have a word about business, over our dinner. What my wife says, goes, you know; and she says I'm to make your fortune!”

With a soft frou-frou of silk and lace, Mrs. Raymond paused at her husband's side. Her flashing eyes shone upon Joyce with amused interest. She was studying him in his unguarded moment of pleasant surprise at her husband's address; and the boyish gratitude on his face appealed to her with perhaps the most noble and least selfish appeal to which she had ever responded. She had prided herself upon her equal freedom from the gentle spiritual and emotional sentiments of feminine tradition, and from the maternal instinct which is the natural attribute of womanhood; but though she failed to realize it, it was upon her stunted soul and unawakened heart that the unspoiled youth of Joyce Josselyn was impressing himself; his simplicity, impetuosity, and tender-heartedness piquantly rather than offensively reproaching her own untenderness and subtlety, since the less admirable traits of his character approximated the ruling passions of her own worldly and pleasure-loving nature.

“Profit by this premature lesson in marital duty, young man,” she smiled. “‘Husbands, obey your wives!’ But to ‘make your fortune?’—no; that was not my request, even for Centreville's star-graduate,—whom, for the honor of my uncle's college, I hope to see a celebrity! To put you in the way of making your own fortune is another matter, however; and one

which my husband recognizes as his family-duty to any creditable son of Centreville.—Shall you favor Miss Broderick's tea, or my cousin's claret-cup? But before I resign you to my belles, do make me an open confession of the grievance with which you made your entrance! Had my Reverend cousin been convincing you, you credulous infant, that life's doll is stuffed with sawdust?"

She was smiling at him with undisguised, yet caressing rather than derisive amusement. In her loosely arranged hair was tangled a single rose. The rose-tint of her gown glowed beneath its outer drapery of filmy lace. At her belt a cluster of roses, adjusted with careless grace, breathed out their sweet young lives. Other fair women passed to and fro, and soft strains floated from the music-room, blending with the function's vocal chorus of human chat and laughter. The spacious and lofty library appointed in leather and antique oak,—here chastely tiled, there dully tapestried, and irregularly encircled by rare old tomes interspersed by busts and statues in marble and bronze,—was an effective background, in its sombre luxury, for the pretty social comedy. Joyce's heart-beats quickened as he yielded to the spell of his æsthetic environment. A passion of gratitude was in his eyes as they lingered on Mrs. Raymond. It was she who had opened this beautiful world to him,—the world that he felt his own!

"Why do you call me an infant?" he asked, impulsively. "Why do you always affect that I am only a boy? Surely I am at least slightly your senior in years, Mrs. Raymond?"

His transparent desire to raze all barriers between them betrayed his inexperience, both sentimental and social. His rare youth of heart touched his worldly young hostess, as the innocence of a child touches the mature; and she answered him indulgently.

"Years are mere accidents," she conceded. "Dates are nothing; temperament and experience all! You will always be young, I think, absurdly, deliciously, triumphantly young: while I,—I was born with all the unyouthfulness of world-wearied ancestors in me! But we are about of an age in actual years, you and I, perhaps;—yes! You do not know how flattered I am that you have not mistaken me for your grandmother!"

"Now you are teasing me," he protested. "What am I to say in response, Mrs. Raymond?"

"You are to answer my recent question,—what was the trouble so visibly depressing your youthful spirit, as you arrived?"

Joyce's radiant face clouded. The memory of Father Martin's warning was doubly unwelcome in this moment of his proud young hostess' exceptional cordiality. A sensitive flush slowly mounted his face, crimsoning even his fair brow; and his voice faltered boyishly as he answered.

"Oh, there was no special trouble, you know," he evaded, "and I must be a kid if I reveal every emotion! It was simply that I had been talking to Father Martin of your kindness to me, and he—he—"

"Yes; and he—?"

"Oh well, he put the matter in a new light, that's all! Father Martin's all right, Mrs. Raymond,—it is I who have been wrong. Of course I am only a country-boy. It never struck me to weigh and measure social values. I knew enough only to be grateful to you,—heartily grateful. And Father Martin, in reminding me that gratitude may be proved best by resisting future favors, is in the right of the matter, as the world's logic goes! All that troubles me is the remembrance of past stupidity, born of ignorance of social theories that classify men by their inherited or attained environment, rather than by their human selves! But surely you will believe that any mistake I have made in imposing upon your hospitality has been the fault of my crudity,—not of any unworthy intention?"

As she listened, her face had darkened ominously; but of a sudden she flashed a dazzling smile upon him.

"Infant," she repeated, "do I impress you, then, as a woman to submit to imposition?"

Then she gestured him towards the hospitable tables, her light laugh floating behind her as she left him. He approached Gladys with a dazed look in his eyes. The spell of the glory of the world was upon him:—of the beautiful, brilliant, luxurious temporal world of which his superb young hostess was the presiding incarnate spirit!

It was an evidence of Joyce's popularity that the groups of gay collegiates about the tables increased rather than lessened as he reached them. The hour was late; and the greater number of more mature guests already had taken their departure.

"Ah, there, Josselyn!"

"Hallo, Joyce!"

"Hooray for the valedictorian!"

Then, in voices scarcely above a whisper, echoed the reiterative college-cry.

"Don't give him any cup, Miss Morris! Josselyn's too heady already!"

"Put lots of lemon and ice in the little boy's tea, Miss Broderick. Tea straight would be regular Knock-Out Drops for Josselyn!"

Joyce responded to the jovial greetings with the genial ease of one familiar with popularity. As the great bronze clock, towering in a corner of the library, musically chimed the half-hour after six, the crowd slowly but surely began to disperse; and Joyce soon found himself virtually the last guest, such loiterers as still remained having sought the rear windows for a breath of cool pine-air. Stephen still stood guard by the tables, with the air of a man on pleasant duty. He had assisted his sister and Gladys all the afternoon, and was now recuperating his taxed vitality by a thirsty onslaught upon all the refreshments at hand. Gladys' Russian tea was almost exhausted, but she laughingly indulged him in melted ices; while Mina permitted him to run riot among her syphons, but denied him her claret-cup, in favor of Joyce.

"He is a *cochon*, this big bad brother of mine," she pouted, fluffing toward Joyce like a ruffled canary, in her confection of yellow chiffon. "He has drank my poor table dry, quite dry! I have only claret-cup left for you!"

"It is all cup and no claret," teased Stephen. "You will be a hero, Josselyn, if you drink it without a wry face!"

"Sour raisins!" retorted Mina, meaning grapes, but unconscious of her French slip till the general laugh enlightened her. "But it is true, quite true, Mr. Josselyn, that it is now too late for my cup at its best."

"We are commissioned by Mrs. Raymond to keep Mr. Josselyn to dinner," reminded Gladys, as she started towards Father Martin; "so even warm claret-cup has its prospective compensations, Mina!"

She was in unassuming white, relieved only by pansies massed high on her corsage. Joyce remembered that "pansies are for thoughts"; and found himself wondering vaguely, as his eyes followed her, what thoughts filled the mind of a girl like

Gladys. He had begun to realize that her peaceful loveliness impressed him uniquely; utterly unlike Mrs. Raymond's and Mina's more vivid and restless personalities. With an impatient sigh, resentful of the day's conflicting emotions that were beginning to weary and bewilder him, he turned back to Mina, only to find her sombre eyes fixed with wistful reproach upon his face. By the traditional attraction of opposites, the dreamful little brunette had realized long since that she liked this blonde Joyce Josselyn, with his jubilant boyish spirits, his practical masculine mind, even his imperious worldly ambitions, of which her cousin Imogen spoke so often, and whose prospective success already surrounded him with the golden glamour congenial to her own artistic temperament and self-indulgent life. For two years he had been her more or less intimate associate during her visits to Carruthdale; and now, in a flash, the spoiled and petted Mina recognized that he was indifferent to her presence, with eyes for Gladys only! The girl's vivacity suddenly forsook her. She was conscious of a physical depression of heart, like a sickening physical fall; and her eyes were full of a pathetic reproach as Joyce smiled carelessly into them. His ready sympathy responded with kind intention, though it led him into a mistake.

"You look tired," he exclaimed. "Hospitality in this heat is too much for a fairy! Are you still dancing through life as when I last met you, Miss Morris?"

The bright blood of anger flooded Mina's pale cheeks. Her dark eyes flamed like smouldering fires. Joyce's start of surprise, as she resented his innocent words, endangered the fragile ware he was holding.

"I am not a fairy," she cried, audibly stamping her pliant foot. "Is the musician a spirit? Is the poet a statue? May not one be an artist,—a dancer,—and be still a human girl and woman, with a brain and heart and soul? I am tired of being talked to like a baby, a doll, a shadow! Forget that I dance, and speak to me as you speak to others,—to cousin Imogen—to this new-comer, Gladys! You wrong me in assuming that I have only dancing-feet!"

She flew past Stephen with tear-blinded eyes, and the startled men stared constrainedly at each other. In Stephen's heart was a shock of pained surprise. He had never known Mina to be so femininely human; and it tortured him to remember that he

had wished to make her human. Now it seemed to him that the dawn of womanhood in her childish heart was the saddest and most perilous crisis his little sister had faced. Joyce's innocent eyes were wide in perplexed astonishment. He had offended the graceful little vision whom he had never taken seriously. The tears in her fathomless eyes haunted him. His face was regretful and tender in expression, as he appealed to Stephen.

"I apologize if I pained or offended Miss Morris," he said. "I am really very sorry. I had not the slightest intention—"

"Oh, my dreamful little sister is a sensitive-plant for whose shocks no one is responsible, Josselyn," Stephen answered, lightly. "I am always in hot water with her, myself! The masculine nature is too crude for her. Her delicate atmosphere is above us!"

"Yes,—like an angel's," admitted Joyce. "That is the way Miss Broderick, too, impresses me,—though with a difference! Are all real society-girls just like them, Morris? Mrs. Raymond, now, is more suggestive of—of human queenliness! Not that she is one whit less loftily above one, of course,—only one does not get quite the same impression of—of wings!"

"Bravo, Joyce!" laughed Stephen, heartily. "That's a splendid distinction. But just keep it for my ears only, will you? You see it is a feminine weakness to aspire to wings, and my cousin might not be pleased to know that you consider her's folded!"

"Oh, but hold on; that isn't what I meant at all," protested Joyce, in dismayed distress. "Of course there must be a difference between young girls and women,—just as there is between buds and roses! But I am afraid I cannot explain myself. You see I know so little about the fair sex, anyway! You know college-life has been a pretty serious thing to me; and I haven't taken much stock in the boys' discussion of women! They never seemed to me to strike the sane medium!"

The room was virtually deserted, save by Father Martin and Gladys, standing by the mantel. From the veranda a few lingering guests watched the sunset. On account of the season, the lights were not yet turned on; and the library was dusky with deepening shadows. Practically, Stephen and Joyce shared an ideal solitude: and under its spell, Stephen's usually formal demeanor softened; for he had wronged Joyce in ascribing to

him a self-conscious and politic gallantry, in reference to his attitude towards the mistress of Carruthdale, and only now realized the sincerity of an innocence which hitherto he had been inclined to misjudge as an ingratiating pose. Remembering that Dr. Castleton had praised the clean record of Centreville's valedictorian, he recalled with a pang of conscientious regret his own denunciation of Joyce as an "all things to all women" character! Evidently, if Joyce were the pet of women, it was his fortune, rather than his fault. Stephen's face reflected his soul's atonement, and Joyce's heart beat high with gratified pleasure; for he had admired his grave, stern senior from the outset of their acquaintance, and had been pained by Stephen's persistent reserve.

"You're a good fellow, Joyce," Stephen conceded, with the intention of making full amends. "The moral basis upon which your college-life has stood nobly, is my justification for discussing my sister and Miss Broderick with you. No, I cannot tell you that all society-girls are of their type. The white soul and tender heart and exquisite mind of the ideal gentlewomen are not the result of wealth and position, though appropriately envired by them. It is their existence in every social sphere,—in the womanhood of the masses as well as of the classes, that claims our reverence for the sex!"

Father Martin, returning to the table with Gladys, ascribed the radiance of Joyce's face to a social exhilaration he disapproved, and suggested the rejection of Carruthdale's protracted hospitality.

"I hear you have orders to remain to dine with us, Joyce," he mentioned, "but probably you have many farewells to take of Centreville; so I shall drop in upon you early to-morrow, for a final chat."

"No, I have no engagements for to-night," hesitated Joyce, "having made my final round this morning. But of course I'm not in dinner trim—"

Raymond, overhearing the objection as he speeded a departing guest, turned back to pooh-pooh the question of toilette; and Father Martin was hopelessly in the minority.

"We're all in the same box, Josselyn," he said. "This comfortable Tuxedo of mine is not coming off this summer-night,—no, sir; not if I'm an American!"

Mrs. Raymond, joining them, smiled gracious concession.

"You forget that the national independence is individually relinquished by the good American husband," she protested. "But I suppose I must be indulgent to-night, since dinner waits. But where is Mina? Is she going to deprive Mr. Josselyn of the pleasure of taking her in?"

"Oh, *I'll* look out for Mina," interposed Stephen, hurriedly. "Don't wait for us, Imogen. I'll run up and give her a call."

But Mina had already stolen into the room, a fluttering little figure outlined like a golden butterfly against the background of dusk. Joyce's manner was tenderly gentle to her as he led her towards the dining-room. He did not understand her nature in the least, nor sympathize with its vagaries; but she was fair to look upon, and her dainty refinement seemed to him ideal; while her sensitiveness appealed to his heart. That even unconsciously he should have wounded or seemed to disparage her, convicted him of brutality! Profiting by the afternoon's lesson, and fearing lest any lightness of mood jar anew her delicate sensibilities, he suppressed his rising spirits, and attempted to talk to her with the real earnestness which, to his own surprise, had characterized his few words with Gladys. Earnestness was not the conversational chord to which Mrs. Raymond had attuned her social protégé; and as yet Joyce had not comprehended that the gay and frivolous persiflage to which she had accustomed him, was not the highest note of the representative gentlewoman. But to be with Mina as he was with Gladys, though a laudable social ambition, was not, at the moment, a successful one: for Mina was in a depressed mood, and answered him only in unresponsive monosyllables. Her pale little face wore a perplexed look; and Stephen, whose loving gaze noted every change of expression, saw that her eyes fixed themselves appealingly now on Gladys, now upon Father Martin. Her child-heart was grappling with the problem of woman-life, and its emotional complications; and with inspired instinct, she was turning for light towards the two souls who could lead her to the noblest solution. Father Martin met her glance, and responded to it with a smile prophetic of future words, for in silence he had been studying Mina, only to have the more to say to her when the hour for speech should come. But for the present his chief attention was concentrated upon Joyce, whose social evolution was at once an amusement and a regret to him. In his place of honor he could not but deplore,

for Joyce's sake, that the Maintown boy had achieved a seat above the Raymond salt. "Plain living" would have been more conducive to "high thinking" in one of Joyce's temperament in its youth, than premature experience of the excessive self-indulgence of the luxurious world of wealth. Recalling with a pang of regret the proud, independent, self-confident boy who had disdained the Sesame of a Carruth's influence, and made his own way into Centreville College, he questioned if Joyce's rocket-like social elevation must not debase the legitimate ambitions of his promising young life, rather than exalt and strengthen them. As the gay young hostess and her responsive guest chatted more and more merrily, Father Martin's lips met sternly, and his gray eyes were unsmiling. His vain and frivolous cousin Imogen had easy tools in her broad-minded husband and credulous Joyce; but with him she should reckon, if it were not all too late to rescue Joyce from the alien world into which she had misled him. Already Father Martin had expressed to Raymond his disapproval of taking Joyce to the West, and hoped that his words would at least delay any definite business proposal. His visit to Centreville would be richly justified if it saved Joyce's life at its start from a mistake which must sear indelibly its pride and independence; it being a most exceptional case when a man's material debt to a woman is not, in the finest sense, a dishonor resulting in his manly and moral deterioration.

In spite of Father Martin's gravity and Mina's depression, the dinner went off brilliantly; and it was not its hostess' gaiety, nor its host's genial good-nature, nor Gladys' gentle courtesy that achieved the triumph; but Joyce Josselyn's contagious happiness! The wound which Father Martin's words had dealt him was already healed and forgotten. There was nothing morbid about Joyce;—the poetical phase of his nature ran to sunshine rather than to shadow, and no abnormal sensibilities brooded darkly between him and his rational acceptance of such gifts as the gods provided. His instinctive delight in sumptuous surroundings had been the trait which had first interested and sympathetically attracted Mrs. Raymond; and his present enjoyment of his material and social environment was augmented by the presence of his best-beloved friend. As a flower expands in the warmth of the sun, so Joyce scintillated in the congenial setting of Carruthdale's luxury and cheer. His

guileless face was a unique contrast to the mature and eminently masculine mind behind it. Personally, he appealed to all like a beautiful child; while as the dinner progressed and the conversation broadened, he grappled mentally with his host and Stephen, paying impartial court to the women, meantime, like an ideal knight of chivalry. With Gladys he was most reserved and least unembarrassed; yet at greatest advantage, in the highest sense. Father Martin noted the significant difference, and analyzed it correctly. He began to realize that his dear boy's peril was not single-sided; and had his rescue even more earnestly at heart as the dinner ended than when it had begun.

"Let the Western idea drop," he whispered quickly to Raymond, changing his seat as Gladys and Mina obeyed Mrs. Raymond's signal, and Joyce anticipated Stephen in parting the portières for them. "Do not mention the matter to the boy. Take my advice, Raymond. The ambitious venture will only upset him."

"Come, come!" protested Raymond, pouring out old claret with the slow, steady hand of a connoisseur. "You are too conservative for your young friend's good, and I am already committed, anyway. Give the boy his chance, Martin. Imogen likes him,—and hang it, so do I!"

"I think Stephen will corroborate my statement that the best proof of your interest in Joyce will be to force him to use his own efforts to conquer fortune. Speak out, Stephen."

"I agree with you, father, in disagreeing with Mr. Raymond's present plan for Josselyn," Stephen admitted, reluctant to put a spoke in Joyce's wheel of fortune, yet coerced to candor by more forces than one.

Raymond set down his glass with impatient emphasis. He had had a struggle with his own unrestful heart, when his young wife had solicited his influence for her Centreville favorite;—a struggle for which he despised himself, and with characteristic generosity, was resolved to atone. Therefore it was more than disappointing to find his good intentions disapproved, and his personal judgment questioned, by the two whose staunch sympathy in any philanthropical cause he had taken for granted. Stephen's incomprehensible opposition he ascribed to the instinctive prejudice against a possible rival, natural even to the most generous of men, since human nature, at best, is but weak and fallible; and if Martin were becoming a little narrow and rigid

in his ideas, the man of the world told himself that limitation of outlook was the ordinary result of orthodox religious ministry. His simple heart warmed toward his young guest as Joyce turned back from the door, smiling radiantly at the gracious acknowledgments evoked by his ready courtesy; and Raymond felt an almost paternal zeal for the young man's opposed interests.

Taking his seat opposite Father Martin, Joyce raised his claret-glass, and drained it at a draught. It was only an impulsive action of boyish excitement, but Father Martin's eyes were regretful and severe. Joyce flushed deeply under their mute reproach, as his own suddenly met them; yet, as his host pushed the cigars within his reach, he chose one, and lighted it defiantly. With a twinkle in his eyes, Father Martin begged the favor of lighting his own imitatively careful selection by Joyce's, which he returned with elaborate courtesy, smoking with Joyce puff for puff! The quiet little joke had its point of reproof, and Joyce's refilled glass was untouched, his cigar soon relinquished. He knew of old that Father Martin was as abstemious as a man can be, short of obligatory total abstinence from wine and nicotine. He believed in voluntary rather than in vowed denials of the flesh, and was therefore free to adapt himself to circumstances; but Joyce knew that he pitied the weak sensuousness that in the blush of youthful health stooped to the gross because superfluous indulgence of artificial stimulation; and as a rule he had followed his friend's hygienic theories, to his own moral and physical advantage. But tonight he had been swayed somewhat bewilderingly by conflicting and novel emotions, and had lost his usual hold of himself. He reflected with secret resentment that Father Martin was much too hard on a fellow! A man was no boy, not to have his swing;—and, after all, it was a very moderate swing that Joyce, as yet, had ventured!

"Well, my boy, now to business," announced Raymond, rushing to the point. "In defiance of our dear father here, who thinks you should work out your own salvation, I am tempted to give you a start in the world! Now, what are your tastes and intentions?"

Joyce looked his thanks, but he had the fine sense not to utter them. This man of deeds was in no mood for mere wordy platitudes, and would lose faith in a prospective protégé who

failed to rise to the present occasion. The practical side of Joyce's nature responded intelligently to the business-man's challenge. He thought in serious silence for a moment, then answered trenchantly, in a matter-of fact voice that strove in vain to repress its tremor of youthful excitement.

"My tastes are intellectual, yet in the professional sense neither exclusively scholarly nor purely literary. Commerce attracts me, but not to the extent of subordinating my intellectual side. The political world challenges my most manly ambition;—the financial arena tempts me by its prize of fortune, which can be missed by no man whose life is an eminent success! But the Press seems to me to combine with the national influence of politics, and the commercial and social power of finance, the supreme dignity of intellectual work; and having already served my apprenticeship, I can claim a general knowledge of newspaper-ropes, as pulled by both devil and editor! Therefore I make no rash or unintelligent choice, in deciding upon a journalistic career!"

"Tell me your theories of successful journalism, my boy!"

"I am not one of the fools who start out with cut-and-dried theories," answered Joyce, slowly, though his thoughts were galloping at fever-speed, stimulated by his keen recognition of the critical importance of the moment. He was no insincere or obsequious sycophant, nor did he lack courage to stand by his real convictions; but good taste as well as rational prudence warned him that to expound fallacious theories which, as a journalist of experience, the autocrat of his fate might resent, would be an ungracious and tactless as well as unfortunate slip. What after all were Raymond's own editorial theories, he wondered? Even if he could not endorse them, a clear comprehension of them would save him from inexpedient mistake; but he could not recall that Raymond had ever discussed the policy of the *Pioneer*, the San Francisco Daily of which he was sole proprietor and nominal editor-in-chief. As he hesitated, his expressive face confessed his perplexity; and Raymond was favorably impressed by the boyish self-betrayal which at least disproved duplicity. Father Martin, too, was touched by the odds against the hard-pressed youngster; and Stephen reluctantly admitted to himself that he could not but admire Josselyn's pluck and sagacity in an embarrassing position which would have daunted a coward, and proved fatal to the foolish; yet Stephen's heart sank as he

thought of Mina. Since propinquity is love's specific food, Joyce's permanent association with the Raymonds would foster the first human sentiment incipient in his little sister's art-consecrated life; and with a man's keen instinct for another man's emotional attitude, Stephen knew intuitively that lovely and alluring as his little Mina was, Joyce Josselyn's was not the nature to be touched by her. Even had it been otherwise, his dismay would have been the same; for knowing no man in the world to whom he would trust his tender little sister, Joyce Josselyn, even aside from insuperable worldly objections, was the last of all men to be eligible, since his practical side would crush her ethereal spirit, as a butterfly is broken on a wheel.

"Oh, look here," Raymond had responded brusquely to Joyce's discreet evasion,—“you wouldn't be worth your salt if you were n't cram-full of theories, even though they were all dead wrong, you know! Don't be afraid to blurt them out, in all their crude folly. I'll pull you up shortly enough, when you're on the wrong tack; but without an X-ray on your mental make-up I'd be pushing you blindly; and that's not Jim Raymond, young fellow!”

Joyce pushed back his chair excitedly. He felt that he wanted room for expansion, freedom for breath, space for self-revelation, liberty for action! He ruffled his hair with his hands, and then toyed nervously with his wine-glass. His eyes glowed, and his sensitive lips quivered. His face went white, then flushed vividly, glowing more and more brilliantly as his intense speech went on.

“Perhaps, after all, my lack of theory is a theory in itself,” he began, gathering strength and beauty of voice as he forgot himself in his subject. “At the start of a journalistic career, I should make myself the responsive instrument, rather than the dictator of public opinion and sentiment. But later on, with kinship established between me and my public, its trust and confidence mine, its interests more or less in my power, its partial if not universal support insured,—then I should feel the time ripe for self-assertion, and stand forth no longer the instrument, but the master,—using the press not to echo and reflect, but to lead men and party, people and classes, society and government. I would be my age's mouthpiece, yes; but a mouthpiece of revelation, not of weak echo,—a mouthpiece to, not of it! My

message would be the message of brain,—of sane thought, of broad and trained intellect, of regenerative rather than reformative issue! Reform suggests the survival, under converted aspects, of the old. Regeneration means rather re-birth,—the triumph of the new, the young! It is youth that a young Republic must elect for just representation and active leadership;—and I would be such a representative leader of the American people, by means of the national Press.”

“Jingo!” laughed the Western millionaire, thumping his clinched hand on the table till the glasses rang,—“the youngster has it in him, I tell you,—not only the trick of journalism, but the secret of success! Say, Josselyn, the gist of this parley is, that my paper’s sub has gone to pieces; and Pearson, my grand old chief, has wired me for new blood to pulsate under him! Now, understand clearly that *I’m* the *Pioneer*—with no jumper on my claim, you bet your bottom dollar! Pearson is only my representative; and as for the whole kit and crew that help him out, they’re simply my jumping-jacks, sub-editor included; so don’t make any mistake, at the start, about Jim Raymond’s precedence! I planted the *Pioneer* when the West was young and its people struggling, and by heaven, I’ll stand by both West and people to the end; and so must you, if you care for a try under Pearson, by way of experiment. We won’t come down to actual figures now, but you’ll not be the loser for taking me on trust: and I’ll put you on a dozen rich scents, outside of journalism. That’s the West for you,—the young, vital, prolific, American West! Now, Father Martin votes against the scheme,—Stephen votes against it,—but I’m for it and you,—and if you’re with me, the ‘ayes’ have it! But keep this on ice, mind you,—that Pearson and I are for the people, the masses,—for simple, struggling American humanity and its righteous interests and noble causes, as distinguished from the exotic social classes, with their foreign grafts of snobbishness, and aping of the fads of Old World royalty, and all the other excesses and follies of a frivolous and vicious day! Don’t make any dude-mistake about me, because you’ve seen me only under Eastern conditions! Out West you’ll grip the hand of the real Jim Raymond, and he’s the man at the head of the *Pioneer*, and not this confounded gold-plated effigy of him! If you think you have it in you to serve real manhood and not fashionable manikinism,—to probe the

truths of human life with a plain man's quill, and not merely prick the superfine social surface with a gold pen in a pearl handle, then your finicky Eastern culture won't be such a bad graft for the natural intellect of the West; so you're the young tenderfoot we want on the premises! But if you lack the convictions of the man made, not marred,—or if you fail their courage in the face of a fool-world setting the barber's and tailor's conventional puppet above the flesh-and-blood human man, then out with the truth, and I'll give you a start in your own groove, anyway! But the present point is, that the *Pioneer* wants a new sub of young blood and ambition, and since you've served your time, and like journalism, and aren't much more of a fool than we all were at your age, I've hit on you, if we're two of a color! 'To be, or not to be,'—which is it, my boy?"

"To be, Mr. Raymond; and thank you!" affirmed Joyce, in an exultant voice;—and the two shook hands upon it!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE OLD MAN HAS A DREAM.

BY J. FRANCIS DUNNE.



NEVER puts much stock in dreams,
Es some folks allus do ;
I don't believe, es Cynthy used,
Thet sometimes they come true.
En yet I dreamt the night 'fore last
(I'm gray these twenty years)
Thet mother was alive again,
En smilin' thro' her tears.

I thought 'twus nearin' bed-time,
Es she set me on her knee,
En' took my ol' red picter-book,
En' turned the leaves fer me ;
Till we saw that same old picter
Of the good Lord en' His sheep,
A totin' high the wand'rin' lamb,—
Jes' 'fore I went ter sleep.

En' then she sang thet same ol' song
Of thet Shepherd good en' kind,
Who left the ninety-nine alone
The wand'rin' one ter find.
En' oh her song was jes' es sweet
Es in the days long dead,
Her kiss was jes' es warm wi' love,
When she carried me ter bed.

My eyes were wet when I awoke,—
A dream it could not be.
It seemed thet mother surely came,
En' wus whisperin' ter me
Of one las' day when rest 'd come,
En' she'd be es of old,
When thet good Lord would leave the rest
Ter lead me to His fold.

Frederick Stymetz Lamb, artist, born June 24, 1863. Son of Joseph Lamb and Eliza Rollinson Lamb.

He received a preliminary education in this country at the Art Students' League, studying under William Sartain, J. Carroll Beckwith, and others. He then studied abroad, attending the classes at the École des Beaux Arts, pursuing his studies in drawing and painting under the direct supervision of M. Le Fevre and Boulanger. He studied modelling under M. Millet, and, while in Paris, took the first place in competition in composition.



FREDERICK STYMETZ LAMB.

On his return to this country he became interested in the possible development in the United States of decorative art, and associated himself with the various movements having the advancement of this phase in view. He is one of the organizing members of the Municipal Art Society, the National Society of Mural Painters, and the National Arts Club; also a member of the Architectural League, an associate member of the National Sculpture Society, and the American Society for the Preservation of Scenic and Historical Places.

On his return from Paris he was engaged on important mural decorations, did a large canvas for Bethlehem Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, Pa. Among other important mural decorations might be mentioned those at Bethesda, at Saratoga, N. Y., and St. Peter's, New York City.

His attention being called to the possibilities of American glass, he made a careful study of this art, and at the time of the Chicago Exposition received an honorable mention for drawings submitted. At Nashville he was the author of the most important window exhibited at that time. This represented Literature, the Arts and the Crafts, and was placed by

the women of the South as a testimonial of their work in the regeneration of the South after the Civil War. He received a gold medal for work exhibited at the Atlanta Exposition, and was, in connection with the firm with which he is associated, one of the four glass-workers invited to represent the United States at the Paris Exposition. He received an individual medal from the French government for the design of the window then exhibited. Among the many important works exhibited might be mentioned the entire series of windows at the Memorial Church, Ambler, Pa., and the elaborate scheme of glass for the Leland Stanford University, in California.

STAINED GLASS IN ITS RELATION TO CHURCH ORNAMENTATION.

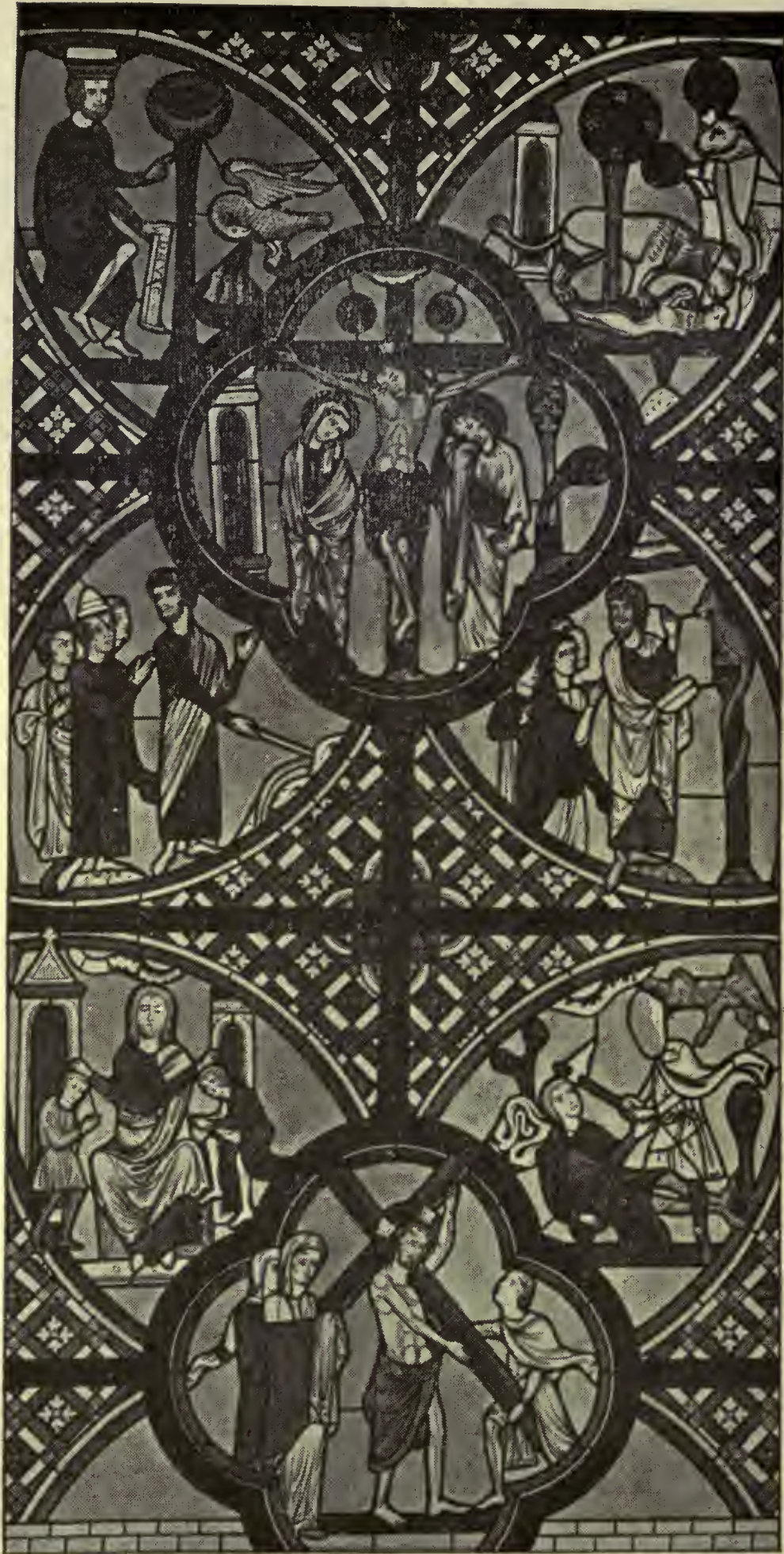
BY FREDERICK STYMETZ LAMB.



IN recalling the memories of European cathedrals the pleasantest recollections are those of the soft light of the leaded windows falling in variegated colors on wall and pavement. The glass-worker's art stands side by side with the paintings of the greatest masters and of equal importance. The fond memories of Chartres, Sainte Chapelle, Gouda, Canterbury are all tinged with the failing light of mediæval glass. Then glass was a recognized means of expression, bespeaking the devotion of the laborer, as well as recording the appreciation of the noble. The life and history of the city were depicted therein, and the spirit of the time can be traced as we wander from window to window. Each age developed a new technique, but the technique served but poorly to disguise the fact that the window reflected the spirit of the time at which it was created. From the Middle Ages the history of the world can be read in its glass. Pictures were then the books of the ignorant, the cathedrals their only libraries.

The development of the technique of glass is a history in itself. In the earlier centuries our records are only written. Thus, Pliny says, "That of stones they make glass in India most admirably transparent," and Ferrandus Imperatus speaks of the glass-stone which is "almost like white marble, but sometimes transparent, which being put into the fire, in length of time becomes converted into glass." The Egyptians, as well as the Chinese, "were well acquainted with enamels, and while their discovery was undoubtedly in the East, their application to windows was probably first made in the Western hemisphere." The basilican churches were supplied with clerestory windows, and we learn from the writings of St. Jerome that glass windows were used by the early Christians of Rome.

The legend has it that malleable glass was invented in the age of Tiberius by one who had fallen under his displeasure.



THIRTEENTH CENTURY WINDOW AT MANS SHOWING THE USE OF ORNAMENT TO GIVE VALUE TO SMALL FIGURE COMPOSITIONS.

No sooner did he realize the importance of the discovery than he ordered the execution of the inventor, fearing that glass in this form would become more valuable than gold. Then, in 525 A. D., we read of glass in the Church of St. Julian in

Brionde, in Auvergne, and again, towards the seventh century, we learn from the poems of Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, of the beautiful windows of Notre Dame, at Paris. St. Philibert, founder of the Abbey of Jumièges, in Normandy, caused to be placed six hundred and fifty-five windows of glass in the cloistral buildings of this magnificent edifice.

These citations prove beyond a doubt the high antiquity of glass. No specimens, however, of sufficient importance to base an opinion upon, are left to us until we reach the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. All our ideas of previous work and its value come to us from hearsay evidence, but from this time on examples of the original windows are to be found in sufficient numbers to justify us in forming our own conclusions.

The work of the twelfth century undoubtedly drew its inspiration from the earlier mosaics and wall paintings. The pieces of colored glass were manufactured of small size, in many cases but the actual size needed. They were crude and rough in finish, but this very crudeness was an advantage in giving a rougher surface which produced a broken or diffused light in the executed work. The limitations of the material influenced the design, and the twelfth century window became a series of small subjects deftly tied together to form a larger whole.

While in the very early windows stone mullions were used to divide and support the different colored glasses, at a later date wood was employed, and finally lead with the necessary stiffening frame of iron. From the last developed the elaborate and beautiful armature, or iron frame, so often used in twelfth and thirteenth century glass, but so seldom employed to-day on account of its expense. The small divisions of glass necessitated by the restrictions of manufacture gave a juxtaposition of color which produced, consciously or unconsciously, a harmonious richness unequalled in any other medium.

It probably will never be determined, to the satisfaction of all, whether much of this beauty was not attributable to the accidents of the material rather than to definite intention on the part of the designer. It, however, is conceded that as the manufacture of the material improved, the color quality of the windows deteriorated; as the sheets of glass became larger, the pieces used became less numerous, and a certain thinness became apparent in the work of later centuries. Paint was employed

more lavishly and many added qualities obtained, but the great wealth, richness, and refinement of color of the earlier work was never again obtained in Continental glass. The scale of the figure increased, and every subterfuge was employed to get the same effect with less work. Many attribute this to the restricted expenditure, but it is nevertheless true that the human mind cannot resist the temptation of novelty, and a new glass, a new medium, or a new process will instantly create a host of admirers and eventually produce a new school of design.

Thus, we find the painters on glass so pleased with their dexterity that many effects, which could have better been left to the glass itself, are simulated with the brush. The very jewel-like quality, so characteristic of glass, is even attempted in paint until, in the sixteenth century, the windows vie with the altar paintings and there is little to choose between them.

A craft can only be healthy and vigorous as long as it contents itself with its legitimate means of expression. The moment it encroaches upon the field of another craft, and becomes an imitator, its virility is lost, and it must eventually die or become hopelessly commonplace. This has been the fate of Continental glass. It has unconsciously drifted from its early standards, forgetting its ideals, until to-day we have in France a lost art, in Germany commonplace rendering, and in England conventionality. It is a mistaken idea that the charm of one medium is transferable to another. In the creation of a building a number of factors are necessary to a complete and successful result. Proportion is best emphasized in the architecture, form in sculpture, color in glass, mosaic and mural painting, and it is useless to expect one to replace the other or to expect that a perfect whole can be obtained without a combination of the three. In architecture excessive ornament is often introduced to suggest color, and only succeeds, in the majority of cases, in spoiling wall spaces which in a logical scheme should be filled with mural paintings. An excess of architectural detail is employed to secure a richness which could be more readily obtained by sculpture properly introduced. In the fenestration an over-mullioned effect is obtained which in time must be modified to admit of a proper treatment of the glass.

In the early days of glass one artist was responsible for the entire work. He made the original design, developed the full-size cartoon or working drawing, selected the colored glass, and

painted the final details. Thus, in Gouda we find a series of windows, the result of the life-work of two brothers, consistent in design and execution. Year after year they labored, year after year they progressed until the series was completed. Now artists from most distant countries make pilgrimages to this city, not for the beauty of the city itself, but to see this famous group of windows produced with so much care and trouble.

As time progressed more assistants were employed, a system was developed, each detail of the work was delegated to a different hand. Glass became a manufacture, not an art. In one shop in England to-day sixty painters are employed. Some paint flesh, some paint draperies, some do ornament; but each is restricted to a specialty. They are even graded, and certain qualities of flesh are reserved for certain men. While such a system, employing hundreds of men, produces a certain technical excellence, it leads eventually to the elimination of all individuality. It becomes impossible to recognize the handicraft of an individual painter. In the uniformity demanded personal expression ceases, and the result, which we all deplore, a mechanical commonplace, is produced.

What is true of the English school is doubly true of the



WINDOW FROM YORK MINSTER SHOWING THE INCREASED SCALE OF FIGURE AND THE USE OF ARCHITECTURE TO DECREASE THE COST.

Continental work. The glass produced in Munich, Bavaria, Belgium, even France, is commonplace in the extreme. True, in Antwerp we find a Janssens, in Paris a Merson. As a whole the work produced in Europe to-day has the handicap of a bad system, made worse by ignorant and inferior workmen. Rapidity of execution has led to the reproduction of cartoons in places for which they were never designed. When a large window is needed, a series of drawings made for smaller windows are patched together to answer the demand, to the utter destruction of all sense of scale, line, or color composition. Even as able an artist as Holliday is found transferring bits of designs from one window to another with as little hesitation as the editor of a country paper uses scissors and paste. It can be plainly seen that a window so created must lack unity of conception, and in its minor details of construction must violate all rules of artistic craftsmanship.

In America the revival of the art of glass has been brought about by the interest of a group of eminent artists. Their intelligent appreciation led to the study of the earlier examples, and later to the founding of a craft more on the lines of the work of the earlier centuries. While many modifications and innovations have been made, there still remains a striking similarity. The work at the start and at the finish is in the hands of one man. Paint, with all its dangers and pitfalls, has been practically eliminated. The color is produced in the selection of the glass, and the result is more direct and vigorous; the *métier* is more difficult, but more effective. In America the love of color predominates, and a school of glass has been evolved which often reaches the highest level of excellence on lines of technical execution. But how seldom do the ideal conditions exist which make it possible for the artist to demonstrate his ability! Once in a great while does such an opportunity arrive.

In the window, one of the four invited to represent the United States at the Paris Exposition, the selection of the subject and its execution were left to the artist. It was necessary to choose a subject that would be of interest to all nationalities visiting the Exposition. After mature consideration "Religion" was chosen, as of universal interest. A dozen rough sketches were made, and finally one based on the simple composition of three was selected, as this gave the largest scale to the human



AMERICAN WINDOW AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION REPRESENTING RELIGION.

figure. As the window was to be seen in a large building, some three hundred by six hundred, it was felt that a small scale would be fatal. To give variety and dignity one figure was seated and two standing. The seated figure with a book, the Holy Word, personified Religion; the standing figures, the Archangels Michael and Gabriel—the Church Militant and Church Triumphant. The Archangel Michael held the sword, the Archangel Gabriel the lily. A canopied chair for the seated figure

of Religion suggested the architecture of the cathedral, while the Tree of Life was introduced as a background to the composition. The main masses were determined upon and a carefully planned scheme of leadlines selected. When this was sufficiently developed to insure the proper variety of color, the leading plan was carefully studied. To accentuate the main lines and subdue the unimportant, the important leads were made five-eighths to three-quarters of an inch in width, while the minor leads were reduced to the width of one-quarter of an inch. The color scheme, white for Religion, rich amber and brown for the Church Triumphant, and deep red and purple for the Church Militant, with a background of blue and green for the Tree of Life, was determined upon. Then came the selection of the glass. The glass to the front was chosen with reference to form as well as color, while the plating was used to accentuate the drawing and modelling as well as to reinforce the color. The density was gauged with reference to the exposure and the intensity of the light. The pieces of glass thus selected and cut were placed upon an easel, carefully studied, modified and changed where necessary. The final platings and overglazings were then added, and the work, with the exception of the mechanical detail, was completed.

Under such conditions each worker, from the artist to the glazier, was allowed to do his best. How seldom does such an opportunity come! More often the subject is dictated, the color insisted upon, and the treatment held subordinate to the wishes of the donor. Until to-day all is changed, the early purpose of glass is forgotten and absence of religious expression is tolerated by the church. The donor is supreme, the priest and artist but minor factors. The whim of the giver dominates all. He does not "know much about art, but he knows what he likes." When will the church have the temerity to refuse gifts made in such a spirit? Is all humility dead? Are we never again to approach our cathedral with a spirit of love and self-abnegation?

On the Continent they are protected in a measure by tradition, but in America the spirit of individuality runs riot. The artist is powerless; if, perchance, he meets an intelligent donor and is allowed to start a series of windows on proper lines, the next to contribute insists upon a change. If the artist rebels, another is employed, and artistic pandemonium breaks loose.

Thus, in one church in this city there are three windows of the Resurrection, each by a different artist, each with a different scale of figure, and each as different as possible in scheme of color and execution.

Yet it is not impossible to suppress individuality to religious and artistic necessity. In the Madeleine, in Paris, the great chancel mosaic is the gift of a number of donors. Each gives a figure in the processional, and has this fact recorded on the walls; but the scheme is treated as a whole. The artist has had one commission, and the church receives in the completed work the best that can be produced by unhampered effort.

We are told that the artist should be satisfied with the language of form and color, and that the subject is of little or no importance. This, like many statements, is dangerously untrue, because partially true. While there is a distinct language of form and color, the possibility of using it is dependent upon the subject and its arrangement. Pictorial art is an impossibility in glass. By its very construction glass is flat or decorative. The iron frame for support and the leads to separate the colored portions make this a foregone conclusion, and yet so great is our ignorance that pictorial windows are demanded on all sides, the armature is criticised and every subterfuge is employed to eliminate the leads. The limitations of music are recognized, and it is only expected to fill its place in the general scheme; but the window is expected to have not only the color-sense of the organ but the realistic details of the altar painting.



WINDOW FROM ST. JACQUES DE LIÈGE
SHOWING THE INCREASED SPACE DE-
VOTED TO FAMILY RECORD.

Contrast the difference with which the selection of a subject was approached in the earlier days of glass with the method of arriving at the same result to-day. Then the priest and craftsman were one, at least in sympathy, and the subject was all important, the execution of second thought; then the window was to aid the cathedral and to become an integral part of the religious thought to be expressed. Then the guild or nobleman enlisted the aid of art only to express their devotion or gratitude, and felt honored by being allowed the opportunity to record their feeling in the common meeting-place of all. The cathedral became the great book of record for noble thoughts and aspirations. There side by side were the great parables of religion with the heroic deeds of more modern times. Then the lesson to be taught, the thought to be recorded, were all important, and the windows of those days became historic. The study of glass becomes the study of the civilization of the day in which it was executed. The names of the authors are, perhaps, forgotten, but the lessons are never lost. The donor was content with a modest statement of his connection with the work.

As time advanced religious story gave place to secular record. The laborer or guild of laborers ceased to contribute. The church became a store-house of family record, until the portrait of the donor became more important than the representation of his patron saint. Windows were often composed of nothing but the coats-of-arms of the family, and all religious attributes were eliminated.

Under such conditions the inevitable took place. Glass deteriorated, and the interest in the window ceased to exist. An interregnum ensued; and it was not until within the last fifty years that a revival of glass took place. On the Continent the revival was on the lines of conventionality, but in this country a new impetus was given by the invention and perfection of a new material—opal glass. This in the hands of able artists was developed until, to-day, we have a medium unequaled, mechanical appliances perfected, and a range of color unlimited. It only needs the appreciation of the spiritual, not only by the craftsman but by priest and donor, to make the combination complete. The art of the church cannot be confined to one medium. If it expresses itself in the architecture, the altar painting, the mural panels, and the carved statue, it must make itself felt in the window. Each detail of the building must be

but a unit contributing to the whole and subordinate to the general scheme. If art is to aid religion, it is most essential that it shall conduct itself decorously, and this means that the church interior shall induce the religious thought for which the building is supposed to be erected and contribute to the religious service which it is to house. Wall as well as window must be considered to secure this result. To summarize how this result can best be obtained in the art of glass, to which this paper is restricted, it is essential—

1. That windows shall be considered in groups, not as individual units.

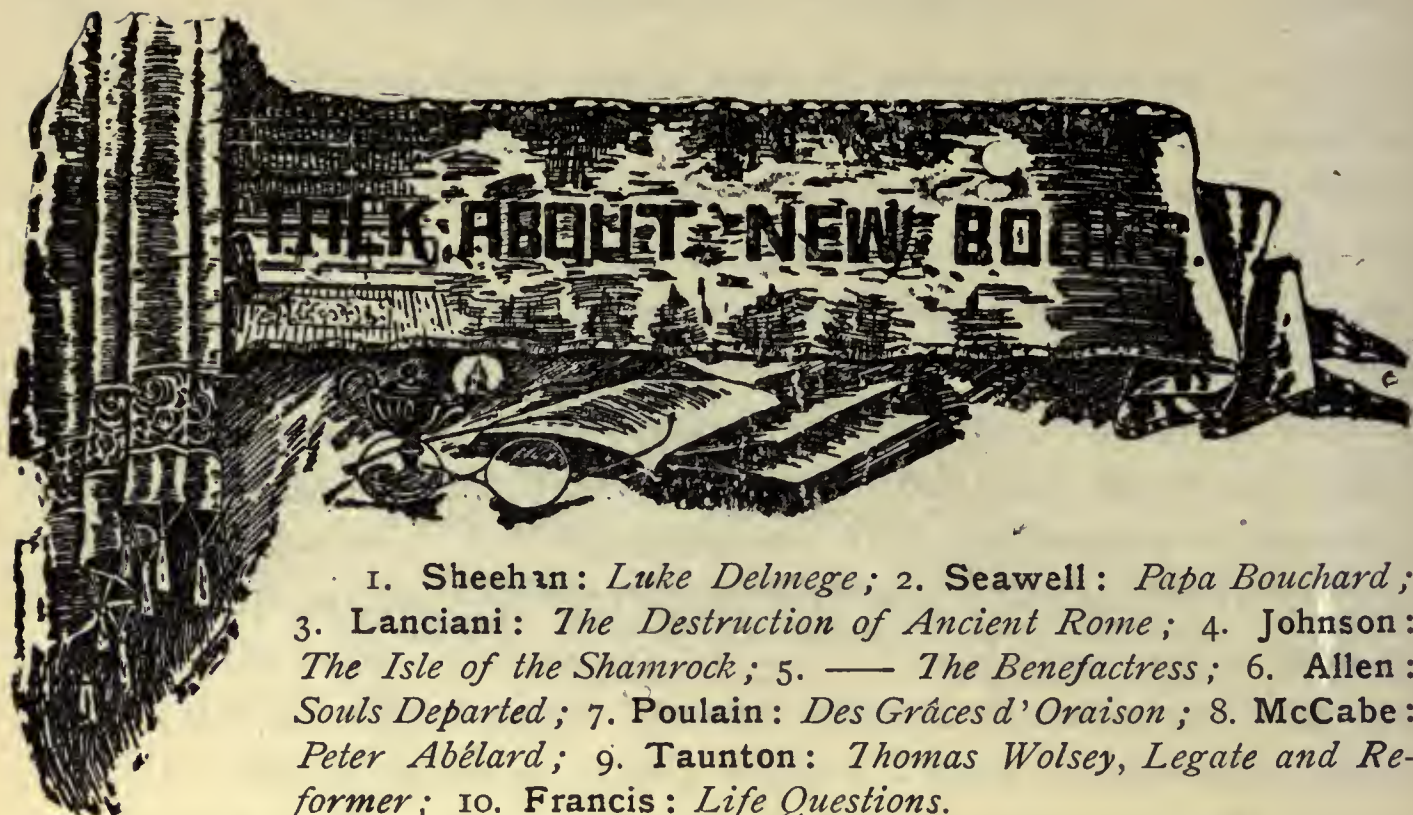
2. That a uniform scale of the figure shall be established and rigorously enforced in each group of windows.

3. That the subjects shall bear relation one to another, so that a religious idea shall run through the entire series without repetition or irrelevant statement.

4. That the color scheme of the various windows shall be considered in groups, so that unfortunate, discordant, and in-harmonious combinations or contrasts shall be avoided.

In these days of rapid transportation all nationalities flock to our shores, and in the babel of tongues the finer distinctions of the written word are for years an unsealed book. Art should supplement the spoken word, and in a universal language keep constantly before the minds of the worshippers the scriptural lessons without which no community can prosper.

As our cities grow our churches become more and more places of refuge from the hurry and bustle of the busy world; places where solitude and reflection are alone possible. How essential, then, that in their every detail they should contain that charm and consolation which can be read with a glance of the eye. As the Church has but one end in view in its teaching, so in its embellishment there should be but one purpose, a unity should pervade the whole; not merely an artistic unity, but a scriptural unity expressed in the language of art. Sermons in stone should be supplemented with sermons on wall and in window. Art should be, indeed, the handmaid of Religion.



1. Sheehan: *Luke Delmege*; 2. Seawell: *Papa Bouchard*; 3. Lanciani: *The Destruction of Ancient Rome*; 4. Johnson: *The Isle of the Shamrock*; 5. — *The Benefactress*; 6. Allen: *Souls Departed*; 7. Poulain: *Des Grâces d'Oraison*; 8. McCabe: *Peter Abélard*; 9. Taunton: *Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer*; 10. Francis: *Life Questions*.

1—We think it was Brother Azarias who said that there was left for human genius in the realm of literature only one subject nobler than the scheme of the *Divina Commedia*. This subject is the human soul in its journey from sin to sanctity; from self to God; from earth to heaven; from the trivialities of the fashionable to the eternities of the saints. What a world it is!—rather, what a universe, the soul! And what a history it has left in the lives of the blessed! Enchantment first, when the world is fair and youth arrogant, and when this round ball, the earth, seems purposely made for the novice either to enjoy or to reform; at any rate, to domineer over as a sovereign lifted up; illumination next, when poor Viator first comes to learn that the world is great, and himself little; when he sees theories, principles, ideals, ambitions, ground to bits by the bloodless machinery of the multitudinous monster—Life. Regeneration, for a third stage—the pains of a new birth unto the mystic solitudes of the soul, when all the old fragile vanities are gone, and the spirit learns—but oh how late!—that it has been feeding upon husks; that prayer is best, and deep thought and science, and self-sacrifice, and suffering. Thus the pigmy passes, and we see a giant.

It is on this stage of marvellous tragedy that Father Sheehan has placed his story.* Luke Delmege's enchantment, illumination, and regeneration; his pain-beset pilgrimage from

* *Luke Delmege*. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

the victorious seminarian who is "first of firsts," but with a narrow view of life shut in between high cliffs of a youth's conceit, to the silent priest who has known suffering and has been cleansed by it, and who sinks down wearied with life's great enigma into the rest of God, and is buried before the altar where "the divine Mother will look down with her pitying eyes on the place where this earthly tabernacle is melting into dust, and where the syllables of the mighty Mass will hover and echo when the church is silent betimes." All this is the story which is the very flower of Father Sheehan's genius, and one of the finest works that the art of fiction has ever given to the world.

There is a great change here from *My New Curate*, and an immense advance. There the action never moved beyond the limits of an Irish parish; here we have a world as diversified as a *mise en scène* of Thackeray's—the slums of London, the tidiness of an English village, a voyage along the Rhine, the inner life of a Good Shepherd convent, and the changeful panorama of the author's beloved Ireland. And in these all types of character, from the child that looks up into Luke's face in confession to grand ladies and great scholars; to Father Tim and Father Martin, who are types of a sanctity that bristles with picturesque gaiety, to Barbara the blessed, who kneels, immeasurably above us, on the stones of Calvary. It is a wonderful world that spins "down the ringing grooves of change" in these impressive pages; a world of very worldliness in its deeds and motives, but charged with the sweetest mysticism that has ever been put in print since Jean Paul, beloved of Father Sheehan, laid down his pen. We cannot help saying, "Thank God for this Irish priest, who is sent as salt to a decaying art!" Read one of your realists. Take up George Moore, and with him analyze, analyze, analyze, till your head is giddy from looking at a speck. Then open this book and let your spirit be refreshed with its inimitable humor and sanctified with its heavenly spirituality, and tell us if that "Thank God" is not deserved.

We hope that the book will be sold in tens of thousands, and that the author may be spared for the very apostolate of his pen. He has chosen the grandest of themes—a loftier *Commedia* than Dante's, and with manifold gifts of the great Florentine for the treating of it.

2.—Miss Seawell's latest work* is the amusing account of a Frenchman and his valet who break away from the Puritanic tyranny of a sister and a spouse respectively, and surreptitiously fling themselves into adventures of gaiety from which they had long been domiciled. The pursuit of pleasure by the twain, and the pursuit of the twain by their virtuous *custodiennes*, the whole situation meantime complicated by an exceedingly clever counter-plot, make a very revel of fun—a comedy of errors and accidents, as good as we can imagine such a piece of work to be. Some will consider, probably, that a few situations suggest the *risqué*. The book is not for children certainly, but that does not imply that lovers of sound, as well as bright, literature will not enjoy it.

3.—It is a cause for regret to many that only a small portion of the masterpieces of art of Ancient Rome is left us. "What has become of the innumerable statues, monuments, and buildings that once made Rome a peerless city?" To answer this question is the purpose of Professor Lanciani's book.† It is merely a sketch—the forerunner of a fuller and more comprehensive work soon to be published in Italian, under the title *Storia degli Scavi di Roma*. *The Destruction of Ancient Rome* is written in an agreeable style; the book is copiously illustrated and traces the disappearance of a vast number of works of art to causes other than "fires, floods, earthquakes, and the slow but resistless processes of disintegration"; limekilns and new buildings drew plentifully from the crumbling Rome of antiquity. We like the book for the methodical treatment of the subject; it is well indexed, references are full, and the author follows the relics of art through the consecutive centuries from the commencement of the dissolution of Ancient Rome.

4.—In *The Isle of the Shamrock*‡ we have a fair sample of what can be written by a superficial observer of men and things. Mr. Johnson has visited Ireland, has experienced the hospitality of the Irish people, praised it; and this is about all that can be said in favor of his book, except that it has excellent illustrations. For the rest he has told us only what fell under his

* *Papa Bouchard*. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *The Destruction of Ancient Rome*. A Sketch of the History of the Monuments. By Rudolfo Lanciani. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ *The Isle of the Shamrock*. Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

senses, and of course the true nature of the Irishman, and especially of the Irishman's religion, have escaped him. Very superficial indeed must that traveller be who can say this about the Holy Communion: "That the wafers are the real body and blood of Christ the communicants did not doubt; and if a crumb dropped, *some one was pretty sure to pick it up and eat it*, to get the benefit of its mystic virtues, whatever these might be."

Before attempting any such work as this Mr. Johnson should have taken notice that writers on things Catholic are beginning to be at least accurate in their descriptions, and to that extent considerate of the feelings of Catholics.

5.—*The Benefactress** is a charming story, unique in plot, if we call it a plot, with true literary style, and interesting from the first page to the last. Those who have enjoyed *A Solitary Summer* and *Elizabeth and her German Garden* will suffer no disappointment, while those who condemned the egoism of the same must surely commend this amusing little Anglo-German novel.

The heroine, a lovable English girl, with a horror of the dependence upon a wealthy sister-in-law in which her life has been spent, finds herself very suddenly the beneficiary of a good but eccentric old German uncle's will. Her transports of delight over deliverance from the bread of dependence, her resolution to relieve others who are trying to swallow the same unpalatable crust, all are delectably set forth. The journey to the scene of the newly acquired estate with her intensely disagreeable sister-in-law, her graceless little niece, and the governess of the latter, forms one of the numerous amusing touches of the book. The elaboration and subsequent failure of the scheme to form a retreat for twelve homeless "elect" form the theme of the rest of the tale, into which a pretty love story is woven.

The description of the desolate winter aspect of the German country, the "natives" there to welcome their young *fräulein*, the resulting friction from the contact of German and English traits, are all told in a highly interesting way, while that fine appreciation of Nature in all her moods—so marked a characteristic of this author—is found in every chapter.

6 — *Souls Departed*† is the title of this reprint of Cardinal

* *The Benefactress*. By the Author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *Souls Departed*. Being a Defence and Declaration of the Catholic Doctrine touching Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead. By Cardinal Allen. First published in 1565, and now edited in modern spelling by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Allen's treatise on purgatory and prayers for the dead. With the exception of the spelling, which has been modernized, the work is just as it came from the author's hands. The language is that of the age of Elizabeth and somewhat antiquated, but it will present no serious difficulty to the intelligent reader of to-day. To those who are at all interested in the questions discussed the book will prove instructive and edifying. Aside from its importance as a doctrinal treatise it is also of historical importance. Written at a time immediately following the Protestant Reformation in England, by a man who did and suffered so much for the Catholic cause, it affords an insight into the spirit of the period. Its controversial tone may appear at times unnecessarily severe, but this is due to the circumstances of the times and to the occasion that called it forth.

An adaptation of the work to modern modes of expression would make it more popular and serviceable.

7.—A Jesuit reviewer of Father Poulain's new volume * draws attention to the fact that the Society of Jesus, since its suppression, has had no writer devoted to the subject of mysticism. With considerable interest, therefore, one turns to a book which, in a sense, may be considered a pioneer work on a very delicate subject.

As his preface states and as his pages reveal, Father Poulain has devoted many years to preparation for his present task. The world knows that at the same time he has been prosecuting mathematical studies so successfully as to win warm praise for his publications in that department and to win promotion to a very responsible post in the famous École Sainte-Genève. This double employment of his time explains the origin of certain marked characteristics in *Des Grâces d'Oraison*. The volume evidences its author's wide reading, exhibits a style of writing quite mathematical in clearness, and verges toward rigorous exactness of detail even in matters which are incapable of strict measurement.

The subject treated is one that we are pleased to see chosen by a man of Father Poulain's position. Perhaps the publication of this volume will give needed encouragement to study of that aspect of the spiritual life known as the mystical. True, our author confines himself quite strictly to the consideration of tech-

**Des Grâces d'Oraison*. Traité de Théologie Mystique. Par le R. P. Auguste Poulain, S.J. Paris: Retaux.

nical mysticism, and therefore deals with phenomena not likely to be familiar to the mass of his readers. But the very fact of his having chosen mysticism as a study is ominous of good. "Mystical" properly refers to a temperament, a type of mind not altogether in favor nowadays; and our view of "mystical" phenomena is apt to influence our whole conception of the spiritual ideal and of the ways and means of perfection fitted for the ordinary Christian. For this, if for nothing else, Father Poulain's book would be welcome,—that he encourages advance toward the right ideal.

Other points, too, deserve commendation. The author aims at providing confessors with proof of the reality of high states of prayer, and with means for the testing of them. On this subject it contains many valuable pages drawn from the greatest spiritual teachers the world has ever seen. Then, too, it draws our attention to the paths which lead to contemplation, warns us against various dangers therein, and reminds us of valuable aids.

Sometimes, however, the author seems to exhibit a desire for too great minuteness, for a more geometrical precision than can be attained in the subject he is treating. On this account he forces some of his arguments too hard, and insists on taking some figurative statements too literally. As an instance we might refer to his strong insistence on the fact that there exist five distinct spiritual senses by means of which the soul can enter into relation with pure spirits. To say that the soul can actually smell and touch spiritual substances, and that this is "a fundamental truth of mysticism," seems to be putting it rather strong; and the arguments and citations alleged in favor of the statement are perfectly useless for purposes of demonstration. Apparently our author's mathematical sense is more highly developed than his logical or his poetical.

The volume concludes with a bibliography, interesting and serviceable, although limited. The author is kind enough to mention Father Hewit's *Light in Darkness*, a little volume far less important than many other English works which remain unnoticed; but as Father Poulain misspells the name of this book, and makes an amazingly bad guess at its contents, no doubt his failure to mention other English writers is due to inability to read the language in which they have written.

8—The present volume* is intended to supply the deficiency of an English biography of Peter Abélard, a twelfth century philosopher and theologian, so widely known on account of his romantic attachment to the celebrated Heloise. The author has not approached his subject with that calm and dispassionate temper of mind which we have learned to associate with historical scholarship. The special pleader is evident throughout in the author's capricious citation of texts, in his tendency to depart from strict justice in dealing with Abélard's opponents, and in his irreverent and scornful attitude towards the church which we may believe was once dear to him. All this is unbecoming and offensive, and quite undermines the curious statement of the author that his monastic training and experience equip him exceptionally for his task.

The author's method of estimating the gravity of Abélard's sin is not in accordance with the accepted ethical standard. He disregards its subjective magnitude and endeavors to limit the sin to its objective proportion. The benefit that may accrue to Abélard's reputation from such a method is at best precarious. Very much depends upon his subjective appreciation of his sin, and if his state of mind concerning it was anything like that which he lays before us in his confession, disregarding of course its penitential aspect, any satisfactory attempt to give a complete biography, not to say rehabilitation, must take that confession into account. For want of space we pass over many other matters which should not be allowed to go without protest.

In the last chapter the author inquires into Abélard's influence on modern theology, and claims that his characteristic principles are now among the accepted foundations of dogmatic theology. In proof of this several instances are cited. The author's wide monastic experience should have taught him that besides the truth of a doctrine, accuracy in stating that truth is required as well. Thus the statement, "reason precedes faith," is capable of a false as well as a true interpretation, and as Abélard used it, namely, as referring to the act of faith itself, it is false. Abélard was right enough in insisting that "ignorance excuses error," but he was wrong in saying that the object of the action is "indifferent." It was not in seeking symbols to represent the Blessed Trinity that Abélard was at fault, but in pretending to demonstrate by pure reason the truth of the

* *Peter Abélard*. By Joseph McCabe. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Trinity and other dogmas of religion, and in eliminating the differences between paganism and Christianity, and in making the latter only a sort of superior philosophy.

We do not wish to deny to Abélard anything that may be his due. His brilliant talents are certainly worthy of admiration, and it is to him that scholasticism owes its method and precision. He deserves credit also for the good intentions that often actuated his conduct and commiseration for his misfortunes. In his sincere confession, which, however, our author regards as morbid, and in the penance of his later years, he certainly offers a noble example. Whether or not there is any special need for a biography of him we are inclined to doubt, but if there be, this one does not supply the deficiency, despite its author's intention.

9.—Father Taunton's life of Wolsey* will not occupy a monumental place among scientific, judicious, or fair historical writings. Not a pleasant thing to say, but the case seems to us to call urgently for plain speaking. The author has approached his task with one firm conviction; namely, that Wolsey is "the greatest statesman England has ever produced"; and long before the end of the volume the conviction has swelled to a prejudice which blinds him astonishingly to his hero's faults, and incenses him mightily against every man or institution that stood in the great chancellor's way. In fact, Father Taunton writes as an indignant Englishman standing on the shore of his tight little island and squaring off to all foreigners in general, and to Clement VII. and his well-beclubbed Curia in particular. Wolsey as a man and Wolsey as the cause of England—this is the theme of our historian's apologetic. Now, merely because his thesis is the exaltation of Wolsey to however lofty a rank, we have little or no objection to make. The great cardinal was, beyond all doubt, a masterful man. His projects of reform for the church in England; his splendid sagacity in estimating the value of education as the breakwater against the floods of the Lutheran revolt; his even, judicious mind—a mind as capable of statesmanlike grasp and direction of affairs as ever a king could count on in a counsellor; and, finally, his priestly and penitential resignation to misfortune and death,—all this places Wolsey among the vanmost in the army of the famous. Neither

* *Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer.* By Ethelred Taunton. London and New York: John Lane.

find we objection in Father Taunton's admirable bluntness, whereby he purposes to speak truth, let whoso will be shocked. But when he goes far afield from his subject to drag in a list of abuses that disfigured the Roman court; when he writes of the Pope, "Every one in everything was subject to him, and he was subject to no one: he was above all law, all custom, and all right"; when he speaks of Innocent III.'s condemnation of *Magna Charta*, and the deposing power, merely to vent his indignation, and gives not a single word toward setting these matters in their proper historical adjustment; when, finally, he employs the expedient of foot-notes still further, and likewise irrelevantly, to throw all things Roman into odium; then as Catholics we must express our pain that Father Taunton has been so unfair; and as students we must voice our regret that he has been so unscholarly.

Surely there is more than a downright fondness for truth-telling back of such a sentence as: "Canonists in the course of ages had succeeded, by means of various impediments, in raising the marriage contract into such a highly artificial state that it was by no means difficult for one with a nice legal sense to find out flaws or quibbles in documents that were not without value to the lawyers in Rome." And surely, too, a candid historian will see throughout the Pope's hesitation in pronouncing definitive sentence on Henry VIII.'s appeal for divorce a conscientious devotion to the church's law of the indissolubility of marriage; and will perceive that Clement deferred his decision in the hope that Henry would drop a suit so lengthy and so beset with difficulties. This is not the place to show the grounds for this assertion. Let it suffice to say that Clement's action is not that of a man looking for the most convenient way out of a quandary, caring naught whether that way were fair or foul; but is rather the course of a man in an extremely delicate situation, intent on doing justice, but seeking and praying that justice may be done without involving disaster. None of this for Father Taunton. He pictures for us the imprisoned Pope quaking lest he offend the Emperor Charles, and caring not a straw for law or right or conscience. Father Taunton seems to think that he cannot exalt Wolsey unless he debases Clement, so right heartily he does both. But the serene, broad spirit of the just historian—where is it?

A curious instance of the importance of a comma is given

on page 126. A sentence there reads: "He (Wolsey) was seeking to reform the church from within and without, laying hands upon the Deposit of Faith." This is exactly the contrary of what the author wishes to say. Place the comma after "within," and you get his meaning.

10.—*Life Questions* is an attempt "to draw a Map of Life . . . and lay down principles to guide us in darkness and light." The title brings up images of tomes which people at large never see, and within which are found profound discussions on some of the questions treated in this little effort of eighty pages.* A clear treatment of evidence—the criterion of truth—in the introduction paves the way for the most important chapter of the book, "Does God Exist?" The arguments here adduced substantiate an affirmative answer to the question. They are based on the Consent of Mankind, Causation, Design and Movement in the Universe, the Existence of Conscience; and, added to these is one drawn from the principles of Evolution which the author quotes from the late Mr. Fiske's *Through Nature to God*. The arguments, particularly those deduced from Design and Movement in the Universe, are well proposed. The author seems, however, to have overlooked one objection to his thesis, namely, that drawn from the existence of evil. "The Human Soul" is the title of one of the chapters, and under this heading the reader will find a clear proof for immortality, drawn from the recognition of right and wrong inherent in all men. The remaining chapters are an exposition of a way the aspirant for eternal life should travel in order to reach the City of God. From a perusal of these chapters one is led to believe that Mr. Francis is not a Catholic.

THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY.†

In the British Museum Library there are, it is said, some forty miles of shelves of books. All worth preserving of this vast amount Coventry Patmore, a discerning if perhaps somewhat severe critic, thought could be put into the space of forty feet. *The Universal Anthology* has for its object to bring to-

* *Life Questions*. By John Henry Francis. Cincinnati, Ohio: Mountel's Printery.

† *The Universal Anthology*: a Collection of the Best Literature Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern, with Biographical and Explanatory Notes. Edited by Richard Garnett, Léon Vallée, and Alois Brandl. 33 vols. London: The Clark Company; New York: Merrill & Baker; Paris: Émile Turquem; Berlin: Bibliothek Verlag.

gether within a moderate compass all of the literature of the past which deserves to live. To undertake such a work called for men of no ordinary qualifications, and in the editors of this work such men have, so far as possible, been found. Dr. Garnett represents Great Britain. For forty years he was connected with the library of the British Museum, and to him is due more than to any one else its immense growth in the number of printed books during the past half century. He is also a scholar and an author, not perhaps a popular one, for his taste is too refined to appeal to the general public. In recognition of his services a Companionship of the Bath was conferred upon him in 1895 by the Queen. Associated with him are the librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale of France, M. Léon Vallée, and the professor of literature in the Imperial University in Berlin. The French National Library is said to contain three million volumes; the two great libraries at Berlin about a million and a half. The editors, therefore, possess a knowledge of books in which no one can surpass them. So great was the interest taken by Dr. Garnett in this work that he resigned his post at the British Museum in order to devote himself exclusively to the preparation and arrangement of this work. Along with the editors in chief there are associated as supervisors of various departments a large number of fellow-workers. The list of these is too long to give in full; we can only mention the names of Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford (for many years librarian of the Boston Public Library and of the Congressional Library), M. F. Brunetière, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Professor J. P. Mahaffy.

Many years and most careful thought have been devoted to the preparation of this work. In the Essay prefixed to the work, "On the Use and Value of Anthologies," Dr. Garnett discusses the principles on which the selections from generally accessible works have been made. A very strict and lofty standard might have been set up, and this would have excluded any piece to which exception could be taken on any grounds soever. This would have brought the work to very small dimensions, indeed. But a wider and less exacting criterion has been adopted. The selection has been entrusted to public suffrage, ascertained by those whose life's work has been, as has been stated, among books. Those pieces have been chosen which are known to have appealed with special force to the heart and conscience of mankind. Nothing has been admitted which is mere

book-making; everything deserves to be looked upon as literature, although of various periods and suiting various tastes. A large portion has been allotted to American literature.

A special and distinguishing feature of this work, however, is that it contains selections from works which are practically inaccessible to the general public. There are articles here which have never before appeared in English; among these are selections from the *Secret History* attributed to Procopius, from Dion Cassius' *History*, and from Ælian's gossip about animals. Extracts are given—brief indeed—from St. Thomas Aquinas and from the great Moslem teachers to whom he so frequently refers: Avicenna the Arab and Averroes the Spanish Jew. In these days of reprints of old novelists, such as Richardson and Fielding, the specimen given of the still older romance of *Amadis de Gaul* will, although it too is brief, be of interest.

Although this is not an illustrated book but a work of pure literature, deriving its excellence from this alone, a number of colored plates, four or five in each volume, add to its attractiveness. These plates are etchings, photogravures, and copies of the rare illuminated plates. The latter form exquisite specimens of the ancient art of book-illumination. A few of these photogravures are rather blots than ornaments, notably those of *Circe* and *Salammbô*, and might well have been omitted.

Very few will be able to read the whole of the 14,000 royal octavo pages of which this work consists. To make it practically useful and to render it immediately available for the writer, lecturer, or preacher, a really wonderful Index has been prepared. Combined under a single alphabet, there are five separate and distinct indexes. In the first place, there is an index of author's names; then all articles are indexed separately; then there is an index of topics. On the subject of scepticism, for example, there are some fifteen references. To various authors the first lines of each poem printed in the collection are also given, and in the fifth and last place there is printed in italics an index of famous quotations.

This work has been declared by no mean critic to be "the crowning endeavor of nineteenth century book-making." The term book-making is scarcely worthy of this work; it is rather a treasure-house of pure literature, to which the student tired by severe study, or the worker worn out with toil, may have recourse in order to refresh his mind.

LIBRARY TABLE

The Tablet (7 Dec.): The Jersey Parliament has passed a law depriving Catholic schools of public subsidies. The controversy between Fr. Smith, S.J., and Sir Henry Howorth is continued by a letter from each, concerned largely with the justice of the action of Clement XIV. in suppressing the Society.

(14 Dec.): Correspondence is published from the parties concerned in the Nottingham dispute over the demand made that two newly appointed monsignori should surrender their dignities. The Bishop of Plymouth announces the probable settlement in his diocese of a community of Trappists from Mount Melleray in France. Comments upon the decided growth among Nonconformists of characteristics previously considered as earmarks of Catholics—a tribute to the results of the Oxford Movement. Sir H. Howorth argues that Pope Clement's Brief is an *ex-cathedra* pronouncement. Fr. Smith discusses the internal character of the Brief.

(21 Dec.): Letters appear vindicating the *Zeitschrift*, the *Stimmen*, and the *Civiltà* from the charge of anti-English sentiments. Gives an authoritative account of the recent disturbance between Greek and Latin monks at Jerusalem.

(28 Dec.): Fr. Powell and Sir H. Howorth answer some of Fr. Smith's arguments, Fr. Powell notably insisting on the inaccuracy of the statement that the suppression of the Jesuits was due to the spite of Madame La Pompadour. It is reported that the new Westminster Cathedral will be opened about the beginning of next July—probably informally and quietly.

The Month (Jan.): Fr. Rickaby compares and contrasts Cardinal Newman and Dr. Arnold. Fr. Pollen presents evidence to show that during the first ten years of Elizabeth's reign the Catholics of England were uniformly patient, law-abiding, and inoffensive. Fr. Thurston continues to discuss the possible connection of the curfew bell and the Angelus. The Countess de Courson gives an interesting account of a book which describes how a French nun of

Poitiers educated a deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who is now in great distress at the danger of her friends being expelled from France by the new law.

Revue de l'Institut Catholique de Paris (Nov.-Dec.): Mgr. Péchenard delivers an interesting account of the foundation of the Catholic University of Paris in 1875.

La Croix (26 Nov.): Praise is given to the severe measures taken by the bishops of Belgium against devotional publications which extravagantly and indiscriminately extol certain pious practices and the pretended miracles resulting therefrom.

La Verité Française (4 Oct.): R. de la Gueronnière considers the possibility of adopting a universally uniform pronunciation of Latin, and advocates the claim of the Italian style.

(9 Dec.): G. Périès reviews the French translation of Dr. Hogan's "Clerical Studies."

Revue des Deux Mondes (15 Dec.): T. N. Page contributes a tale on Santa Claus (who is described by a reviewer as "*le saint Nicolas américain*").

Revue Générale (Dec.): M. Forsaith de Fronsac describes the programme and aims of the Royalist party in the United States, a party composed of the United States nobility, and organized in the hope of placing either Prince Robert of Bavaria or Don Carlos de Bourbon on the throne of the United States. Discussion of the possibility of repopulating France by putting a premium upon births.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Dec.): Mgr. Mignot, Archbishop of Albi, considers the need of adapting the study and methods of theology to present-day conditions. P. Turmel sketches the career of the great Jesuit theologian Petavius. P. Godet praises P. Chauvain's *Le Père Gratry* as an honor to its author and a great prize for its readers. Mgr. Le Nordez, Archbishop of Dijon, in an allocution to his clergy criticises a number of the statements made by M. Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (15 Nov.) concerning the tendency among the French priests and prelates to make a national church. P. Baudrillart sketches the work of Mgr. d'Hulst as an intellectual apostle.

(1 Jan.): P. Pisani says that a "national church" requires

two elements, a mass of credulous, honest folk and a number of leaders permeated with schismatical principles; neither of these classes is in evidence to-day in France. P. Besse tells how the Thomistic system has come into favor at Rome and speaks of its present status and its outlook, giving many interesting details of the way in which the revival of Thomism was not welcomed by some theologians and philosophers. Archbishop Le Camus laments that the seminary programme of studies is out of touch with present-day needs and suggests some improvements.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Nov.): P. Denis discusses with great openness the situation of Catholicism among Latin races and finds a want of adaptation to environment which has become all but fatal. P. Leray attempts to reconcile the doctrine of the Real Presence with the teachings of science, or rather to explain it to some extent by means of them. P. Leclère regrets as insufficient many of the arguments usually advanced to demonstrate the existence of God. P. Quiévreux indicates some new conceptions attaching to the doctrine of Original Sin in view of scientific advance.

Le Correspondant (10 Dec.): The Vicomte de Meaux says history has demonstrated that the Church can undergo trials with great advantage, and that in recent times infidelity rather than heresy has been the source of persecutions against the Church. A. Kannengieser presents selections from the two new volumes of Bismarck's correspondence by M. Kohl, noting particularly his intercourse with Cardinal Hohenlohe, Gambetta, and the Emperor William. An article is devoted to the industrial agitations among the coal-miners which are said to affect the vitality of all other industries and the very bases of the existing social organization.

(25 Dec.): In view of current talk concerning the possibility and character of a French National Church G. de Grandmaison sketches the "national church" founded by l'Abbé Chatel in the reign of Louis Philippe. H. Bordeaux says that translations from all languages—Russian, Slavonic, German, Spanish, English, Scandinavian, Italian—are pouring into France so largely that the national literature

is in real danger of being relegated to the background. H. Delorme considers Montalembert's close connection with *Le Correspondant* during the years 1855-1869 apropos of a forthcoming third volume of P. Lecannet's work, the volume being devoted to the church under the Second Empire.

Études (5 Dec.): P. Longhayé passes certain strictures on Eugène Veuillot's life of his brother Louis as displaying certain preferences and some severity, and lacking somewhat in objectivity. P. Bremond sketches the career of Jean Maillefer, a pious citizen of Rheims in the seventeenth century. P. Mechineau writes on the varying conceptions of inspiration, canonicity, etc., among Catholics, Protestants, and Rationalists.

(20 Dec.): P. Desmarquest and P. Tobar answer charges made against Catholic missionaries in China. P. Delaporte laments the tendency of the French theatre to deride religion, social virtue, the priesthood.

La Quinzaine (1 Dec.): P. Frémont teaches his readers that they can look for no intelligent direction and no peace of soul except they first realize the true solution of the problem of human destiny. G. Fonsegrive shows why a French schism could not succeed even were it desired and attempted.

(16 Dec.): A. Artaud shows what part Pierre Leroux played in the development of scientific socialism. P. Urbain praises greatly P. Chauvain's new *Life of Père Gratry*.

(1 Jan.): P. Folliolley describes how Montalembert and Mgr. Parisi were associated during the days of "the July Monarchy." P. de Marennes, Vice-Guardian of the Holy Places at Jerusalem, gives an official account of the details and causes of the November quarrel between the Greek and Latin monks over the right of sweeping certain parts of the chapel at the Holy Sepulchre.

Revue Ecclésiastique (15 Dec.): Publishes extracts from M. Brunetière's Lyons speech on "Motives of Hope."

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 Dec.): Mgr. Fèvre answers some of the current charges against the Jesuits. (15 Dec.): Mgr. Fèvre comments on the ills which afflict the French Church, and says it must get rid of the Protestant infil-

trations which, according to P. Fontaine, have invaded it. Y., answering a writer in the *Revue Chrétienne*, insists on the weaknesses of Protestant missionary efforts.

Revue de Lille (Nov.): M. de Vilère praises the valuable documents and letters presented in the Life of Louis Veuillot, but intimates that it is not perfectly impartial: P. Boulay remarks that French Catholics, under pretence of abstaining from politics, have given society and religion over into the hands of the enemy.

Civiltà Cattolica (7 Dec.): A sketch of the most prominent models of Roman and Byzantine methods of architecture. An appeal for financial help for the Italian nuns, many of whom suffer actual physical want. A protest against the criticisms passed upon the changes made in the Slavonic Institute at Rome.

(21 Dec.): Insists on the necessity of constantly demanding the restoration of the Papal rights. Describes a clerical seminary about to be opened at Athens.

Rivista Internazionale (Dec.): A. Cappellazzi contrasts the socialists' ideal mathematical equality of economic goods with the Catholic ideal of harmony and proportion. Writing on Feminism F. Crispolti insists on the need of rightly directing all attempts to develop and raise the minds of women.

Studi Religiosi (Nov.-Dec.): G. Gabriels studies the religious characteristics of Leo Tolstoi and the defects of the Russian Church. B. Teloni writes upon the monuments of Ninive and Babylon.

Rassegna Nazionale (16 Dec.): G. Saltini describes the lives of two Florentine princesses of the sixteenth century, Isabella and Eleonora di Medici. R. Ferrini writes upon the development of wireless telegraphy during 1901, and perceives in it the promise of a more or less complete revolution. P. Monnosi finds that the men of the past century have given evidence of a great tendency to become *doctrinaires*. E. S. Kingswan characterizes the *Ave Maria's* notice of De Cesare's article on the next Conclave (*North American Review* for November, 1901) as both violent and unjust. The same writer speaks very eulogistically of Bishop Spalding's writings.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE *Tablet* has been publishing a series of articles on the inner life of the church in France with special reference to the expulsion of the French Congregations. The writer reviews the educational movements that have created the present type of French priest, and have instituted the existing relations between the clergy and the laity. The same movements have been responsible to some extent for the attitude of many of the clergy towards the present government. A recent chapter of this series of papers has some pertinent statements which may serve as cautionary signals in our own educational methods:

"Without a manful and cultured laity uniting the acquisitions of modern science with the solid knowledge of Christian civilization and history, it was impossible either to hold the headship of the masses, or to call to Catholic traditions the literary classes."

After the volcanic action of the Revolution, when it was apparent that there were no laymen of culture to lead the commonalty, very little pains were taken to profit by the lessons that had been taught. One would think that the masters of the educational world would have set about creating such a body of defenders for the church and leaders of the Catholic laity. There was, however, no discerning of the warnings of disaster. The author of the article in a very pointed way makes the remark: *"Most assuredly and most deplorably, if there was not to be a learned Catholic laity, there was going to be a learned uncatholic and anti-Catholic laity. The church could show nothing but learned and excellent clergymen. There were no cultured Catholic laymen."*

If to-day there were found in France a large body of Catholic laymen filling the legislative halls it would be impossible to carry out, even to inaugurate, the propaganda against the religious orders that is now going on.

The Christian world is puzzled to know why this condition of affairs exists in a Catholic country. The church cannot sustain itself by a concentration of learning and literary and scientific culture among the clergy alone. It must broaden the basis of defence. The laity will be Catholic or anti-Catholic. They must be equipped for the defence of the church or they will turn their hand against the church, or at least in times of stress they will not be found to raise their hand in her defence.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

Harper's Magazine recently published a most offensive poem on "Margaret of Cortona." The large number of protests brought about an investigation, with a sincere desire to redress the grievous insult to the memory of a saint honored by the Catholic Church. In the January number of *Harper's Magazine* an editorial paragraph is given to conciliate the critics and disavow any intention to give offence to Catholic readers. The following letter was also sent to the Rev. James H. O'Donnell, of Watertown, Conn.:

"December 3, 1901.

"REVEREND SIR: Replying to your favor of December 3, we beg to thank you for your criticism, and to say that we wholly agree with all that you say. For our own satisfaction we are desirous of making such amends as are possible in the next available number of the magazine—the January issue.

"In explanation, we desire to say that Mrs. Edith Wharton is, as you know, one of America's foremost authors, and the editor accepted her poem when she submitted it on its poetic merits alone, assuming that Margaret of Cortona was a purely fictitious character, a creation of the author's fancy. We instinctively respect the feeling of our readers of every faith, and had we known the facts as they exist, the poem would never have been printed in *Harper's Magazine*.

"With the assurance that we deeply regret having given offence to many of our friends, and thanking you again for the courtesy of your letter, we are,

"Very truly yours,

"HARPER & BROTHERS."

If intelligent Catholics always acted with the promptness and vigor which have distinguished many of them in this case, the interests of truth and morality would be grandly subserved. As a rule that current literature which is offensive to Catholics as such, is or should be offensive to all other right-minded readers for being also vulgar, untruthful, or, as in the case of the poem above-named, blasphemous and immorally suggestive.

The editorial apology published in *Harper's Magazine* was as follows:

"The poet in the exercise of his art is under severe formal obligation. Perhaps for that reason he is allowed a greater freedom in essential features. He may ignore or transform the historical fact. Mrs. Edith Wharton, on the basis of a popular legend that she heard in Italy, wrote a poem entitled 'Margaret of Cortona,' which was published in the November number of this magazine. Not knowing that such a person as Margaret of Cortona ever actually existed, she shaped her story to suit a poetic *motif*. Unfortunately the poetic license involved an injury to the religious sensibilities of many of our readers—an injury such as the whole Christian world would feel if a like liberty were taken with the story of Mary Magdalen. This was done in ignorance on the part both of the poet who wrote and of the editor who accepted the poem; who, rather than have knowingly done the wrong, would have given up writing and editing altogether. All readers will absolve us as to intention; but we are sorry for the fact."

M. C. M.



MARCONI, THE PROJECTOR OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

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MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY: WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT PROMISES.

BY JAMES MURPHY.



IGNOR MARCONI, when asked by the present writer for an explanation of wireless telegraphy that would appeal in the simplest possible form to the average reader not versed in the history and technicalities of electrical devices, said that the simplest explanation would be by analogy. For instance, it is a well-known fact that if two violins having chords of similar material, of similar length and thickness, and under similar tension, are placed on the same table, if one draws a bow on a string of one of the violins so as to make it vibrate, the similar string on the other violin will simultaneously sound, although it has not been touched by the bow. This is what is called sounding in unison, and a like occurrence is observable in the phenomena of light, although it does not so readily appeal to the casual observer.

In the same way it has been observed that if in a coil of wire, so constructed as to form an electrical circuit, an electrical current is made to run, it will be found that a current of electricity also manifests itself in any other similar circuit which is lying near. The current in this second coil is called a current produced by induction. Now if, instead of having two coils of wires which form circuits, we take two single wires placed erect and at a distance from each other, it will be found that if we produce a series of electrical shocks, or broken currents, in one wire, these shocks will be repeated in the other wire, although

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
OF NEW YORK, 1902.

this other wire is not in direct communication with the instrument which produces the shocks or broken currents. The electrical shocks or vibrations produced in the second wire are like the sound-vibrations produced in the violin string which we have not touched with the bow, but which has been operated upon by unison with the other string across which the bow was drawn.

This explanation is as simple and as graphic as any description of wireless telegraphy can well be, and as a matter of fact it states nearly all that Mr. Marconi or any one else knows about the primary concrete facts of wireless telegraphy. The rest of human knowledge on the subject is simply theory, or else the understanding of the means of best producing the electrical shocks in the one wire and of best receiving them in the other wire in which they are induced by unison or sympathy.

SPACE TELEGRAPHY IS NOT NEW.

The fact of the induction of complete or broken currents in a wire has long been known, and the grand achievement of wireless telegraphy has merely been the inducing of currents or shocks at ever greater distances and in intelligible Morse code signals. Telegraphy without wires is, of course, as old as the historical records of man, but the wireless telegraphy which has made the name of Signor Marconi famous is, naturally, something very different from the system by which an alarm or a fact of news was communicated from one part of the country to another by bonfires on the hill-tops.

Wireless telegraphy in the present acceptation is defined as the transmission of electric telegraph signals through space without the use of any wires to run directly from the transmitting to the receiving instrument. Wireless telegraphy is something of a misnomer, as, although no wires connect the sending with the receiving apparatus, the Marconi system makes an extensive use of wires at both ends. "Space telegraphy" is a term which several literary purists are using by preference, and as a matter of fact many suggestions are being thrown out for fitting words descriptive of wireless telegraphy. The terms "caenogram" and "caenography," or "neogram" and "neography," have been put forward. More directly applicable, however, and possibly more euphonious, are the expressions offered in the proposal that we should say that an "ethergram" is sent by

the "ethergraph." But to call the process "etheregraphy" might prove a little awkward for ordinary colloquial use, and it is possible that in practice some use of the word "air" will be adopted, just as we say "wire," which has now practically ceased to be slang.

Wireless telegraphy was known to our grandfathers. It is the outcome of the labors, not of one man but of several. As far back as 1842 Gale, following lines laid down by S. F. B. Morse, was making wireless experiments on the Susquehanna River, and with some measure of success. But while scientists were amusing themselves sending wireless messages fifty yards, along comes a slim, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of twenty who shows that he can cover fifty miles.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Guglielmo (William) Marconi was born at Marzabotto, near Bologna, Italy, on September 23, 1875. His father was Giovanni Marconi and his mother Mary Pence. He is the issue of his father's second marriage. Both his parents and two step-brothers are still living. His mother is Irish, being a member of the famous Guinness family of Dublin, who have given a couple of members to the British peerage, and have made millions of pounds by the manufacturing of a very special brand of porter and stout on the banks of the Liffey. She is a highly cultured woman and is an exceptionally talented musician. To her the young inventor ascribes all his success, and her he consults on all the serious problems of his public life. Besides being his guide and director, she was his playmate in the hours of leisure and his assistant in the early stages of his mechanical work. Marconi's father is far advanced in years, and though always devoted to, and proud of, his dutiful son, has had his period of doubts and misgivings as to the utility of the career to which the young man dedicated himself.

About ten years ago, when living at Leghorn in Italy, it was the young inventor's custom to visit a large ship-building yard established there. Articles necessary for his experiments were made for him in the shops. Many of them were weird-looking creations. In the youth's absence, his father one day discovered them, and, remarking that he had no desire to have his house blown to atoms by an infernal machine, destroyed them. The elder Marconi frequently mentions the incident since

his son has become famous, and uses it to emphasize his assertion of the young man's gentle disposition and filial virtues.

Guglielmo Marconi began his scholastic career at Leghorn, and rounded off his studies at the universities of Bologna and Padua. He was fifteen years old when he began, on his father's estate at Marzabotto, to devise instruments to test the then somewhat novel theory that an electrical current is capable of passing through any substance, and that an electric wave, if started in any given direction, will follow an undeviating course without need of a wire or other conductor.

HIS EARLY ACHIEVEMENTS.

It took him five or six years to perfect the apparatus that was destined to make his name a household word. He took it to London and showed it to Sir William Preece, engineer and electrician in chief of the English Postal Telegraph. Preece tested it; it was a success, and Marconi and his wireless telegraphy were discussed in the remotest corners of the globe. The Italian government promptly sent an invitation to the new light of science to return to his native land and accept opportunities for furthering his success. Two warships were put at his disposal for experimental purposes, and at Spezzia he succeeded in sending wireless messages a distance of fifteen miles.

It was in Ireland that wireless telegraphy was first used for journalistic purposes. In 1898 the progress of a yacht race, at the Kingstown regatta, was reported for the *Dublin Express* from a steamer, which at certain periods of the race was ten miles distant from the receiving station at Kingstown. A little earlier English royalty had taken the matter up and messages were sent from Queen Victoria on shore to the Prince of Wales aboard his yacht, and a year later wireless communication was established between England and France across the English Channel.

Marconi first came to the United States in 1899. Thereafter practical uses of his wireless system came into being. Its utility at sea was undeniable. Under the inventor's direction it was employed with complete success during manœuvres of one of the British squadrons. Gradually battle-ships, ocean liners, light-houses and light-ships, in various quarters of the world, were equipped with the Marconi apparatus, and every month or so the newspapers contained descriptions of experiments steadily.

increasing the distance over which wireless telegraphy proved workable, till finally last year it was announced that Marconi had succeeded in communicating between two stations on the British coast separated from each other by some two hundred and fifty miles.

This was thought a record that would not be beaten for a long time. But the 12th of December, 1901, was still to come.

THE EXPERIMENTS AT ST. JOHN'S.

On December 6 Mr. Marconi landed at St. John's with two assistants. He quietly began to install his instruments, to send up kites carrying the wires that were to receive the induced electrical shocks, and to make other important preparations that carried with them, for the onlookers, and for the general public, to whom the news of his presence had been communicated, no presage of the important event that was to follow. The balloons and kites which he sent up to hold his wires broke away and caused him considerable trouble. On December 12 they acted in a somewhat more tractable manner, and Mr. Marconi, that night, left his receiving station for his hotel with the knowledge in his bosom of the achievement of a great feat which would be liable to have a revolutionary effect in the centuries to come.

He had, in fact, on that day received a wireless telegraphic communication from the station which he had erected on the coast of Cornwall, over 1,800 miles away. The communication was a Morse code signal, three dots representing the letter "S." He had arranged that this signal should be sent at certain intervals between certain hours on that day by his assistants in England. It came to him so distinctly and so precisely at the appointed time and in the appointed manner that he felt there was no possibility of his being deceived by a mere coincidence or by an accident of any kind.

Transatlantic wireless telegraphy, which the majority of scientists had pooh-poohed as the wild vision of a dreamer, was now an accomplished fact, and an era was opened up for the commercial use of wireless telegraphy to an extent and in a manner that the most daring imagination would a year ago have hardly ventured to conjure up.

Marconi's achievement at St. John's, it must be remembered, was something perceptible only to himself and his two assistants.

It is on the word of these three men that the civilized world is asked to believe that wireless telegraphy between the two sides of the Atlantic has been brought from the realm of theory to that of accomplished fact. Many doubting Thomases promptly arose. They included men eminent in the domain of science, and, if the reports published in the press can be relied upon, included even Sir William Preece, the man who has been regarded as Marconi's high patron.

CLAIMANTS FOR THE HONOR.

A cable message from Paris announced that the highly considered Academy of Science had devoted a session practically to belittling Marconi and his exploits. The French savants, it is said, unanimously decided that Marconi had as yet proved nothing, and that, besides, "the real inventors of wireless telegraphy are Feddersen and Maxwell, both Englishmen; then Hertz of Germany; but principally Professor Branly, a Frenchman, who conceived and constructed in 1890 the receiver for electric waves which is still used by Marconi; the next, Professor Lodge, an Englishman, who read a paper before the electrical congress of 1894, pointing out the possibility of transmitting telegraphic signals with the Hertz apparatus, and receiving them with the Branly tube of metallic filings, which possibility was actually put into practice by a Russian scientist, named Popoff, in 1896."

Other opponents raised objections to the practical value of Marconi's feat. These objections, when sifted out, are fairly comprised in the following extract from an article published in London and repeated in the American press:

"The following grave defects of the Marconi system are most apparent: First: The impossibility, notwithstanding all that has been promised and alleged to have been discovered, of communicating and confining secret messages and signals exclusively to one apparatus.

"Second: The impossibility of preventing messages and signals being taken up or tapped by any one sufficiently interested who chooses to provide himself with the necessary apparatus, such as a foreign power with whom we may be at war.

"Third: The trouble and doubtfulness experienced in discovering from whom a message comes, and the uncertainty of its meaning when it does come.

"Fourth: The utter futility and absurdity of having ships of war fitted with such apparatus at all until such time as these difficulties are overcome. Codification of the signals does not meet the difficulty, and the chances are about even whether you trap the enemy or the enemy traps you."

To sum them up, all the objections raised are practically to the effect that the feat which Marconi claims to have performed between Cornwall and Newfoundland is impossible; that Marconi is not the inventor of wireless telegraphy, and that wireless telegraphy is commercially valueless without reliable apparatus by which messages may be differentiated so as to be received only at the particular station and by the particular receiving instrument for which they are intended and by no other.

THE SECRECY OF MESSAGES.

It seems, however, rather vain to argue over the possibility of an accomplished fact, and it is noteworthy that the vast bulk of the discerning public put prompt and absolute reliance in the word of Marconi. The reason unquestionably is that Marconi has always done more than he promised. No expert in the matter of wireless telegraphic communication can reasonably claim to be more expert than he. When he comes out with a positive statement on a matter within his competency, it is fair to admit that he is not liable to be deceived. He has staked his reputation on the statement that he has communicated by wireless telegraph from one side of the Atlantic to the other, and it would seem to be the part of common sense to believe him, or at least to suspend judgment until the early date at which he promises public verification of the feat.

Regarding the objection that messages by wireless telegraphy could not be differentiated, and therefore that secrecy in their despatch and reception, which is of vital importance for the commercial value of the invention, is practically impossible, it suffices to state that Signor Marconi declares that this difficulty has been overcome. He affirms that he has a device for "tuning" his instruments, so that a message sent by one transmitter can be registered only by a receiver which has been especially "tuned" to that transmitter. He declares that one of his reasons for knowing that he was not deceived regarding the communication which came to him on the 12th of December at Signal Hill, Newfoundland, being really sent out from the English

coast, was that his receiver at St. John's was tuned so that it could catch the message of no other wireless transmitter except the one working in Cornwall. Professor Lodge declares that he too has contrived an apparatus which attunes a transmitter and its receiver in such a way that the waves from the one arouse a response only in the other. Here also we must take the word of the inventor for it, and again rely upon the fact that he is not liable to make a statement of fact of which he is not fully certain.

MARCONI'S OWN STATEMENT.

As to the question of Signor Marconi being the inventor of wireless telegraphy, it may be noted that he himself has never claimed absolute originality in the matter. In an address delivered by him on February 2, 1900, at the Royal Institution in London, he began in these words:

"When Ampère threw out the suggestion that the theory of universal ether based on merely mechanical probabilities might supply the means for explaining electrical facts, which view was upheld by Joseph Henry and Faraday, the veil of mystery which had enveloped electricity began to lift. When Maxwell published in 1864 his splendid dynamical theory of the electro-magnetic field and worked out mathematically the theory of ether waves, and Hertz had proved experimentally the correctness of Maxwell's hypothesis, we obtained, if I may use the words of Professor Fleming, 'the greatest insight into the hidden mechanisms of nature which has yet been made by the intellect of man.' A century of progress such as this has made wireless telegraphy possible. Its basic principles are established in the very nature of electricity itself. Its evolution has placed another great force of nature at our disposal."

The fact is, that Marconi had studied Hertz, Hertz had studied James Clark Maxwell, and Maxwell had probably studied Professor FitzGerald of Dublin, who of course had Michael Faraday's experiments before him, showing some sort of relation between electro-magnetic waves and light.

FitzGerald had affirmed the law of the identity of light and electro-magnetic propagation through the ether.

James Clark Maxwell in 1873 published his mathematical equations establishing this law. Hertz proved it by actual measurement of the waves, and thereby won enduring fame as a scientist. His method was to discharge a Leyden jar, or a

Ruhmkorff coil, through a short piece of wire, circled so that its ends came very close together. The spark which jumped this gap was reproduced in the other metallic coil suspended fifty feet away. The fact that the spark jumped the gap in the second coil proved the transmission of electro-magnetic waves through space, or rather through the ether. It was by the second spark that Hertz was enabled to measure the waves and fix their rate. He proved that they may be a fraction of an inch or one thousand miles in length, and he determined their periodicity to be about a one-hundred-millionth of a second, waves about 8 feet in length having the velocity of light, 168,000 miles per second.

He also showed that the waves could be reflected, deflected and screened, and he determined their nodal point and outline—all this inside of a small laboratory.

THE BRANLY COHERER.

The discovery of electric waves by Hertz gave probably the greatest impulse to wireless telegraphy, and it is to Hertz that Marconi owes one of the two most vitally important parts of his apparatus, the transmitter. For the other essential part—the receiver—Marconi was indebted to Professor Branly, of the Catholic University of Paris.

Professor Branly produced the “coherer,” a receiver of extraordinary delicacy for electro-magnetic waves transmitted through the ether. Branly, in a series of experiments in 1891, showed that certain metallic powders or filings had a strangely variable conductivity and may be made very sensitive to the perception of the Hertz waves. This sensitiveness occurred when the filings were massed together, and Branly showed that it was only necessary to shake up the filings in order to restore them to their normal state of low conductivity. The electric waves packed them together, or made them cohere, while shaking them up caused them to decohere.

For practical use he produced a simple little device, consisting of a tube about two inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter, plugged nearly all the way through and with only a narrow space left in the centre. This space was filled with finely powdered silver and nickel filings. The most delicate electro-magnetic wave brought to bear on these filings had the power of making them cohere, or of drawing them into a solid

mass, so that they became an excellent conductor. After the wave was registered and received through the instrumentality of the metal filings, a tiny hammer which worked automatically struck the coherer and shook the particles of metal apart, making them become a poor conductor and ready to at once receive another electrical manifestation.

This little instrument—the coherer—is a triumph of mechanical ingenuity, and has been described as an electric eye as sensitive to the most feeble electric ray as the human eye is to the faintest glimmer of light.

MARCONI THE WIZARD.

In the Branly coherer and the Hertz oscillator, or transmitter, Marconi saw his wireless telegraphy. But it must be remembered that others had tried their hand with the Hertz oscillator and the Branly coherer, but had failed to produce long distance wireless telegraphy. As Sir William Preece put it in defending Marconi against his critics, "They all knew the egg, but Marconi was the Columbus who showed them how to make it stand on end."

Marconi himself introduced important secondary inventions to use in combination with these two, and to render them effective for his purpose, the chief being a device for intensifying and strengthening the rapidity and dimensions of the electric shocks, or electro-magnetic waves sent from the oscillator, or transmitter. He also used permutations of wires and batteries at his receiving and transmitting stations, and so modified the uses of the Hertz and Branly inventions that in combination under his hand they had become practically equivalent to a new discovery.

Before Marconi, wireless telegraphy was merely a matter for interesting laboratory experiments; under Marconi's hand it has passed out of the experimental stage. It is already of genuine service to the civilized community, and he assures us that it is only a matter of months when it will be one of the great commercial factors of the world.

It is well to remember, however, that Marconi's method, by inductive electric shocks, is not the only one that offers possibilities for the development of wireless telegraphy. There are many other systems using different methods and employing different media for the transmission of electrical signals. The earliest

experimenters in this line relied on the conductivity of water and earth.

OTHER WORKERS IN THE FIELD.

Forty-eight years ago Mr. Bowman Lindsay, of Dundee, Scotland, patented a device for sending electric communication through water without connecting wires. One of his experiments was across the river Tay at Glencarse, where it was half a mile wide. The experiment was quite successful and brought Mr. Lindsay some local glory; but that half mile was his limit.

Since then a French priest, Abbé Michel, has done brilliant things by using the conductivity of moist earth. He has revealed mechanical ingenuity of a high kind, and it is interesting to note that he uses telephones as receivers and transmitters, and to remember that on December 12 Mr. Marconi employed a telephone at St. John's to catch the exceedingly faint Morse code signal that had travelled all the way from the coast of England. Abbé Michel's system has never been subjected to exhaustive tests regarding distance and accuracy, as there are no long distances in France without the proximity of towns, and it has been found that the signals are interfered with in cities by leakage currents and by short-circuiting due to pipes and rails.

Mr. Nikola Tesla, who is well and eminently known among inventors and who is an American citizen, believes that, by properly disturbing the earth's electric charge, signals can be transmitted to any point on the surface of the globe. He declares that he has obtained experimental proof of this theory. He has also patented a method of transmitting electrical energy by conduction through the upper air, which becomes a conductor when sufficiently rarefied and for oscillatory currents of very high frequency.

All these various methods look for success in transmitting wireless messages by conduction, as contrasted with induction—the principle according to which Marconi works. With the inductive method various successful devices have been for some years before the public. For instance, one of the earliest forms of wireless induction telegraphy was that employed in signalling to a moving train. A patent for this was issued to Smith in 1881.

But there is no getting away from the fact that of all inventors of systems of wireless telegraphy, whether by conduction or by induction, Marconi alone so far has made good. He alone

has put on the market an article that will work, and that is useful and beneficial and marks a mile-stone on the route of human progress.

PRACTICAL UTILITY AT SEA.

It is true that so far the Marconi system has its chief applicability on sea. But even if its use were for ever restricted to the water, its value is still incontestable. For one thing, it will mean an enormous saving in human life and in property. The Marconi reflector, placed near the treacherous shoals that in various quarters of the world yearly exact their toll of human sacrifice, will furnish a secure and unfailing warning to ships, thus supplying an adequate remedy which governments and inventors had begun to despair of ever finding. The solitude of the ocean will soon cease to exist, and the anxiety of relatives for their kin and of shippers for their property need never be of long duration even though the vessel carrying them be thousands of miles from land.

Even though it should eventually turn out that there is some practical hitch in the plan to telegraph wirelessly from one coast to another thousands of miles away, there is always at hand the relatively simple expedient of placing stationary ships at distances that the wireless signal can safely cover, and of thus bridging over the broadest expanses of ocean.

Mr. Marconi is confident that his wireless system will do the work that the ocean cables are now doing. He goes further, and affirms that it is a question only of months when the system will be doing a big commercial business in transoceanic telegraphy. If his sanguine expectations in this regard are realized, and if the "tuning" apparatus which he declares he possesses works satisfactorily for the securing of secrecy to messages, then an enormous step will have been taken in the simplifying of human intercourse. It costs three or four million dollars to lay an ocean cable across the Atlantic, and the expense of maintenance is enormous. It follows that a cable company must charge a high figure for telegraph rates. But by the wireless system messages could be sent at a fraction of a cent a word, or at a price less than short distance land telegraph rates in any quarter of the globe.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF LAND SERVICE.

On land there are obstacles to wireless telegraphy which do

not exist by water. The numerous powerful electric currents used in towns and cities for the generation of light, heat, and power militate against the most effective work of the delicate little Branly coherer. And yet Mr. Marconi is confident of finding means of surmounting these obstacles, and, as a matter of fact, he has been gradually widening his field and has succeeded in sending messages the best part of one hundred miles on land.

In time of war the wireless apparatus, it is claimed, would encompass momentous results. One of Mr. Marconi's assistants took an outfit of Marconi instruments to South Africa two years ago and endeavored to establish communication between the relieving army of Sir Redvers Buller on the Tugela and the besieged forces of General White in Ladysmith. Only meagre success, however, attended the efforts; but Mr. Marconi declares that this was wholly due to the fact that the military authorities did not adopt the proper measures, and he affirms that his system on that occasion did not get anything like an adequate trial.

Practical man though he is, Mr. Marconi is of a keenly sensitive disposition, and the physical obstacles that lie in his path, as well as the difficulties that perverse or unconscionable human beings create for him, form a burden that sits heavily on his shoulders. Those who saw him a few years ago admit that to-day he looks unduly aged and careworn. Those who know him intimately declare that he is far from being a well man. They fear that he is liable to burn out the flame that is within him too rapidly.

It will be a grievous blot on the records of this generation if this young man, who has proved himself a benefactor of the human race, instead of receiving encouragement and gratitude from all mankind, should, till the end of his career find placed in his path by human agency stumbling-blocks that will test his spirit to the breaking point.

It is not inconceivable that it may be another than Marconi who will bring wireless telegraphy to its highest point of mechanical efficiency and to its simplest form for employment by mankind, but it was Marconi who more than any other blazed the way for its ultimate success, and it is fair and even gratifying to assume that with wireless telegraphy throughout the ages will be indissolubly connected the name of the inventor who promised little and did much, Guglielmo Marconi.

THE NIGHT IS DARK.

BY THOMAS A. WALSH.



THE night is dark, 'tis thick with mists of gray,
And torrents in the forest dash and foam,
While through the wastes I've wandered far astray
From every pathway that would lead me home.

Around me all is barren, wild and harsh,
And vampires rustling through the darkness fly,
Or lights of evil gleam along the marsh,
And farther still would lure my steps awry.

Appalling clouds lie banked along the west,
Deep thunders mutter on the distant hill,
While beasts of prey and spirits of unrest
Are roaming near me through the woods at will.

O God! my God, before Thee now I fall,
Repentant and contrite of mind and heart,
And from this wilderness of death I call
On Thee to help me till the night depart.

Then grant Thou change and guide me back again
From blinding mists and torrents white with foam
To where Thy lights shine sweetly through the rain,
And all Thy pathways lead us safely home.



REFLECTIONS FOR ORDINARY CHRISTIANS.

SANCTIFYING GRACE.

I.



AWAY with your philosophies, vain world. Science, close your books. Faith has lifted up a veil of the world of souls. We stand before a divine fact—a reality lighting up the whole intelligent creation, and touching us *here and now*.

There is almost a sacrament in the very words. Scarcely have they slipped from tongue or pen, than the first thought is to beat our breast in holy fear, lest this very moment we may not possess what we thus dare to dwell upon:—God's complacency, which at once divinizes us—sanctifying grace.

We marvel as we think of the pagan insanity that could invent grafting upon still living mortality a man-made apotheosis.

God had forestalled man.

Upon us He has impressed and imposed, with a divine end, the qualities of a supernatural career and a supernatural deserving. The pagan of to-day will not accept it or believe it, even on God's word.

II.

Yet, these are scarcely the words with which to approach this most penetrating and most moving, as well as most sublime and ennobling fact. Humility is the only worthy handmaid of such an honor; gratitude, of such grace.

Yes, grace, the state of grace, is an illuminating reality, and its sanctuaries in human hearts perhaps only hidden from eyes of flesh, lest they might either presume or despair—presume, possessing it; or losing it, despair.

Even we, ordinary Christians, poor sinners and misdoubters, even we have experience of it—oh! let us trust, let us hope, let us pray, that we experience it still. Sometime, in prayer, before the altar, in the ineffable Eucharist, have not our hearts

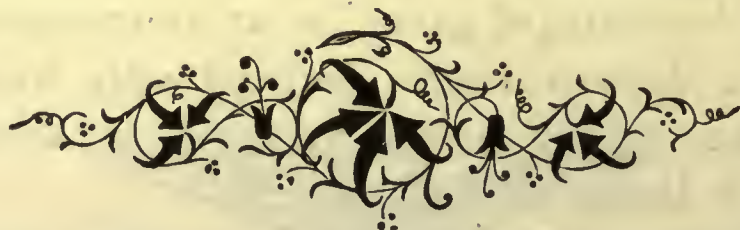
dilated with it? Have we never stretched out our hands to the wound in the side of the Lord—"put in our hand hither"—in the very source of grace? And who shall ever rob us of the realizing sense, of the overwhelming sense, of sanctifying grace abiding with us, flooding the emptiness of our miserable mortality with its presence and its pressure—memories which even sin will often hesitate to deface or to destroy.

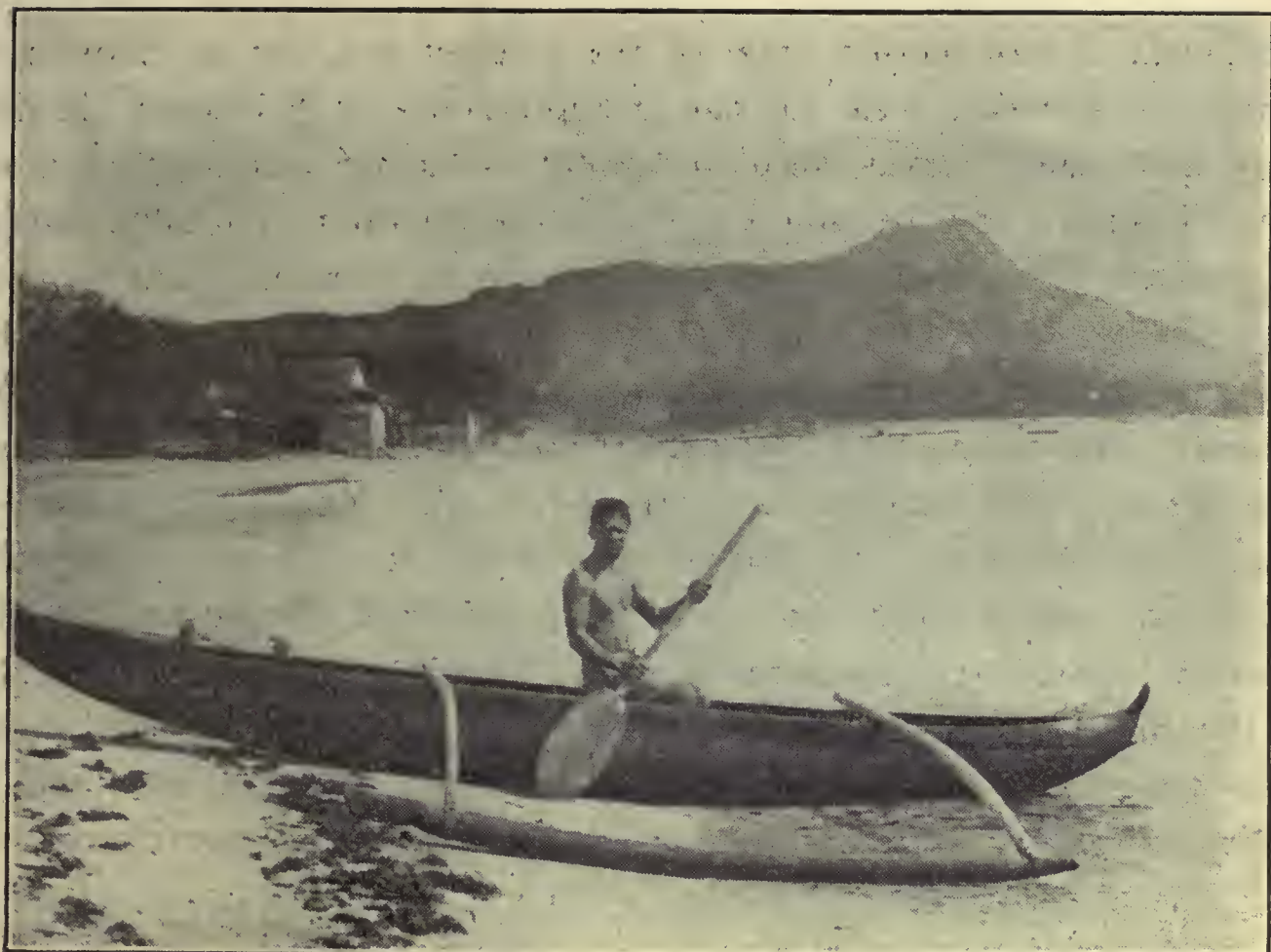
III.

But what we are apt to forget is that this sanctifying grace, of which we are thus perhaps occasionally permitted to *feel* the pulsation, is a *normal fact of Christian life*. That, except when we have chosen deliberately to put an end to it, it differentiates that Christian life, its most prosaic deed and circumstance, by all the consecration of God's own complacency, from those "whose days He has forgotten," and from whom He has "turned away the face of His Christ."

Nay, worldlings; it will not do to flaunt your achievements at us; *your* deeds, many of which are humanly great; your aims, which monuments may properly materialize, and time commemorate. Indeed, if there be in them aught divine, God will surely prove and reward them.

But for us, ordinary Christians, commonplace folk, with many infirmities of mind and flesh, there is assured comfort and consolation in this one fact—and let us cherish it as an inspiration as we have made it ours by faith, and contemned it not by deliberate contumely and defiant deed:—The great God Himself has hallowed our weak but trustful efforts, and put upon the dross of our daily mouldings the hall-mark of eternity.





THE CANOES OF THE NATIVES.

ALOHA,* HAWAII.

BY REV. THOMAS P. MCLOUGHLIN.



ONE of my earliest recollections as a boy at school is a picture in Monteith's Geography representing some natives of the Sandwich Islands balancing themselves on surf-boards and enjoying the sport of riding on the waves, while in the background appear a coral reef and some tall cocoanut palms. I little thought in those far-off days that I would ever visit the Paradise of the Pacific; but it is the unexpected that usually happens, and so I have had my holiday, and have "done" the Islands. Alas! for the fond dreams of youth. No longer does the native, clad in his simple *malo*, skilfully ride the wave on his surf-board; if he happens to exist at all, under the wholly unnecessary weight of bifurcated garments, undershirt, starched white shirt, stiff three-inch collar, flashy neck-tie, straw hat, and yellow shoes, he is not the Sandwich-Islander of our day-dreams; he is simply a new, *café-au-lait* type of Uncle Sam.

* Aloha is a Hawaiian word expressing a warm greeting, and is used in the sense of welcome as well as farewell.

Still, this is not wholly true of the gentler sex, for as they strut along the sidewalk with all the independence of Southern darkies, they hold their heads high and wear a rather startling garment for the street in the shape of a white Mother Hubbard, rather suggestive of a *robe de nuit*. The native women form a very distinct type, fat and flabby from their steady diet of "poi." They seem to ignore utterly the presence of their white conquerors, and their eyes are like those of the leprechaun in Irish fairy tales; you cannot catch them at all. But I anticipate; I want you to enjoy the whole trip with me, so we shall wave adieu to our friends on the wharf at San Francisco as the *Ventura* floats out into the bay and bears us away to the Isles of the Blest. The Golden Gate seems to have hinges that move both ways, and you are as free to leave as you are welcome to enter its magic portals. Let me here quote from my diary:

"April 17, 1901.—At two P. M. we passed the Farilone Islands, and near them we saw a school of whales spouting. Why do whales spout? Well, I suppose it is because they have nothing else to do, and, like other spouters, they like to hear themselves blow."

The days at sea passed very pleasantly, for some of us at least, and as for the others, well it could be said of them that they were endeavoring to hold their own. On the fourth day out we came into tropical weather. Oh! it was delightful. Moonlight on the ocean! At night we would gather together in front of the pilot house, and our little musical coterie (strange how musical people keep together!) would sing in harmony all the old songs we ever knew, from the "Suwanee River" to "Ma Lady Lou," and intersperse the songs with all the old anecdotes we ever heard, including the one about that man that "'ates the mate" on the ship. By day we were wont to play at quoits or bean-bag, or read, or tell stories, or listen to the exquisite piano-playing of Mrs. K—— in the social hall. Anon, we made the children run races for prizes of candy or chewing-gum. Then again we meditated on the great expanse of the ocean, and the firmament above, where the stars were singing together the glory of God, and our faith and trust in our Father in heaven seemed to grow ever stronger. How a rational being can live upon the ocean, and look upon the gorgeous sunset or the starlit heavens by night, and deny the existence of a Supreme



HAWAIIAN TYPE OF BEAUTY.

Creator, will always be a mystery to me. Let me once more quote from my diary:

“April 21.—Saw flying-fish to-day; they are wonderful—remind one of ‘devil’s darning-needles’ on a large scale. These remarkable denizens of the air and sea were a genuine surprise to me. I was prepared to see them jump out of the water and fly a few feet; but was astonished to find that when they rise out of the ocean, at the approach of a boat or of a large fish, they frequently fly three or four hundred feet before re-entering their native element. One of them flew on board the vessel, and we had an opportunity of examining its wings, which are like delicate fins spread out.”

We had on board a comic opera troupe, chorus included; but they did not entertain us in any way. One individual with typical flowing hair, and a long-tail coat, whom we all took for the comedian, turned out to be simply a chorus man, and from my conversations with him on art, music, and the drama I think he was intended by nature to be a leader and not a follower. Still, one must have money as well as brains to be a leader nowadays, particularly on the stage. On the morning of April 23 we heard the joyful cry, "Land ho!" and in a few hours "Diamond Head," the well-known promontory that stands like a sentinel outside the harbor of Honolulu, hove in sight. How bleak and desolate the Island of Oahu looked! Tall, forbidding cliffs, many of them extinct volcanoes, with never a sight of tree or verdure upon them; such, strange to say, is the appearance of all those islands on what is termed the windward side. When we rounded the point, however, what a difference in the landscape! Here was what we looked forward to:



coral reefs, tall cocoanut palms, luxuriant foliage, well cultivated farms, rich valleys in which were plantations of rice and bananas and coffee, tropical trees and shrubbery of all kinds. Honolulu, as seen from the steamer, does not make a very favorable impression, for the beautiful parts of the city are hidden by the

dense foliage; while big smoke-stacks and commonplace store-houses make one feel that Royal Honolulu is a thing of the past, and that we are face to face with the same civilization we left behind us in California; and hence are disappointed. As



UPPER FRONT STREET, HONOLULU, ON SUNDAY MORNING.

we neared the wharf a dozen or more dark-skinned boys dove into the water from various heights, and swam around the vessel calling on the passengers to pitch them money. A nickel or a dime has scarcely time to descend six feet under water when three or four of these natives scramble for the coin, and one of them invariably brings it to the surface. The dock presented a very gay scene, for the natives still cling to a few of their picturesque customs. The venders of "leis," or garlands of flowers and green leaves, were present in great numbers, and made the wharf look like a flower market instead of a steamer pier. From time immemorial the Hawaiians have had the beautiful custom of hanging garlands of bright-colored flowers and green bay leaves over the shoulders of departing friends; and sometimes you will see some favorite laden down with as many as fifteen such garlands, made up of closely strung carnations, cream lilies, and other pretty flowers. It may be all very poetic, but alas! when the dock is out of sight, inside of five minutes all

these flowers are cast into the water of the harbor, lest the wearer become sick from their overpowering sweet odors.

Honolulu is a very peculiar town, much like the average white town in the tropics, yet there is a difference which makes it seem very like an American city in some respects. First of all there are some very fine stores on the main street; then there are numerous liquor stores with flashy bar-rooms, run by Americans, who have taught the unsophisticated savages the full benefits of Bourbon, Rye, Sour Mash, Old Crow, Manhattan, Martini, and other various civilizing drinks. These poor benighted people were so ignorant that when they were thirsty or fatigued they climbed a cocoanut palm, threw down a few of the rich luscious fruits, made a hole in the end of the nut, and drank a delicious draught of cocoanut milk. Now they despise the nut; they walk into an American bar-room, and for a nickel they get what they term "a good horn of booze," and then a second and a third, and if they do not dream of Paradise they wake up with a headache, and have not sense enough to return to the cocoanut.

What impresses the visitor most on first arriving in Honolulu, and more so in Hilo, is the absence of natives. You find in the streets any number of white people, and you discover that the Japanese and Chinese are so numerous as to make you imagine you are in the far East. Most of the stores in Honolulu are run by these Orientals, and one has an excellent opportunity to study their home-life, for they live in the open air. The funny little Japanese women, with their babies straddled on their backs, waddle along the street, wearing their peculiar dress and odd wooden sandals. The shoemaker seems almost as dextrous with his toes as with his fingers in the making of sandals and shoes; and all the Japs are so small that you wonder if they are not an inferior race intellectually. The progress of Japan, however, during the last forty years has proven the contrary. As to their moral inferiority, one would think it was very marked; but the longer one lives, the more he finds human nature pretty much the same in all nations. Are the French and the Spanish any better than the Russians or the Germans, from a moral standpoint? The great test, after all, is early marriage, fidelity in wedlock, and, all things being equal, the presence of large families. The lower order of the Japs, as found in Hawaii, are, externally at least, very inferior to any Christian nation we



BISHOP ROBERT, OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

know of. The laboring men and women, for instance, after returning from the fields at the close of a hard day's work, will strip and bathe in a common pool, without any sense of shame even when people are passing by a block away. It is also a significant fact that in the section of the town which is quarantined and fenced in by the government for the purpose of legalized and licensed prostitution, nearly all of the two hundred women living there are Japanese. These are supplemented by a few half-castes and three or four French girls. Not one native Hawaiian is to be found in the place. It is well known, likewise, that the chief patrons of this moral leper settlement are

Chinese and Japanese, except when one of Uncle Sam's transport steamers arrives in port, and then the whole place is turned over to them while the vessel remains in port. *O tempora! O mores!* And yet it only goes to prove what we have said, that human nature is about the same the world over; and we have only to thank the Puritans for one thing, and that is that they forced vice of this kind under cover, and denied it public rights as though it were a legitimate traffic. Uncle Sam in Hawaii, the Puritan grown wiser, seems to think differently; the mask is thrown off.

I do not mean to say that the Kanakas, as the natives are called, are an immaculate race; far from it, for from what the missionary fathers told me, I gleaned that infidelity is very common among the married people. They are like a great many people; when they are good they are very good, and when they are bad they are very bad. The Catholic natives, for example, attend Mass in the Mission Church at Hilo, and they all use their prayer-books and read aloud with the priest



GRASS HUTS OF THE NATIVES.

all the proper parts of the Mass, even the words of Consecration, in their own language. It is a common sight to see the women smoking pipes on the street; and while waiting for Mass to begin they invariably stand around and smoke and chat just

as the men do in country towns of the United States. I had the privilege of saying Mass several times in the temporary chapel at Waikiki, a watering place three miles outside of Honolulu. From the road the chapel looks like a large whitewashed



A GROUP OF WORKMEN IN HONOLULU.

corn-bin, or a hen-house. The lattice-work reaches up about four feet, and above that it is open, so that the birds fly through during Mass, attracted by the sweet singing of the dusky natives. Outside, three hundred feet away, the waters of the ocean may be heard dashing against the shore; while around the little house of worship arise gigantic cocoanut palms, and banana trees. Inside are low wooden benches and a small Estey reed organ, while at the other end of the chapel, closed in during the day by large portières, is a neat, white altar ornamented with brass candlesticks and a crucifix. Flowers are so very common here that they are rarely used upon the altar. Just as in California, they seem to look upon the calla lily as a species of weed, unfit to honor the King of kings; as though anything could be common in the eyes of the Creator! The pious natives, however, will climb into the damp recesses of the mountains, and cull choice maiden-hair ferns and other precious leaves, and with these will they ornament the tabernacle. Faith,

beautiful and simple, is at the root of it all; they wish to give to their Lord what is choicest and rarest to be found.

Shall I ever forget my visit to the dear little Bishop of Honolulu? After walking through the main street for a few blocks, and passing by several saloons with good old Celtic names adorning the sign-boards, I came to an old-fashioned church, whose steeple and clock tower were over the high altar instead of near the front door, as is customary in most churches. A great iron gateway stood invitingly open, and after passing through an avenue of tall palm-trees I came to a long house, with a wide veranda, and saw his lordship seated and talking to some of the fathers standing around. The priests of the island always wear their soutanes in the street, and so I was not surprised to see the bishop not only wearing his cassock, but having on his head an old-fashioned, three-cornered hat, and smoking a big cigar. It is very funny to an American to see in Honolulu how the old order is changing in this one matter of clerical dress. One of the fathers of the church may be seen at any hour of the day riding on a bicycle through the streets, with his soutane tucked up around his waist and wearing long trousers and an up-to-date white straw hat. It happened to be Friday when I called, and the good bishop invited me to remain for dinner. To this proposition I gladly assented, for I was anxious to taste some native fish. What was my surprise to see on the table a dish of Irish stew, some cold ham and bologna sausage. I thought I had a good joke on the bishop, and said: "Are you orthodox Catholics here, my lord?"

"Yes, certainly," he answered; "why do you ask?"

"Because," I replied, "in every country I have visited so far they never eat meat on Friday."

"Well," said he, "when you return to New York you will have a different story to tell. When the missionary fathers came here first there was no meat to be had, and the priests, like the natives, lived on fruit, cocoanuts, and 'poi'. Learning this the Propaganda gave them permission to eat meat whenever they could get it, every day of the year except the Fridays of Lent, and this permission continues to this day."

In addition to the viands just mentioned, we had fruits and vegetables, including bread-fruit, which reminds one of the sweet potato, and "poi," which is a pasty composition made by

pounding the root of the taro plant, and which tastes like fermented flour paste; in fact, I have been told, it is no uncommon sight to see the bill-posters paste their signs on the fences and, at twelve o'clock, make their meal out of the "poi" which a moment before they used for bill-sticking. Talking of food reminds me of a wonderful change that has come about in the city of Honolulu since the advent of civilization. For centuries these happy natives were accustomed to live according to the laws of nature. They wore sufficient clothing to indicate that



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF HONOLULU.

they had a true concept of modesty; they lived on fish, coconuts, bananas, pineapples, and "poi." They worked but little, for the ground seemed to bring forth their food spontaneously, and they spent their time fishing, swimming, and tobogganing on the surf. Now that civilization has put up barbed wire and other fences, and wealthy men have said, "No trespassing, private property," and have enclosed large tracts of land where the cocoanuts are rotting on the trees, the natives have been forced into eating civilized food, and hence in all the grocery stores may be seen shelves of all kinds of canned goods, including canned corn, canned clams, canned oysters, canned pork, and canned corned beef. Not only are the fences put up around the land, but the poor native is not allowed to fish for himself;

he must buy his fish in the market. What is the result? The race is fast dying out, and twenty-five years hence will see them practically exterminated. Native life, as such, has disappeared, except in some few inland villages. Something must be wrong here.

I suppose it is heresy to say that the American flag should be taken down when it has once floated over a country, even though we believe it is to come down some day from the flag-staff of the capitol building in Havana. Nevertheless, it makes the heart sad to see it floating where it has been raised against the will of the people; and this is in reality the case in Hawaii. The government was planted there without the consent of the governed. The people of the islands had no say whatever in the matter, and the whole change was brought about by a handful of whites, sectarian missionaries and their sons, who, with the characteristic brutality of the Anglo-Saxon, forced their civilization and their government on an unwilling people, and then seized on all the territory and all the fat public offices. Once in power, they gave the people a chance to vote, with the result that the natives sent a majority to the Assembly, much to the disgust of the small white minority. While we were there we listened to the impassioned eloquence of some of these assemblymen, denouncing President Dole and his clique, and calling upon him to resign. A petition for his removal, signed by the majority of the members, was forwarded to President McKinley while he was in San Francisco; but the white clique only laughed in their sleeves at these simple, honest-hearted people, and sent a delegate to the President by the same steamer, telling him to pay no attention whatever to the natives, that they did not know when they were well off, etc. A few millionaire sugar-planters have control of the islands, and it was in their interest that annexation was brought about. Despite the laws of the United States against contract labor, I learned on the best of authority that *practically* slavery still exists in the island. I do not mean to say that human beings are bought and sold, though I might say this in regard to many cases of Chinese and Japanese women, as here in New York; but the fact is that shiploads of Japanese are brought over by contractors, and they make a written or verbal promise to work for so long a time—say ten years. They labor hard from early morning till late at night for the munificent sum of



A FISHERMAN.

seventy-five cents a day. They get a house (*sic*) to live in, but, as the Irishman puts it, "They must ate themselves and clothe themselves." If one of them for some reason or other, outside of serious illness, refuses to work, he is immediately docked five dollars of his pay; and still persisting in his refusal, he is put in prison till he makes up his mind to work. I was told stories, also, of more obstinate ones being severely beaten to bring them to their senses, but I could not verify these tales. (See Miss Clarke's *Hawaii Nei* for details on this point.) It occurred to me when studying this phase of political economy that great good might be accomplished if, instead of pampering our prisoners in Sing Sing, the government exiled them for ten or twenty years and made them work on the sugar plantations,

thus encouraging *American labor*! Or again, what a blessing it would be to our army of American tramps, who meander through the fields in the summer, terrorizing the people of the country, and who come home to New York in the fall in good time to register and vote as often as required, and who live on the good-natured citizens of the metropolis,—what a blessing if they could be sent off in transports to work on the sugar plantations of Hawaii, and not be allowed back till they had worked a certain number of years! Nay, think of this seriously, ye law-makers! Would not this be an easy solution to the question: “What shall we do with our Anarchists?” But no! our new possessions seem to be, not for the benefit of Americans, except a few heartless millionaires, and an army of foreigners.

Again my diary:

“Sunday, April 28.—This evening I preached in the cathedral at the invitation of the bishop, and had all the English-speaking Catholics in the city present.”

After the service I ventured to say to his lordship: “I noticed, monseigneur, that they did not take up any collection at the service.”

His answer astonished me: “No, we never have taken up any collections in the island since we came here, and we have no pew rents nor seat money, and no poor-boxes.” “How is this?” I asked. “Well,” he replied, “when the fathers first came here the sectarian missionaries had already been here for some years, and we met with great opposition. The bigotry displayed was worthy of the Puritans. Men and women were whipped and punished in other ways for daring to become Catholics. The sectarians had already a strong foothold, and we were banished from the islands, and sent off amidst insults and jeers aboard a French steamer. Our fathers landed in the United States and sent word to their government, and the result was that within a few months they were set once more on the shores of Oahu, under the protection of the French flag and the guns of a French man-of-war. When they commenced to preach to the people, some of the natives said plainly to the missionaries: ‘We do not want your Gospel, for you are like the other missionaries come before you; it is not our souls you want; it is our money and our lands: you have come to rob us.’ ‘No,’ said the fathers, ‘this is not true, and to prove it,



A SUNDAY SCENE IN OLD CHINATOWN BEFORE THE PLAGUE FIRE OF 1900.

we shall never ask you for a collection while we are here; whatever you give will be of your own free will.' The missionaries kept their word faithfully, and so well ordered were their lives, and so ardent their zeal, that in a few short years they gained the heartfelt love and esteem of these simple-hearted natives; so that now the majority of the Christians in the islands are Catholics." "But, how do you manage?" was my natural inquiry. "The Propaganda gives us some help, and we have rents from property given us by wealthy Kanakas who have died in the Faith, and are thus enabled to get along nicely. Our property here in Honolulu would sell to-morrow for \$200,000."

What a picturesque sight one of these missionaries is when on horseback! I met such a one on the Island of Hawaii, who had just travelled eighteen miles with his cassock tucked up around his waist and wearing a large straw sombrero on his head. A long, full beard of brown streaked with gray gave him the appearance of the Apostle St. Paul. He jumped from his horse, carried his saddle-bags into a store in the neighborhood, and took passage with us to Hilo on the little channel

steamer, the *Kinaw*. This man of God was on his way to the town of Hilo, where he came every three months for confession, and he gave me in a very simple manner an account of his labors. His parish embraces a territory of seventy miles, about the distance from New York to New Haven, and in that district he has five chapels, and celebrates Mass in each one of them about once every month. He has a so-called home near one of these churches, where he spends about ten days of each month. He possesses but one soutane, and during the frequent rains he is often compelled, when soaked through while traveling, to stop at a native's hut, and beg shelter from the storm, and dry his cassock, shoes, and stockings at the fire, and then start on again. "And where do you cook your food?" I ventured to ask. "To tell you the truth," he replied, "I rarely get cooked food. Along the road I may pluck a few bananas or pomegranates or nuts, and these supply me with abundance of nourishment. The fresh cocoanut is also delicious both as food and drink, for, as you know, we eat the soft pulp of the cocoanut with a spoon just as you do musk melons."

Thus do these holy men go about, in season and out of season, instructing the children, hearing confessions, saying Mass, breaking the Bread of Life, preaching the Word, baptizing the infants, marrying the young people, visiting the sick, and burying the dead. Verily, their names are written in letters of gold in the Book of Life.

In the town of Hilo itself I visited splendid schools which are under the direction of the Alexian Brothers and the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and which are accomplishing a wonderful work in the island for the bodies and souls of the children. We were very much amused when a class of the larger boys stood and sang for us in that tropical country the well-known ditty, "Dashing through the snow," with its stirring refrain of "Jingle, bells," while two little black-eyed, barefooted lads rattled a lot of sleigh-bells in time to the music. Never can we forget the dear, dark-skinned little girls of the sisters' school. It certainly brought us back, thousands of miles over sea and land, to the Atlantic coast, to hear the sweet voices of those dusky little ones sing "Hail, Heavenly Queen!" and "Mother dear." The world is very small, after all. Some five years ago when visiting the Tomb of our Lord, in Jerusalem, I met a brother priest who formerly lived in New York. Last April, at the

very opposite end of the world, after preaching in the cathedral of Honolulu, a young fellow came up to me, introduced himself, and said: "Many a time I served Mass in old Transfiguration Church, in Mott Street, New York, for I was born and brought up in that district." And where, after all, must the teachers come from if not from the United States? Away off in the Island of Hilo we found brothers and sisters from New York,



A GROUP OF MISSIONARIES.

Paterson, Buffalo, and Syracuse, who lead simple, godly lives, and who have given up all the world holds dear to work without pay for the salvation of the souls redeemed by the blood of Christ, and who are looking forward only to the great reward beyond.

In a small town at which the steamer touched we disembarked and visited a Marconi wireless telegraph station, which has been in use on the island for many months, and then entered a little red school-house where one of Uncle Sam's school-marms was teaching the young idea how to shoot, giving it education without religion. Perhaps I was sentimental, but I felt the tears come to my eyes when these poor little children at the command of their teacher arose, and not appreciating the depth of meaning to their words, not knowing that their country had been stolen from them by highway robbers, they [sang plaintively:

“My Country, 'tis of thee;
Sweet land of liberty;
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.”

The English language, by means of the schools, is fast becoming the language of the younger generation, and this is true whether it be spoken by the natives or the children of the Portuguese, who are very numerous here. The Japs and Chinese, who, in Honolulu and Hilo at least, appear to far outnumber either the natives or the Portuguese, still cling to their own peculiar dress and language. Since the advent of Uncle Sam everything is assuming an air of business that makes one feel that San Francisco is but a short distance away, although it is over two thousand miles from Hawaii to the Pacific coast.

This spirit makes itself manifest in many forms; for instance, the Irish-American element there, although praising the splendid work of the Belgian Missionary Fathers, yet are very dissatisfied, and are longing for a church of their own, and an up-to-date American priest, who will preach the Gospel to them in their own tongue. There is excellent opportunity in this field for a young, zealous apostolic American priest, not only to hold together an only too willing congregation, but to bring back into the fold many lukewarm ones who have strayed away, or to spread the light to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. The natives and the whites are very fond of sermons, and will flock in crowds to hear the word of God expounded.

The future of the church in the islands is an assured success, for it is crowned with the blood of martyrs, chief of whom is the sainted Father Damien, who gave up his life among the lepers of Molokai. Much did we wish to visit this sacred spot, but alas! we were denied the privilege, for the government, for sanitary reasons, refuses to grant passes at present, unless to the bishop, who goes there to confirm the children, and to doctors, inspectors, and such. We sailed along the coast, however, at a safe distance, and could in imagination picture to ourselves the saint walking amongst the lepers even as Christ walked, and, if not curing their bodies, at least cleansing their souls, and

consoling them in their trials, and enabling them, by sharing their trials, to bear their burden more patiently, awaiting the coming of the harvest, when there shall be no more pain or suffering or disfigurement, but only peace and happiness.

Apart from the majestic scenery of Diamond Head and the Pali, the two pictures that stand out most prominently in my mind are the great cocoanut palms and the Catholic Missionary Fathers, the one emblematic of the other. The cocoanut palm has a rough exterior, is tall and graceful, its chief beauty and richness is at the top, where the fruit grows. It contains in it all that is necessary for food and drink, and clothing and head-gear, and material for building houses. So with these sturdy warriors of Christ's Church. With a bronzed, rough exterior, caused by exposure to sun and rain, and dealing with the lowly and ignorant, they have laid up a stock of spirituality and kindness of heart that has proven a great store-house from which all may draw treasures for the building up of Christ's Kingdom within them. They made me feel, as I never felt practically in life before, the meaning of the Brotherhood of Man, and of our Lord's saying: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Great will be their reward!



NATIVE HAWAIIANS OF CELTIC ORIGIN.

MUSINGS: A SYNTHETIC MONOLOGUE.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

I.



THE most studied endeavors to convince another mind, is it not noticeable on reflection that we seem all the while trying to convince ourselves how right we are, and how gloriously we ourselves should think so? Hence likewise the other fellow.

That is the hidden premiss, unuttered, perhaps unwitting. But read again any embattled onset of dialectics. How many tracts to convert the hostile mind are merely masked comfortings for the already friendly one. Oh! human syllogism, in thy serried ranks, howsoever skilfully arrayed, how many silent assumptions, mute rear-files, which all-unknowingly make up half the formidableness of thy conquering aspect. All the resources of the base of operations and supplies, of the home country, known to him who is native born, accompany in his mind the flag of the conclusion which he already loves, and in which he spells and sees all these presupposed glories as he unfurls it triumphantly to the breeze of argument.

II.

A syllogism of itself always wears something of an aggressive aspect to any one not already on good terms with its conclusion. It is by nature bellicose. It may have the most benevolent intentions, but somehow it "shapes up" with the uncomfortable look of an enemy. You feel somewhat as in the presence of a man with a gun. It might go off, prematurely. Instinctively you "feel" for your own; or restrain with difficulty a polite invitation to put down that gun. At any rate, unless there was scarce need at all of the syllogism in your case, there is a sneaking distrust of the thing till it's over.

We have lost the art of that delightful *distinguo*, with which protective armor (before the invention of gunpowder) the dialectic knight of old felt as safe, as cheerfully secure for defence as the other fellow could be for offence.

Luckily for the modern world, the man of to-day is generally innocent of conscious—or should I say, loaded?—syllogisms.

III.

Ghost of Aristotle, master of well ordered thought, I meant no disrespect to thy shade, illustrious one, by this side inspection of the articulated skeleton whose name rattles to the sound of premisses and conclusion. Thou hast shown it, and we contest it not; the brain is a syllogistic ballista that mechanically throws out conclusions from the spring of premisses. The world has noted in dismay the disclosures of this clinic of the mind, and learned that like Molière's M. Jourdain, without knowing it, alas! it talks syllogistic "prose."

It talks prose; and yet like thy master, Plato, it longs for poetry, for thinking without a harness and talking without a mechanical adjustment; for flight to and appropriation of other beings and other thoughts that, perchance, may not be also syllogisms in disguise.

The will, that unruly fellow, who scarcely ever acknowledged logic's inexorable reign—the will wants its satisfactions, its ideas and its speech. And consciousness has words of some free language, perhaps without logic, grammar, or even prose.

Have they no right, share or use in the Lexicon of life?

IV.

Are there not things, too, that escape all circumvallation of dialectic, ay, and analysis—felt things that are not spelt things; and things like those notes they say exist in the world of sound, too high or too deep for ordinary vocal organs, or perhaps for normal auscultation.

Oh! words, dear words, our small treasury of symbols, we lisp you lovingly. But when you are through, is there naught more to say? Nay, when we have arrayed you in some set form, have we said all that ourselves can say; or exhausted your wondrous variety?

I see hunted down and fleeing before the winds some protean cloud, varying each instant its undefined and uncovenanted shapes and bounds. Must I wait till it learn geometry and accepts some fixed figure of a plane; or may I not, untrammelled, believe it true, and call it beautiful?

V.

But to go back. Eheu! fugacity of things. 'Twas youth. I loved, as I love still, the finished precision, the searching analysis and exact definition, the inexorable conclusions, the admirable clarity and coherence, the all-embracing principles and inferences—nay, the deep underlying common sense and soul-satisfyingness in fundamentals, of that great mind-light which might justly answer to the name of Classic Philosophy.

What time, with a half dozen compendiums before me, I searched with fevered zeal what might be the primary principle, the all-surpassing formula of thought: whether that of “contradiction,” or of “identity,” or perchance of “sufficient reason.” Again, I would be like Descartes, and would start from the real first nowhere, and make sure I left no breastworks behind. But enough. Well do I remember the unuttered wonderment that Infinite Wisdom in its gospels had not written itself into a treatise of philosophy, bristling with logic, and marching in inexorable array of syllogisms from the alpha to the omega of truth and reality.

Poor youth, with a curved and mechanical interrogation point before a living, divine oracle! But happily, the heart knew better; or rather the Infinite Truth knew best the human heart and the vital mark.

VI.

Oh! all you metaphysicians, logicians and single-sided formalists; have you ever pondered in amaze over that wondrous lesson which begins: “Who is my neighbor?”

There is the *queritur*.—Have you followed with moist eyes the certain man who fell among the thieves, the passing-by of the levite, and the heart-stopping of the Samaritan—all the way to that logically astounding and yet most luminous of conclusions: “*Who was neighbor to the man who fell among the thieves?*”

Divine exposition! No human heart ever since but can answer the first question as well as the last; none but knows each golden letter in the one word neighbor.

VII.

In how many marvellous ways we reach our conclusions; through how many avenues is truth reachable, and does in fact reach down to us. And still further, how many more truths

there are than are explored by any one sense, avenue or system of approach and appropriation.

VIII.

The sovereign fact is that we live in and by the totality of our faculties and experiences. That our constant effort, so to speak, is to totalize ourselves; and to appropriate, so far as we may, still further facts and experiences to that totality as a whole; and that the normal unifying impulse which presides over our tendencies, is not merely one of abstract simplification or classification, but also of intensifying by fuller possession the whole of our being—consciousness, intellectuations and experiences—and an innate reaching out towards the-all-that-is-possible within our finite capacity to possess.

And it is by and through the totality of our faculties and of our being that we may best reach out for truth, or truth be reached out to us, penetrating and permeating us as it may.

Adumbrations of the Infinite come to us from within and from without and from all around, whether by nature or by grace; divine truths become communicable to and unionable with us in manifold ways; and there is danger in the over-emphasizing and over-specializing of methods and of means, of aspect and of forms, to captivate and infuse myriad-sided and, we might say, myriad-minded man.

The lines of best conduction, of least resistance, are infinitely and individually diversified, and are inextricably enmeshed in his wondrous totality of personal being.

IX.

To diverge a moment: Is not memory an instance, an effort, an imperfect effectuation of our nature to possess ourselves, our life and experiences, with a sort of totality—an actuation of our past? as our hopes, in another sense, might be said to be of our desired future—an attempt to live it all in a present *now*. Paradoxically, our memory might be looked upon as a defect, as evidence of the discontinuous nature of our self-consciousness; while it is an effort in a measure to overcome that discontinuity; or better, a resumption of our true and real totality.

X.

This totality of our personality—the-all, past and present, of

our individual self—more or less affects every one of our thoughts, our opinions and conclusions. Not only do we reach them, each in an individual way; but we possess them in an individual sense, with a lot of partly unconscious diacritic marks, and our own general hall-mark which embraces or implies whole trains of antecedents, an entire history of experiences and cerebrations:—the stamp of a concrete personal life-time, and *life*.

It is a living conclusion, so to speak, that we hold; a living summation, a living word that we utter, however *idem sonans*, and however near of kin, to the little words of other people.

How wonderful that immense variety, those numberless shades of difference, tints and aspects of the human words, in the light of the Eternal Word of God and the all-embracing unity and infinity of His Truth.

Fashioned in His image; instinct by nature, and added grace, with undefinable half-intuitions and unutterable aspirations; with unifying and converging impulses towards His truth, but as well with the dissolving and differentiating influences of individuality; enlightened by His revelations, and maintained and corrected in our line of vision and our courses by His church: still, to change the figure somewhat—how fragmentary, inadequate, and imperfect, and how diversified in conception and utterance by the myriad thoughts and tongues of men, will our adaptations of infinite truth disclose themselves to our marvelling eyes in the great simultaneous day of God.

XI.

Oh! wondrous phrase of the scholastics: *Totus simul*. How rich in suggestion, how potent in conciseness! It seems almost to spell God. For although, shorn as we cite it, it lacks the note of infinity, and seems only to strike out Time, our tyrant, and simply to open up vistas of eternity—yet what man dare think of them as of himself?

And still, under God, is it not in a sense what we really aim and long for as by a law of our being and of our higher intuitions? And yet again, is it not as it were what we are bound for, to achieve and *to be*, in the glorious home of truth, where our whole being—*totus homo*—will live in the presence and the vision of the infinite and ever-living God?

JUST A THIEF UPON THE CROSS.

Just a thief upon the cross.

Surely for my sins I die,
Every pain is justly mine,
All the grief and misery.
But Thou, holy spotless One,
Dying to set sinners free,
Hear my last despairing cry.
Jesu, Lord! remember me.

Just a thief upon the cross.

Soul and body filled with pain,
Bitterly the past I mourn,
While I on this cross remain.
Neither love nor sympathy
On strange faces can I see,
Save Thine own, O Blessed One!
Jesu, Lord! remember me.

Just a thief upon the cross.

I am dying by Thy side:
Thou to save the world from sin,
I because of sin. How wide
Is the gulf between us, Lord!
Thou with love beyond degree,
Holy, blameless, merciful.
Saviour, Christ! remember me.

Just a thief upon the cross.

Soon will death bring flesh release,
But my soul! my soul, O Christ!
Grant it rest, forgiveness, peace.
Safe with Thee, in Paradise,
Thou hast promised I shall be;
In Thy mercy do I trust,
Lamb of God! remember me.

Just a thief upon the cross.

Oh, what peace when death shall come!
Cleansed from weakness, sorrow, sin,
Welcomed in Thy heavenly home.
Warring human nature stilled
After death's Gethsemani,
Nevermore to raise the cry,
Jesu, Lord! remember me.

B. A. HITCHCOCK.

PERJURY IS ON THE INCREASE.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSE OF THE INCREASE AND
THE PROPER REMEDY.BY HON. L. P. CAILLOUET (*District Judge of Louisiana*).

T a recent meeting of the Iowa State Bar Association, in his address to the association, Mr. J. J. McCarthy, the president, made startling statements regarding the prevalence of perjury in American courts of justice. His address is reported in part in the daily press, as follows:

"Is it true," Mr. McCarthy asked, "that perjury is committed in judicial proceedings? I need take no time for the discussion of this inquiry before a representative bar association. It will not do to credit all false statements to lack of memory, visionary exaggeration, inability to see and understand things correctly, white lies, imaginary delusions, and such like.

"Where is there a lawyer who has not seen the guilty criminal pass out of the court-room acquitted and set free because of perjured testimony? What one of us but has seen the rights of prisoners and of property sacrificed and trampled under foot, presumably under due course of law, but really and truly by the use of corrupt and false, and sometimes purchased testimony? These are the things that beget distrust and disrespect for the courts and for verdicts, and for our boasted forms of law. These are things that produce anarchy, lynching, and invite a just contempt as well as a lack of confidence in those tribunals called courts of justice.

"One judge of long experience upon the bench writes me that in his opinion about one-half of all the evidence received on behalf of the defence in criminal cases is false.

"Another judge of equally high repute writes that he believes 75 per cent. of the evidence offered in divorce cases approaches deliberate perjury.

"Another writes that perjury is committed in a majority of important lawsuits, and that the crime is rapidly increasing.

“In short, with reference to the prevalence of perjury the time has come when, in the words of another, Justice must wear a veil, not that she may be impartial, but that she may hide her face for shame. Some tell us that the crime is committed mostly in the police and petty courts, where as a rule the witnesses belong to the vicious classes. But the fact remains that it is committed in other courts and by men professing high station in society, church, and state.”

This is a terrible arraignment, and made as it is by the president of a bar association in an address to the association, it comes with peculiar significance. It is not the impassioned cry of the ardent reformer, nor the partisan appeal of the reckless demagogue, nor yet the wail of disappointment of the defeated suitor; but the calm, deliberate utterance of one who worships in the temple of justice, sounding a note of warning to his fellows, and through them to the American public. He is not content with speaking simply from his own observation; he quotes the withering testimony of some of the high-priests who officiate in the inner temple, and whose function it is to dispense justice—even that justice that may be often polluted by the perjury and corruption which they so justly denounce.

The deplorable conditions depicted by Mr. McCarthy may not be as bad throughout the Union as he describes them; but there is no gainsaying the fact that there is, unfortunately, too much truth in the charge. Perjury and corruption are on the increase. Terrible as is the indictment preferred, the plea of guilty must be entered.

It is a humiliating confession for proud Americans to make, but due regard for the truth will admit of no other course. It is best to face the situation such as it is; acknowledge the truth, and set about putting our household in order. It may yet be possible to divert the poisoned rivulet which has insidiously found its way into the fountain of justice, and so purify that fountain at its source.

To accomplish this, we must seek and find the cause of this rampant perjury and corruption undermining the administration of justice. No evil was ever cured by being ignored. It must be met; it must be traced to its origin, and then pulled up root and branch. No half-hearted measures will answer; the greater the evil, the more drastic should be the remedy.

To be effective, the remedy must go to the very root of the evil; surface applications will not do. The growth of the ivy may be checked by vigorous pruning, but one must pull it up by the root if one would save from its fatal embrace the tender plant it entwines.

Mr. McCarthy has recognized the necessities of the situation and proposed remedies for the evil denounced. The report says:

"Mr. McCarthy then proposed remedies. He said oaths were too common. He favored the abolition of all official oaths and the emphatic administration of the judicial oath. He believed that the judge himself should administer all oaths; that it should be done with gravity and solemnity, and that witnesses should be told the extreme punishment that would be meted out to perjurers. Then the law should be enforced. Perjury should be swiftly and severely punished; and if it was so punished, a strong public sentiment would rapidly grow up against it and men would hesitate before committing this most heinous, wicked, and cruel crime."

Mr. McCarthy's remedies may do some good, but they will not cure the evil. They may check its growth, but they will not kill it. He only proposes the mild remedy of pruning the ivy, when he should apply the knife to its very root:

Severe penalties for perjury do exist in every State in the Union, and I opine prosecuting attorneys and judges stand ready to enforce them on proper occasions. But as heinous a crime as perjury is, there is none, as all lawyers know, more difficult to establish so as to secure a legal conviction. Severe laws against perjury will not, then, of themselves prove the most effective remedy against it. They no doubt lessen the evil to some extent, and for that reason they should not be relaxed, not any more than the laws against murder, theft, and embezzlement.

Mr. McCarthy's proposition to abolish all oaths but the judicial oath, as a means of lessening perjury in judicial trials, strikes one as puerile, even though it may be supported by so eminent an authority as Jeremy Bentham. The evil sought to be reached is perjury in judicial proceedings; how is it to be remedied by the abolition of all extra-judicial oaths? The average witness in most judicial trials has never subscribed to

any other than a judicial oath, and in many cases of perjury the oath violated may be the first ever taken by the perjurer. It cannot, therefore, be said in such cases that perjury is the resultant of too great familiarity with oaths, or because they are too common.

The trouble with Mr. McCarthy's remedies is that they do not strike at the root of the evil. They are levelled against the effect, the evil itself, and not against the cause which produces it. It is the "pound of cure" instead of the "ounce of prevention" that is offered.

The spread of perjury, like the increase in the cognate evils of embezzlement, malversation, breach of trust, and general dishonesty in business transactions, is but one of the "signs of the times." It is a portentous sign, an alarming symptom revealing the existence of some deep-seated and radical disease in the body politic. It is all the more appalling, as no other crime displays a greater depth of depravity than perjury: it not only flagrantly violates a solemn pledge before God and after invoking him, but it also defiantly breaks one of his commandments: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor"—the Christian precept which lends its sanction to the judicial oath.

The frequency and spread of perjury evinces a relaxation in the moral and religious tone of the people taken as a whole. This relaxation results from the weakening and, in some instances, the elimination of the salutary restraint which was in the past exercised over the community, and which sprang from the sturdy faith and strict religious training of our fathers. The weakening of this moral restraint is due to the gross materialism of the day, which is sapping the Christian basis of society. The doctrine of evolution, which degrades man by tracing his origin to a lower organism in the animal kingdom, necessarily tends to weaken, if not to destroy, his belief in a Supreme Personal Being and in the immortality of the soul. Now, to destroy this wholesome belief in man, is to reduce the object of his life to the level of that of the brute. It is to bid him to look downwards, instead of upwards. There is no longer hope for the future with him; like the ape from which so-called scientists derive his descent, the grave is his goal. Everything ends with death, and life is not worth the living except to draw from it all the present enjoyment possible.

While he may not expressly avow it, he lives according to

the pagan philosophy of life expressed in the brief sentence: "Let us eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Under the blighting influence of that philosophy he becomes bound up in self and allows nothing to interfere with its gratification. Nothing is any longer sacred for him. Denying or ignoring God, he has no commandments which he feels bound to respect, much less to obey; believing that everything ends with death, the future has no cheering hope or salutary fear for him to direct him in his course in the present. The ordinances of society have no sanction for him but the penalties they impose for their infraction, and the fear of being found out, if he possesses some regard for the opinion of his neighbors.

Such are the baneful consequences of the materialism and infidelity which now afflict the world. The evil is greatly on the increase, and its influence is more far-reaching than many people imagine. Its votaries and propagandists are everywhere; in the public places, in the schools, on the platform, on the press, everywhere they advance insidiously their nefarious doctrine. They make the sciences, the arts and literature, its vehicle, so that the intellectual atmosphere is already strongly impregnated with its subtle poison.

True, there are millions upon millions of Christians who are combating the evil; they resist it with all their force; they never cease warning the people against its rising tide; but their voice is not always heeded, and their motives are often misconstrued. So-called science has made itself the special champion of infidelity and materialism, and all who refuse to worship at its shrine are derided by its votaries as ignorant and fanatical, and classed as the enemies of science. As a result the whole community feels the baneful influence, and is more or less affected by it; so true it is that whatever degrades individual consciences in a community lowers the standard of the public conscience, the resultant of the sum of individual consciences. And in proportion to the lowering of the standard of the public conscience in a community or nation immorality, corruption, and crime increase.

I have thus traced, as I think, the spread of perjury to materialism and infidelity, one of the fads of the day, the boast of the so-called strong-minded. The increase in the other crimes of dishonesty and general corruption is due to the same cause.

But this cause is in itself an effect of some other cause, and it becomes necessary to trace it to *its* cause, that we may get at the root of the evil which we are seeking to eradicate.

I believe Christians—and I am addressing myself to Christians—will readily agree with me that the most fruitful cause at present of materialism and infidelity is the criminal neglect of the religious or Christian training of the youth of the country. This is a bold proposition to advance, and yet there is none easier of proof. The fact is written in the law and confirmed in practice that we, as a nation, neglect most wofully the religious education of the children in our system of public education. Nay more, we do worse; we exclude altogether religious training from the system, under the pretext that we have to do it in order to keep church and state separate. Under a mistaken application of the doctrine of the separation of church and state, the States expend annually millions of dollars to train and develop the mind and body of the children, while all religious training is studiously excluded from the schools. Oh, no; the church and state must be kept separate, even at the utter neglect of the most noble and precious part of all with which the Divine Creator has endowed the dear little ones—the immortal soul. With the proper training of the spiritual nature of the child the state professes to have nothing to do, as it falls within the domain of the church, and it will not lend its aid to the church for the spiritual benefit of the child for whose mental and physical training it so freely spends. For aught that the state cares, the spiritual nature of the child may remain for ever in its primeval state of undevelopment, and its soul, that immortal spark of divine life, for ever brood in dense ignorance of its own nobility and high destiny, to become an easy prey to the Prince of Darkness or his first satellite that comes along. In its self-complacency, the state does not even inquire into the religious training of the teachers it sets up over the children, and seems indifferent whether they be atheists, infidels, or what not.

Under such a system of public education we should not wonder at the spread of materialism and infidelity in the land. It is the natural product of the system. To train and develop the mental and physical faculties of the bright American youth at the expense of his moral faculties and spiritual nature, is to set in motion tendencies which will make him an easy subject

for the machinations of the infidel and materialist propagandist. In support of all that has been said on this head, I take pleasure in quoting the following from an eloquent discourse of his Grace Archbishop Riordan, delivered at Santa Clara on the occasion of the golden jubilee of the Jesuit college there:

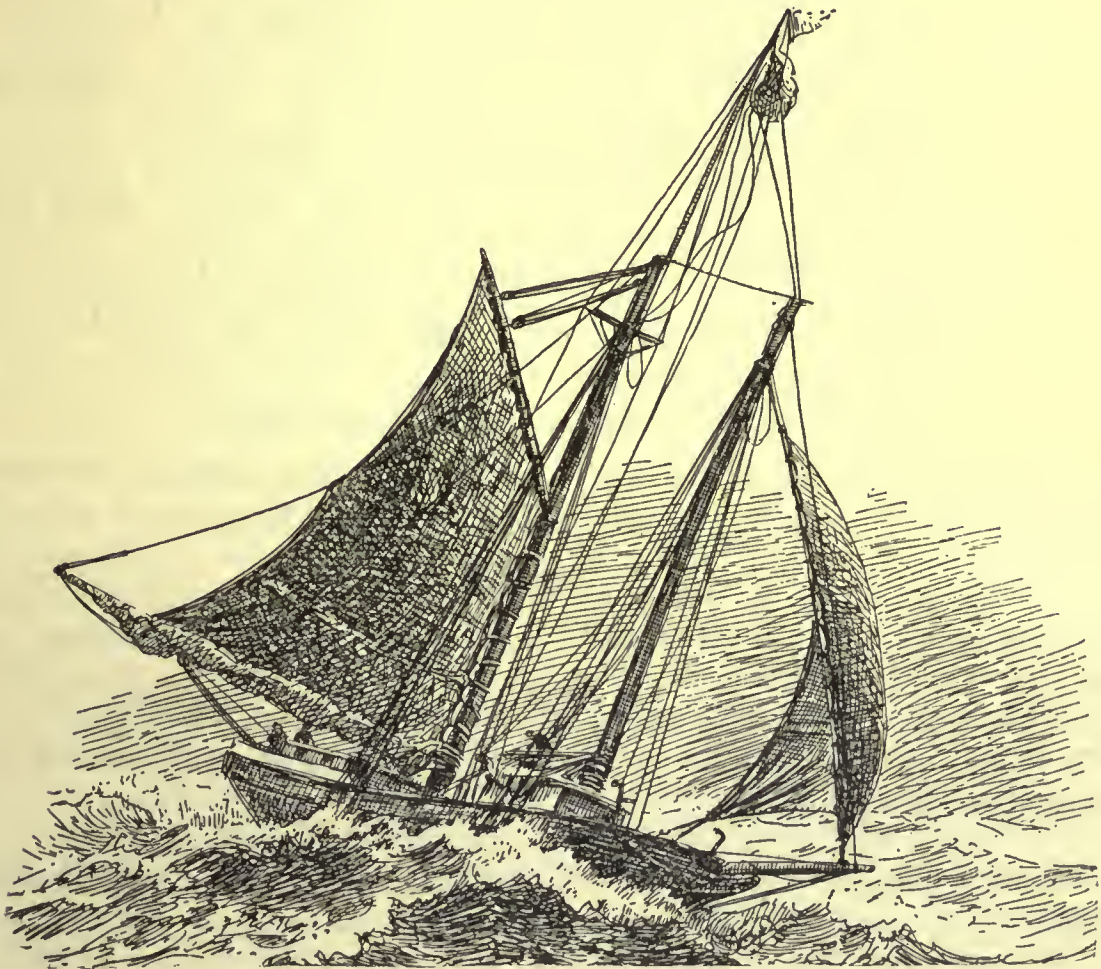
“The tendency of every school of learning which is not religious is necessarily towards Atheism or Agnosticism. Every question discussed among men, with the exception perhaps of pure mathematics, has a religious side and has its root in theology. All natural sciences from molecular physics to astronomy force the mind to conclusions which are in conformity, or at variance, with Christianity. They either admit or deny the existence of a Supreme Personal Being, or relegate him to the regions of the unknown and unknowable. History and ethics, politics and social economy, history and literature, have each a different meaning as they are discussed in the light of Christian principles, or receive their meaning from theories opposed to them. In the present state of knowledge a non-sectarian school or college is an impossibility, and the influence of the college that eliminates from its course of studies all reference to religious dogmas and neglects to insist on religious practices while, on the one hand, it only partially educates, on the other it perverts or uproots the sources of spiritual life which is the basis of character. To kill life poisoned food may be given; the same result can be had by giving no food at all. Hence, Atheism and Agnosticism are creeds as truly as Theism and Dogmatic Christianity. Either can be taught directly or indirectly; directly by open and formal inculcation, or indirectly by gentle or sarcastic insinuation.”

There is nothing to add to this clear exposition, except to say that it is for these reasons that the Catholic Church has established parochial schools for the children, colleges and academies for her young men and women, and universities for high learning; and insists that no system of primary education is perfect, or even desirable, which neglects religious training.

We have found the root of the evil, and it only remains to apply the proper remedy. It is to inaugurate a system of education which will include the religious training of the children. That is what the Catholic Church has always contended for, and

what some of our separated brethren now begin to concede. The time may not have come yet for the change, but it is coming. With increasing crime, immorality, and corruption crowding upon the nation, Americans will in due time awaken to the real situation, and then they will not be slow in applying the remedy.

To be sure, when the remedy is applied, we must not look for an instantaneous cure; that would be unreasonable. The evil has grown gradually until it has reached its present alarming proportions; the cure will also be slow and gradual. In the very nature of things it will extend as the generations brought under its influence grow and increase. It can have no direct influence on the men and women of the present generation who have been deprived of their sacred birthright of a proper religious education; but it will exert over them a sort of reflex influence through the growing generations subjected to its direct action.



JOYCE JOSSELYN, SINNER.


BY MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

PART II.—*Continued.*

IN THE RAPIDS OF YOUTH.

CHAPTER VII.

"A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS."

HERE had been an unexpected arrival while the men lingered in the dining-room; and even as Raymond's hearty hand-clasp sealed his bargain with Joyce, a message from his wife summoned him to the library. Free to follow their host and rejoin the women, or to prolong their after-dinner discussion, the masculine trio made unanimous choice of the latter alternative, and closed more snugly about the table. Joyce was excited, and virtually indifferent to exterior circumstance; but Father Martin and Stephen were heavy-hearted, though from different causes; and their vote for seclusion was deliberate and voluntary. The flame of Father Martin's cigar had been extinguished long since, but he tapped its cold ashes with absent-minded solicitude. Stephen kept his weed alive by fugitive puffs. He was thinking deeply and painfully of his little sister.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Joyce Josselyn, born and brought up amidst all the narrowing restraints of New England farm-life, conceives the idea of going to college. His father Hiram considers that college was intended for the sons of the rich and that no son of his should waste his youth in college, and if Joyce chose to sulk a good stout horsewhip was the best cure for the youngster's stubborn fancies. Joyce finds a sympathizer in his desire for learning in Father Martin Carruth.

Chapter II. is a touching family scene between the irate Hiram and the recalcitrant Joyce, which concludes in Joyce receiving a flogging with the horsewhip and leaving home. Chapter III. introduces Mandy Johnson as the boy's sweetheart, whom he meets as he is turning his back on the home of his childhood for ever, and they make promises of fidelity.

In the first chapters of Part II. Joyce as a college student is presented to the various personalities who make their home in Carruthdale, the manor-house of Centreville, and there is given an insight into the social life of a college town.

Joyce was graduated with highest honors. Commencement Day at college. Father Martin is there for the first time since his own graduation. Dr. Castleton, the president, awakens into the spiritual sense. Joyce having outgrown Mandy Johnson, by common consent their life-ways separate. Joyce enters the world. He accepts the offer tendered to him to be sub-editor on a Western paper, and in this capacity, on the morrow of his graduation, he enters the vigorous, bustling life of the energetic West.

Stealing a critical glance at Joyce, he saw what made his fraternal heart heavier. Undeniably he was a beautiful youth, this Adonis-faced Joyce Josselyn: just the effective, winsome, debonair type to attract the romantic girlish fancy of an idealist like Mina. How should he accomplish the delicate task of undoing the potential harm already done? It was a delicate and difficult problem for Stephen to solve.

"Well, Joyce," said Father Martin, breaking the significant silence, "your die is cast, and the worldly fates seem to be with you."

"Then congratulate me upon my fortune made, Father Martin," laughed Joyce joyously. "Whom the fates favor already have achieved success!"

"Not so fast, my boy. The pagan fates have higher powers to reckon with,—supernatural, providential agencies, omnipotent by grace of their mission as the chosen instruments of Omnipotence! Are these, too, in your favor, Joyce?"

"Why not, Father Martin? I have never defied them!"

"No, you have only ignored them," replied the priest slowly; "and the Divine forces of life, Joyce, demand not only human recognition, but practical allegiance and service."

Stephen's face brightened, and respectfully discarding his half-burned cigar, he settled himself with the air of a man surrendering to the influences of the hour. As yet he had had no opportunity of more than mere conventional speech with his priestly kinsman; but this unforeseen occasion seemed to promise intelligent discussion of the deep things, the real things, the abiding and dominating things of human life, whose superficial and material aspect had never permanently allured him. Religion, in its revealed and practical sense, was little more than a gentle reminiscence of his almost forgotten childhood; for his mother had died when he was but a boy, and shortly after his father's subsequent death he had faced the world for himself, with a reverential memory, indeed, of his devotional aunt's exhortations, yet with a manly boy's instinctively light regard for feminine ethics uncorroborated by the masculine heroes of the moment. Centreville, of course, had been uncatholic in its atmosphere, yet substituted no formula of Christianity fully satisfying the thoughtful student's philosophical mind. Therefore, while remaining reverent in spirit, he had fallen, in the letter, into the negative creed of the majority of his college-mates.

But like Martin Carruth, Stephen had found it impossible to content himself with the negative attitude, his soul and mind craving spiritual and intellectual affirmation for all the instincts and impulses inciting him to live above life's mere material plane. Missing the light for which he groped, his absorbing, almost adoring love of Mina had set up its human image where the Divine should have been enshrined and served; and with the service of this idol he had been fain to satisfy himself. But now that the premonitory ray of an alien love had flashed prophetically upon the horizon where Mina's girlhood and womanhood blended, he realized an imperative need of the Divine inspiration, the spiritual strength, the apocalyptic insight, the superhuman guidance his soul still lacked; and perchance by the sacramental grace of his baptized and shriven youth,—a grace which by human fault may stagnate in the soul indeed, but which never wholly expires,—he was impelled to turn to Father Martin for enlightenment and counsel. The intent, grave glance characteristic of his serious gray eyes, now suddenly luminous with spiritual earnestness, fixed itself with the wistful, watchful look of the seeker upon the priestly face whose peace proclaimed that in God Father Martin had sought and found his soul's desire. Stephen fervently hoped that Father Martin was about to expound his theological convictions, and initiate him into a world of spiritual, or at least aspiring thought.

But Joyce only frowned impatiently in response to the spiritual note jarring upon the siren-sweetness of his exultant worldly dreams. For the moment, at least, he did not care a fig for ideals higher than those adored and served by the idolatrous worldling; and only his love for Father Martin prevented him from saying so. But as it was, noblesse obliged him to answer courteously; so he took refuge in generalities.

"By 'allegiance and service' you mean the conventional profession and practice of orthodox Christianity, I suppose," he said. "Well, I acknowledge that in regard to psalms and sermons,—always excepting your own, of course, Father Martin,—a few, and those few far between, go a long enough way with me! But in theory Christianity's all right,—an ethical Vision Beautiful! It has inspired art, and ennobled literature, and vitalized humanity's superhuman ideals. But since a man cannot serve both God and Mammon, my little idea is that even

admitting a celestial eternity, this span of human life is necessarily Mammon's day,—the tribute which man righteously 'renders to Cæsar,' awaiting the Q. E. D. after-life for 'the things that are God's,' et cætera, you know!"

"No, I do not know! But what you and I and Stephen here undoubtedly do know, my dear boy, is that you are talking flippant and irreverent folly, for whose sophistry you have the grace to blush! We cannot, indeed, serve God and Mammon; but we can and must serve God and our fellow-man by resisting and denouncing the Mammon-worship threatening to enslave a free race, to blight a young Republic, and to devitalize a new century! This is the glorious cause for your colors, as you take your man's place in the world. And over your younger head I am hitting this senior Stephen! You are two fine fellows starting out for success or ruin, and I want you to fulfil not your lowest, but your highest possibilities!"

"But the vexed question is, What are our highest possibilities?" argued Joyce. "Not, for us, the soul-life, as you conceive it; not the heart-life, since

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart!'

Not the life of the body exclusively, since the senses are common to man and beast. Therefore only worldly effort and achievement, under the guidance and government of the intellect, is left us!"

"O my boy, what narrow philosophy and faulty logic! Take a broader, unprejudiced, all-round outlook, and realize that in the grand sum-total of the perfected man-life, soul and intellect, heart and body all have their allotted part. Inasmuch as any one power is not developed in its righteous degree,—a degree which differs with the individual case,—the whole structure of life suffers. What you two want to do just at present is to start out with right and high general principles, recognizing in what the true success and triumph of manhood really consist! Not in the transient notoriety known as fame; not in the accumulation of wealth at the cost of the toil, want, and slavery of your brothers; not in the politic but demoralizing time-service of popular fad and expedient causes; not in the sacrifice upon temporal altars of all the immortal instincts stirring, like rustling angels, in your souls. No, the enduring victory of glorious man-life, which is mortal only in its probationary

human phase, waits on his own high thoughts, tender dreams, generous deeds, noble endeavors,—on his undaunted utterance of his most exalted convictions, and his resolute fulfilment of his purest ideals, at whatever worldly or bitter personal cost entailed. And first, middle, and last, realize and remember that the convictions and ideals of human manhood are pure and exalted and selfless alone and only, as inspired by and modelled upon the Infinite and Eternal convictions, the Divine ideals, of the God-Man, Christ!”

“Oh, do leave a fellow a little responsibility and confidence of his own!” protested Joyce, irritably.

“I ascribe to you the highest responsibility that can be conferred upon the human,—the responsibility of response to the Divine,” retorted Father Martin, firmly. “Confidence is an ignoble or noble trait, according to its justification. I justify it invincibly, by founding it upon impotent and dependent creation’s communion with Omnipotence.”

“Well, Father Martin, you know of old that I never denied the First Cause of Genesis!”

“No, Joyce, but Genesis is a beginning, not an ending; and from all eternity, the First Cause was generative,—the Father of the Son! You cannot divide the Divine House, since the primeval rays of the grand old B. C. creed concentrated in the glorious Star of Bethlehem! The man of our A. D. generation only feigns faith, and mocks the God he confesses, unless he adores Him not only in Eden and on Sinai, but in Bethlehem, in Gethsemani, on Calvary, and, in beautiful sequence and consummation, in the Jerusalem supper-room of Pentecost.”

“I am so glad that you have said as much, Father Martin. Please go on,” urged Stephen, earnestly.

“My boy, I could go on for ever; for God knows that I love your two strong young lives, and would give my own life to serve them. I have stood at the cross-roads where your youth and manhood are standing now, and I know the weight of the choice you must make between them. You assume that your present choice,—good in the natural order, indeed,—is right, because, as I am glad to believe, you are going the way of the world and the flesh only legitimately, with never a visible glimmer or gleam of the vice or depravity of the devil! Yet mark my words, where no Divine Ideal goes with you, you sink downward by law of supernatural gravitation, not only in

soul, but in body. In body, because the flesh is but the spirit's responsive instrument, recording its fluctuations with infinitely finer exactitude than the barometer rises and falls with the natural atmosphere. I have not the slightest desire to make Joyce a missionary to the heathen, or you an exhorter in the market-place; but with all my heart I do wish you to be men of glorious success; and I say to you, in all truth, that success is a husk and shell; a pretence and mockery, a will-o'-the-wisp and breaking bubble, that has not the seal of Divinity upon it. Man begins in God, he ends in God; and divergence from the Triune God in the human interval means inevitable divergence in identical measure from the supremest joy of humanity. Study the records of the past, and the result will corroborate me. The great pagans groped for God; the great Hebrews worshipped Him, and panted for the One they failed to recognize, the Messiah; the greatest men since the birth of Christ have followed His Way, and learned His Truth, and thus attained Immortality! The elixir of Life is not sense, but soul; and its secret on earth is simply the Divine love and service!"

Stephen bowed his grave face thoughtfully, leaning his head somewhat wearily against his tense hand; but Joyce braced himself defiantly.

"It seems to me that you confuse the vocation of the priesthood and the laity," he objected. "Morris, of course, can answer for himself and his life; but taking my humble prospects, for example, even you cannot claim that the religion that is your ethical as well as spiritual ideal has much of a place in secular journalism!"

"Religion not only has a place, but first place, in everything under God's world-wide heavens," proclaimed Father Martin, emphatically. "That is just the fundamental mistake of all systems of secular education, that they relegate religion to a place apart, instead of recognizing it as the inseparable soul, the inspiring heart, the illuminating brain, the vital pulse of each and every side-issue, great and small, that make up human existence. You regard religion as a formula of vocal prayer, an exterior form and fashion, a formal profession, a more or less spiritualized social convention! But what is it, in beautiful truth? Just the breath of human life drawn in harmonious and natural unison with its Creative Source,—the infused grace of Divine affinity,—the response of the human to supernatural influences!

Revealed religion has its defined formulas, its obligatory ordinances,—why not? Order, as Heaven's first law, is even more imperative spiritually than naturally, since without infallible authority, inspired regulation, transmitted precept and systematized practice, religion would be but a chaotic primeval sentiment prolific, on account of individual idiosyncrasies, of a spiritual license rife with heresy, and countless fatal follies and mistakes! But religion,—ergo, Christianity,—in its simplest and primal sense, implies worship of soul, reverence and response of mind, mastery of the senses, and philanthropical service of fellow-humanity for a superhuman motive. These fundamental virtues established, the one, true, holy, apostolic creed and code reveal themselves in the course of spiritual evolution, as naturally, even as inevitably, as the flower evolves from the bud. You see, boys, that after all religion even in its orthodox practice is a very simple matter!"

"You have given me big things to think about, Father Martin," said Stephen, gravely.

"But as to journalism," persisted Joyce. "You have ignored my point, Father Martin!"

"Because it was such a blunt point, Joyce, my boy," smiled the priest. "The dullest intelligence must recognize secular journalism as the identical world-force superlatively dependent upon religious ideals to justify, redeem, and sustain it! Study Yellow Journalism for one half-hour, and report candidly the effect upon your higher self! It mocks ideals, it debases politics, it deifies Mammon, it panders to every carnal phase of human society, from the most morbidly gross depravity to the most fastidious sybaritism,—it initiates youthful innocence into premature knowledge of evil, and desecrates old age by irreverent derision and cruel subsidency! It makes light of the most sacred duties, the most irrevocable ties of domestic life; it condones the immorality of men, the unfaithfulness and frivolity of women, razes the aspirations of youth in favor of the selfish and material standards of the world, cries down soulful genius and crushes inspired originality, while sustaining the commonplace talent and flippant mediocrity that echo its own petty creeds. It supports great causes only inasmuch as they succeed materially; advocates no noble movement that is not gilt-edged to the eye; sustains no tottering power, however worthy,—and sells the secrets of lives, the skeletons of closets, at the liner's penny;

abjuring the duty of selection for the rewards of sensationalism, and honoring truth as much or little as it pays more or less than falsehood in the coin of Judas, that is the price of blood! Why, Joyce, a few, only a few more conscientious, uncompromising practical Christian journalists in control of the American secular press to-day would transform the country, purify politics, idealize society, chasten art, and make the youth and liberty which are the present boast of America its immortal attributes; since these are quick only in the deathless soul, alike of nation and of individual man. No place for religion in secular journalism? There is Christ's own place, Joyce, usurped by Barabbas the robber! From my soul, I believe that Mr. Raymond will help, and not hinder you, to push the *Pioneer* toward the heights of journalism. His is a naturally noble soul, a pure mind, and a generous heart. God has His Hand on such, and I prophesy that you will live to see the Divine coercion evident!"

With a non-committal gesture, suggesting dismay rather than discourtesy, Joyce rose in silence. He wished with all his rebellious heart that Father Martin had not suggested haunting spiritual questions at this particular crisis. To resist his appeal was equally painful to Joyce, sentimentally and spiritually; his grateful devotion to the priest intensifying his natural impulse to meet half-way any overture inspired by affection; while his conscience, tender even in its torpidity, stirred restlessly, like a butterfly in its chrysalis, impelled to struggle, yet still unwinged for even the lowest flight. But in his mistaken judgment, the worldly interests so dear to his ambition seemed fatally at stake; and his decision to forward them at the expense of finer impulses was deliberate and resolute, even though not a noble choice commanding perfect self-approval! As he stood aside for Father Martin's precedence, his clouded face reflected his interior struggle; but it cleared with buoyant celerity as his returning host unexpectedly confronted him, gaily waving an open telegram.

"Just making for the ladies, are you?" he inquired with a mischievous smile. "Business before pleasure, young man! I am wired for, and must be off by the midnight express; and the best thing for you to do is to make the break with me! If you think well of it, vamoose now for your little bag, and be back here before eleven sharp, when you can make all your by-bys. Think you can manage it?"

"I shall be on time, sir," responded Joyce. Then his luminous face turned to Father Martin. Their eyes and hands met by common impulse,—all the optimism of youth in Joyce's smile as he instinctively appealed to his friend for sympathy in his hope and happiness.

"God bless you, my boy," murmured Father Martin; "but we must have a last word, Joyce! I'll go to the train with you!"

"Am I to go to-night, too?" asked Stephen, as Joyce departed.

"No, you are to do escort-duty. The ladies have just decided upon a run to the Ranch, and you'll have to gold-plate the tracks for them."

"Of course Mina is not included," asserted Stephen, with a sigh of relief. Hitherto his happiness had been supreme when his little sister had accompanied him to the Western Ranch; but in consideration of Joyce Josselyn's migration, he considered the Ranch no longer a propitious resort for her. Better her isolated nest in her own little villa, under the wing of the watchful Mam'selle!

But fate was against the discreet Stephen; and even while he had been listening to Father Martin, the impassioned rapids of human life had been gushing nearer and nearer the little Mina.

"Mina not included?" echoed Raymond. "Most deluded of brothers, poor little Mina's sins have been finding her out; and she would be sent to the Ranch by wire or telephone, if Mam'selle could accomplish the feat! A bold, bad operative manager ventured to present himself at the villa; and in wrath beyond even the power of French to express, Mam'selle boarded the first train for Carruthdale!"

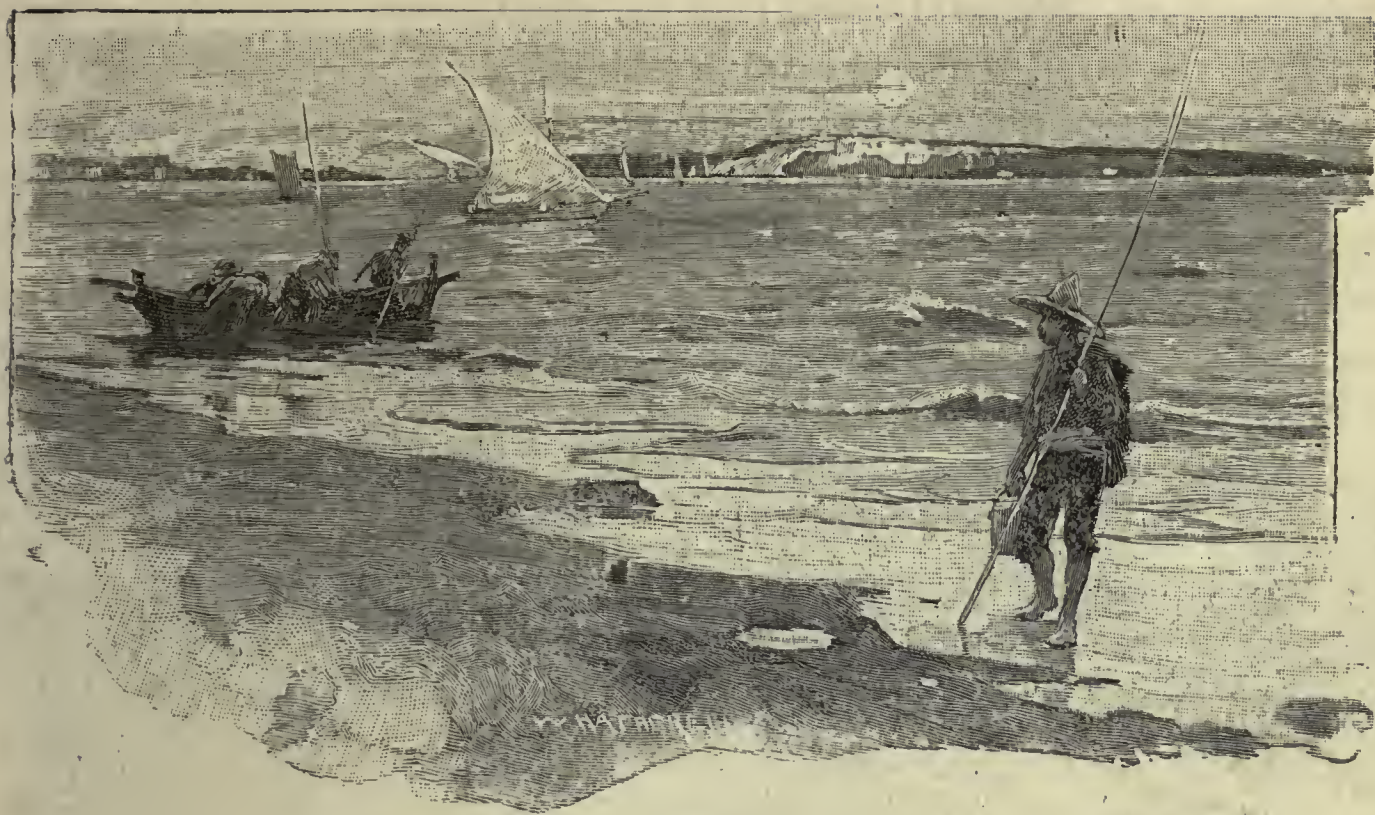
"You do not mean to say that Mam'selle is here?"

"Very much here," laughed Raymond. "Entirely too much here, for poor little Mina! In fact, her tears are the feminine feature of a regular petticoat-row! That's why I got rid of Josselyn! But Martin and you are all in the family; so come along, and jolly up Mina!"

As Stephen's face blanched, he turned impulsively to Father Martin.

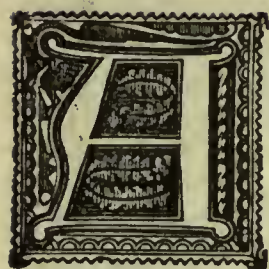
"My sister," he cried, "my wilful, innocent little sister! Help me to save her, father,—help me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



BY THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

A MENTONE PLAQUE.



MENTONE *plaque* is a large, round, mainly-green object; and is meant rather for ornament than for use. There is a certain agreeable savagery about the coloring. Primitive man is noted for his "happy hits" in decorative art. He deals in the simplest forms, and in "primary" tints; notches spoon-handles; dots and pierces bone and horn implements; scratches lines at more or less regular intervals on his bowls of baked clay, rubbing into these lines bright red, or green, or jetty black; and the results, strange to say, are things of beauty, which are as real light to the artist's eye.

The great disc in vivid green, and the branch of glowing oranges, dark leaves, and snow-white blossoms in high relief upon it, give the Mentone charger its archaic flavor; but the excessively realistic modelling of fruit and flowers rather detracts from the pleasing *naïveté* of my platter. I know of but one place in which to find this special majolica; it is a long, low wooden shed, that looks like one of the hasty constructions dating from the first days after the last serious earthquake. Over the entrance you may read: *Potteries de Menton*.

Je suis la marchande, says an old dame from the deepest recesses

of *la baraque*. She will come into the shop proper, she adds, when she has prepared "a good soup." The shed is very draughty; but, yesterday, the outgoing buyers said that the old woman had a son lying very, very ill; and I waited as patiently as I could until the invalid-cookery should be finished. When a little messenger had been despatched with something hot and smoking, the cook emerged from the partitioned end of her shed—a fat, motherly figure, wrapped in at least six shawls, and wearing on her hands the ragged halves of knitted gloves; for it can be



MENTONE BY MOONLIGHT.

cold, in winter, at Mentone! *La Marchande* (she told me that this was her proper style and title) found what I wanted in *terra cotta*; she picked up a *plaque*, all glowing in its red-orange, white, and greens; and she felt "sure she had just the sort of glass jar I asked for, if she could but lay her hand on it; *mais, voyez-vous, ma bonne dame, mon enfant—!*" And here the flood-gates were loosed! Some one she must talk to, and *mon enfant* must be the topic; and she must pour forth a long, sad tale! She thinks he is "consumptive." At any rate, the doctor says, the present trouble is catarrh, and that *mon enfant* came for



THE CEMETERY AT MENTONE.

advice too late, too late!" He was one that "would never care for himself"; and "now he is breathless unless when he is upright; alas, alas!" And then she bethought herself of my concerns, passing abruptly to them; but only to return, a moment later, to *mon enfant* and her trouble; for the very business reminded her of him who was "such an expert merchant. And now, dear soul, he has not lain in his bed for forty nights, but must sit up always, always; or walk about, catching his breath. It is *that*: the want of breath!"

She drew herself up to her full height in all her many shawls; and her old eyes flashed, because they are full of life



A FAVORITE SPOT FOR THE MORNING SUN-BATH.

still, and she is of the South, as she said, reproachfully: "What *right* has he to be *poitrinaire*. Here am I, seventy years old! Am *I* consumptive? And he—six and thirty! All the others—all five of them—gone out into the world. One is dead. But *he* stayed with me always. He managed everything



LOOKING OUT OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

here; knew languages; ah, yes, he had much capacity! But he fell sick, as I told you; and the doctor said: 'Be idle: take a good nourishment.' But what can you do when it has gone so far? Rest he cannot; night and day, day and night, he just gasps; or he coughs, ever and always!"

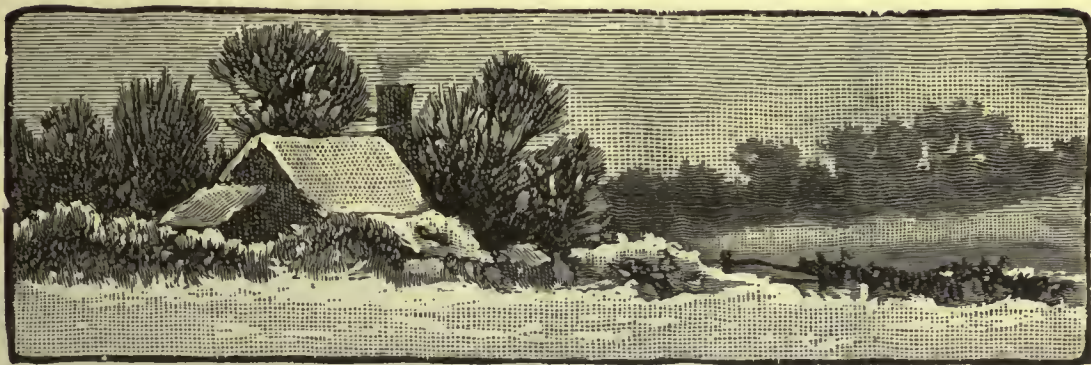
She was eager and tearful; but the practical sometimes would break in upon her, and she would remember that she had not found my glass jar yet. My purchases must be counted, too, and their cost summed up. To my poor words of comfort *la marchande* paid no heed. She "knows how these consumptives are, *té!*" Besides, she has "had her *intimation*." She drops her voice over "intimation." "It was only a dream," she goes on; "and foreigners pay no heed to these things," but *she* "believes them." Then, weeping bitterly, she recounts

how she "saw so plainly, but *so* plainly! the crucifix that hangs against the wall glide down lower and lower; and then it slowly rose again. Ah, yes! it is just as if I saw it again, this minute! . . . And 'that meant?' Why, any one could understand so plain a sign *as that!* Even a foreigner must perceive. Of course, it meant that *lou buon Diou* was coming for the sick man, and would take him away!"

Once more our business flitted across her mind, and to that she applied herself, still sobbing a little. After awhile she added: "I wish he would take him soon, *lou buon Diou*, for it is heart-breaking to see a creature suffer so—gasping for every breath! I resigned myself, with a great sob, when I had *my intimation*. Ah me, he is so weak now! Think you, he fell—only from want of strength! He fell there—close by me—on the floor. May the good God take him quickly! Yet, how lonely it will be here!"

The *baraque* is shut to-day. A paper, nailed to the rough door, bears the words: *Fermé pour cause de décès*.

So *La Marchande's* prayer is answered.



THE MISSION FIELD.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



THIS humble work, this reaping. Yet Thy call
Brings down Thy glory with it, sweeping o'er!
Thine is the field and Thine the threshing-
floor,

O Blessed Lord! The yellow masses fall
Beneath our silver sickles, gladdening all;
While bright, afar—we see its open door!
Thy golden Garner glitters evermore.
Why heed the world? Its wormwood or its gall?

In vain its sneer! How vain its luring word!
I see the vision, I behold Thy smile!
The sickles glide like music. Quickly gird
My limbs for labor! Nothing shall beguile.
Thy jewelled horn is blowing! Swift I run
To join Thy reapers singing in the sun.



THE WEAVERS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.



THE products of the hand-loom have in past ages been among the finest fabrics in the world, and even to-day this primitive method of weaving is found among the savage and semi-civilized nations of the world where exquisite cloths, blankets, and other textile fabrics are made. The carefulness of the weave, and the individual expression of designs, form the chief attractions of these fabrics. In the Philippine Islands the hand-loom is still an important factor in the industry of the people, and we may look with interest and profit at some of the methods of curing the fibres and weaving them into fabrics prevalent in these new possessions of ours beyond the Pacific. The islands abound in fibre-producing plants, and the natives have succeeded in producing from them wonderful fabrics for useful and ornamental effects.

The fibrous plants most in use in the Philippines for weaving purposes are wool, hemp, cotton, silk, bamboo, cocoanut, and pineapple fibre. There are besides these a number of minor plants which furnish fibre for special weaving, but they do not occupy a prominent place in the textile industry of the people. The method of raising these fibrous plants for common use is very primitive, and consists chiefly in letting nature do the work. The wonderful tropical climate and fertile soil make the plants flourish without much cultivation, and they grow on wild, uncultivated soils almost as well as in the prepared fields. Likewise the method of preparing the fibre for weaving purposes is simple and crude. In the case of cotton there is little attempt to make a fine grade of thread out of it, and it is employed chiefly in the manufacture of heavy goods. Sail-cloth, sacks, bagging, and blankets are all made of the coarse cotton fibre. This is partly due to the fact that the cotton plant has never been cultivated and improved by selection. The result is that the plant is in a wild or semi-wild condition, and the fibre is too coarse by nature for any fine work. Cotton weaving, con-

sequently, can be dismissed without much further discussion. It is an industry that is crude in the extreme in the Philippines, and is carried on only by the commonest weavers. It is, however, an industry that promises much for the future; for with proper cultivation of the plant, and the introduction of good machinery, a cotton trade of unexampled value and importance could be built up in the Philippines.

The wool industry of the islands is not much more advanced than the cotton. There has been no attempt to introduce full-blooded, fine-grade sheep there. Nearly all the flocks are wild or semi-wild sheep found running over the hills and low levels of the country. The natives have an irregular system of ownership over these animals, and once a year they round up the herds and shear them. But the wool is coarse, and of little value other than for common uses. Light-weight serges are manufactured in Manila out of the best of this wool. This serge, however, is manufactured entirely with the hand-loom. There is no machinery to speak of on the islands for making the cloth either out of wool or cotton. The fabrics produced are flimsy and coarse, and usually they are dyed black. The natives look upon this serge with an affectionate eye, and it is worn with pride on holidays and special occasions. Nevertheless, it will not stand much exposure to rain or sun. The dye soon fades out, and the utter flimsy character of the fabric is then revealed. The Spanish residents on the islands endeavored to introduce wool manufacture, but most of the so-called Spanish goods are brought from Spain, and were not woven in the Philippines.

Hemp has naturally taken the precedence of all other fibrous plants in the Philippines, and more attention has been bestowed upon its cultivation and manufacture than upon any other two plants. More of the natives are engaged in one way or another in the hemp industry than in all the other textile industries combined. Hemp is raised on an extensive scale, and it is found almost generally wherever suitable land for its growth can be found. Under American control the hemp industry promises to increase beyond anything ever witnessed before, and natives and Americans are working toward this end. The natives prepare the hemp fibre for market in the most crude manner. Knives are set in a log, and the stalk is drawn over this, thus separating the fibre from it easily and quickly. As labor is very cheap in

the islands, the need of machinery to do this work at less cost of time and labor has not been greatly felt. The fibre is bleached in the sun after it is separated from the stalk, and is then put in readiness for spinning into yarns. All these different steps are as crude and primitive as that of separating the fibre from the stalk. The methods of preparing the different fibres for spinning into yarns will be described later.

The fabrics manufactured from the cocoanut, bamboo, and pineapple fibres need special description, because they represent industries practically non-existent in the United States. Most of the highest grades of textile fabrics are manufactured from these fibres. The pineapple fibre, for instance, is very soft in texture, almost like silk to the touch, glossy in appearance, and holds a dye with remarkable tenacity. The cloth made from this fibre passes under the general name of "jusi," and both natives and foreigners hold it in high esteem. The fibre is taken from the pineapple plant and dried in the sun. Then it is cut into convenient lengths for manipulating, and bleached in the sun if intended for white goods. The sun makes the fibre as white and soft as the purest silk. The sun adds a distinct gloss to the fibre that cannot be obtained so well by any artificial methods. The fibre intended for the dark goods is boiled in a kettle to make it more pliable, and then exposed for a short time to the sun to obtain a glossy surface. This gloss gives a silky appearance even to the finished product, and it is not an artificial finish, as visitors often imagine.

The cocoanut fibre is not so soft and silky as the pineapple, and it is employed chiefly for making ropes, twines, nets, and cables. The cocoanut husks are gathered by the natives for this purpose and dried in the sun. Natives comb and pull out the fibrous threads, and place them together in a bunch. Then they are formed and twisted together ready for the weaver. This work is all very simple and primitive, and the cheapest laborers in the islands can do the work. The fisheries of the islands are dependent upon the cocoanut-fibre manufacturers for all their nets and seines and lines. A great many of them make their own nets. They hire natives to gather the husks of the cocoanuts, and then they dry and weave the fibres into nets and lines. Vast quantities of cocoanut fibre are used in this way all along the coasts, and the fisheries probably consume fully half the products of this industry.

Little need be said about the silk industry of the islands, for it is so crude and primitive that it hardly forms any industry comparable to that found in China or Japan. The natives show little skill in handling it, and what silk weaving is done in the Philippines the Chinese are mostly responsible for. The few silk farms are scarcely worthy of the name. Most of the silk used in weaving in the fancy fabrics is imported from China or Japan, and is not raised on the islands.

The split bamboo textile is a coarse stuff used quite extensively in the Philippines. The bamboo fibre is used mostly, however, to form the warps for weaving purposes, and the filling is made of cocoanut fibre. The bamboo fibre cannot be made pliable enough for shuttle purposes, and consequently it can hardly be called a textile fabric for weaving. It occupies a prominent place in the industries of the islanders, however, for mat and carpet making. The bamboo is split by knives into very thin, long strips, and these are woven together by hand. When compactly woven they make very enduring carpets, rugs, saddles, and covers for packages.

In all of these different industries the fibre is prepared for spinning into yarns by hand, and as there are no picking or carding machines on the islands, the work must be performed slowly and laboriously by cheap hand labor. The fingers are the most primitive machines used by the natives, but the comb is also extensively employed. The hand-combs used for the different textiles vary in size, shape, and roughness. Some are made of wood, others of shells, and a few of metals. They are all rough and crude in design. The combing and carding are necessarily unsatisfactory, and the work, besides being tedious, is often very poorly done. The finished yarns vary in size and weight as the result of this primitive method, and in order to produce fine fabrics it is necessary to go around and select threads or yarns of about the same size and density. No one laborer can be depended upon to produce uniform products.

The spinning is done on hand-wheels. In some of the least progressive of the islands even the spinning-wheel has not come to stay, and the spinning is done by hand and a rude piece of wood. By twisting the hands back and forth in endless motions the workmen succeed in producing a yarn somewhat similar to that spun on the wheel. The dyeing of the yarns is all the work of the women, and the chief dyes used are of vegetable

origin. The native woods of the Philippines are full of trees and plants whose juice or sap produces very good dyes. In fact, dyes are obtained as easily as the fibrous plants, nature supplying the whole list of them in the woods and swamps.

After the threads and yarns are spun, and the proper dyes have been soaked into them, the native workers prepare the fibre for the loom. The preparation of a warp for the loom is even slower and more tedious than any of the processes that have been followed up to this time. The side of a wall or a wooden rack is employed for this purpose. Hooks and pins are arranged on this to take the thread as it is adjusted. The women usually arrange the warp, and they string the threads over and over with the utmost patience. When a section of the warp is thus put upon the pins and hooks it is taken off and wound to the beam of the loom.

The latter is a crude, century-old wooden affair, built probably by the early Spanish settlers. In many respects they are more primitive and ancient-looking than those in use in this country two centuries ago. The motive-power is entirely by hand or foot. The shuttle is thrown by hand, and the treadles are operated by the foot. The looms rumble and shake under the foot-power, but they seem to do their work almost as well as when first built. Few of the natives seem to possess the skill or ambition to make new looms, and they cling to the old ancestral ones until they have been patched and repaired a dozen times.

All of the looms on the islands are plain, and nothing more elaborate than stripes and plaids can be woven on them. The Philippine weavers consequently excel in their striped and plaid patterns, and most of their fabrics are in these designs. Where more artistic figures appear on their cloth, such as in the "jusi" cloth, it is all the work of hand after the cloth has been woven. Some of the weavers are experts in this hand-work, and they produce most excellent patterns with the patience of their nation. The native designers also produce effects by coloring, which is also performed laboriously by hand, and with the most primitive implements. The plain warp and filling goods are the chief products of the islands, but the demand for fancy cloths has stimulated designers to weave fancy patterns in the cloth after it has been finished.

The plain cloths are used most generally by the poor and

medium classes, and the fancy goods are sold to the wealthier classes, especially to the resident Spaniards, and considerable quantities are exported to Spain, Japan, and China. These fancy cloths sell at good prices, and the weavers and designers receive what they consider ample pay for their work.

The textile trade of the islands is thus in the primitive state that one expects to find in a half-civilized country, and the fancy fabrics that are raised above the commonplace are the results of slow hand-labor. Such work could not exist in any country where wages were moderately high. Even machinery to compete with this cheap, skilled labor would have to be of approved pattern, and not antiquated. It is hardly possible to ship old, antiquated weaving machinery to the Philippines and expect it to pay for itself in competition with the cheap labor of the weavers. Modern weaving, spinning, carding, and finishing machinery would completely revolutionize the textile industry on the islands, and this must eventually be the outcome of our possession of the territory. The Philippines offer great possibilities for future development in this line; but there must first be peace throughout all the islands, co-operation with the natives, capital sufficient to change the present condition of affairs, and machinery and men able to lift the industry from its present low state.



A CHAPTER FROM MY DIARY.

BY A RELIGIOUS.



IN a narrow cot in the Tombs Francesco Bruno sat gazing at the whitewashed wall opposite. The clang of his iron cell door, mingled with a groan from the big key as the keeper turned it in the lock, still rung in his ears. A sound of shuffling feet, outside in the corridor, with the murmur of men's voices, seemed like an echo of waves on a far-off shore. Where was he? How came he there? His brain utterly refused to do its work, and was as a stopped clock, for the ticking of which he vainly waited.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the door, and a woman's low voice spoke to him in a foreign tongue. From the inflection he knew a question was asked. Raising his bloodshot eyes to the grating, he beheld a face framed in white. He thought of a picture he had seen, in his sunny Italy, of an angel standing at St. Peter's prison door. Was the same miracle to be repeated now? Were the chains of shame and disgrace to be struck from him, and was he to go out into God's free sunshine once more? As the Sister still stood at the door, he remembered his manners as a gentleman, and rising, said with a profound bow, in Italian: "My Sister, I speak no English." Sister Madeleine understood little Italian, but the womanly instinct of her compassionate heart comprehended the poor fellow's misery. He appeared a sorrowful figure indeed. The deadly pallor of his face was accentuated by a black moustache, whose waxed ends stood out about two or three inches from his face. His torn and dusty clothing gave evidence of the rough treatment he had received. When he spoke a pathetic smile dispelled for the moment his usual mournful expression.

On inquiring for an interpreter, a young prisoner, Italian, Luigi Valeri, who after five years' residence in the country had acquired a good knowledge of English, presented himself. After a few preliminary questions the narration began.

To the sister's finely attuned ear it seemed like listening to a little musical symphony. A fierce denunciatory speech from Francesco, explosive comments by Luigi, sad phrases in a minor key spoken by the prisoner, then sympathetic staccato clicks, with many gestures, by the interested interpreter.

Francesco's native city was beautiful Naples. He was the only child of parents in comfortable circumstances. At the age of ten he lost his father by an accident. Cardinal R——, a near relative of his mother, assumed the guardianship of the boy. He was sent to college, and on his graduation was admitted to a military school. After taking his diploma, a commission as lieutenant in the army was presented to him. He joined the Abyssinian expedition and earned a decoration for valor on the field of battle. On his return home he heard from some of his young compatriots of the wonderful fortunes which are so quickly made in the United States.

Anxious to secure a competency for his beloved mother in her old age, he made preparations to emigrate to America. There was another reason for making his fortune. Rosina Verchetti, the sweetest girl in Naples, had promised to await his return from America. As poor Francesco spoke his eyes filled with tears, and drawing a small silver crucifix from his pocket, he kissed it reverently. "Her gift!" he exclaimed. Before his departure Rosina had given him a letter of introduction to her eldest sister, who some years before had married on her arrival a young Neapolitan, Angelo Pantanelli, to whom she had been long betrothed. He was proprietor of a small restaurant, and kept a few boarders.

After a sorrowful parting from his beloved mother and dear Rosina he arrived in New York. On presenting his letter to Madame Pantanelli he was very warmly received by that lady and her husband, and invited to remain with the family as long as he wished.

Anxious at once to begin making the fortune which would mean so much to the dear mother and Rosina, he thought there would be no difficulty in obtaining a position as teacher of languages. But here was an obstacle. He was totally ignorant of English. Day after day he frequented the offices of teachers' agencies, always to receive the same answer: No vacancy. What was to be done? The sum of money he had brought with him gradually dwindled. Homesickness was depriving him of

sleep and appetite; the chances of obtaining employment were lessening each day. He was too proud to make his difficulties known to madame or to her husband. In fact he had taken an aversion to the man, which he could not overcome. Gloomy and sullen, Pantanelli seemed to exert a baleful influence over his wife, who trembled at his very look. At the close of a day of weary disappointment, as he was entering his room a letter was handed him by his hostess. It bore the Naples postmark. Recognizing his dear mother's writing, he hastily opened the envelope. A money order fluttered to the floor. As madame picked up the paper to hand it him she glanced at it, and a hard glitter came into her eyes. "You have good news!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, the best," he answered. "My madre is lonely for her boy and wishes me to return home."

"Will you go?" she asked.

"I see no future for me here," Francesco said sadly. "With no knowledge of English it is useless for me to remain in the country."

"Perhaps if you persevere a little longer your luck will turn."

"No, no, I have no chance of success, and what would I do at the end of a month or two? My money would be all gone; and I could not ask the madre to send me any more. She has doubtless pinched herself to save this."

The prospect of seeing his mother and Rosina once more lightened the poor fellow's heart and he enjoyed a good night's rest. Next morning he took the precious letter from his bureau and, placing it in his pocket, inquired his way to the banker's. As the Italian money-changer's office was in an adjoining street, a few minutes' walk brought him to the building. He took his place in a long line of his countrymen, who were anxious to get drafts in order that they could send home part of their earnings by a steamer which sailed the following day.

Taking out his letter, he looked for the money order. It was not there. Had he dropped it? No; impossible. His last act the night before, after rereading the letter, was to place the order within the letter and return them to the envelope. What could have happened? He would return and question madame. It might have slipped out on the floor of his room. With quickened

step he reached the house. Signor Pantanelli had gone to market. His wife was superintending the waiters who were at work in the restaurant.

"Back so soon?" madame exclaimed.

"Yes; I have lost my order. Have you arranged my apartment yet?"

"No one has entered it since you left a few moments ago."

Bounding up the narrow staircase, he rushed into the small room. Turning over every article on his bureau, he then dragged out table, chairs, and looked everywhere; but no sign of the paper. What was to be done. He had evidently been robbed; but by whom? He could bring no evidence against any one in the house. Some person might have slipped it from his pocket while waiting his turn at the banker's. But that seemed impossible. The thief would certainly not have taken the trouble to replace envelope and letter.

Farewell now to all hope of returning to his native land and dear ones. The spirit of despair seized him, and all his faculties seemed paralyzed.

"There is a pistol in your trunk," whispered the tempter. "Why not end all this misery? Nothing is before you but starvation. All will be over in a few seconds." Slowly, as if under the influence of a spell, the poor fellow rose. Darkness surrounded him. He groped his way to a corner where his trunk stood. Under a pile of clothing his hands came in contact with the cold steel of his revolver. Slowly he drew it out. As he knelt with the muzzle close against his forehead his mother's sweet, sad face came vividly before him. There was a look of reproach and horror in her beautiful eyes.

A sound of hurrying feet up the stairs broke the silence, and he heard a woman shriek as his arm was grasped. Having had his finger on the trigger, the sudden jerk pressed it down and the pistol was discharged. A groan, and Madame Pantanelli fell to the floor. When he opened his eyes she was lying at his feet, her face covered with blood. There was a great hubbub in the room and halls, which were crowded with angry, gesticulating Italians.

In a few moments a policeman entered, followed by Signor Pantanelli. "Arrest that man," shouted he; "I accuse him of murdering my wife!"

Poor Francesco was so dazed he could not utter a word.

The policeman seized him by the collar and dragged him up to a standing position. "Come with me," he said roughly. Still holding him, a way was cleared through the dense crowd with the aid of a stout club. As he was dragged through the streets stones were thrown at him by cruel boys, and the cry of "Murderer!" was shouted until the crowd grew hoarse. He was glad to get within the shelter of the prison walls.

Having no money, a lawyer was appointed to defend him. Not a friend came forward, and as he could speak no English his case was disposed of very quickly. The woman's injuries, instead of being serious, were found to be slight, her forehead having been only grazed by the ball. In consideration of this fact Francesco received a sentence of four years in Sing Sing prison.

The position of Francesco appealed so strongly to Sister Madeleine's kind heart that she resolved to go to Judge Coudert and explain all the circumstances. She lost no time in requesting an interview with Judge Coudert. That gentleman listened very kindly to her version of the affair, particularly as she grew quite eloquent about the prisoner being a stranger in a foreign land, unacquainted with our language.

When she had finished he said:

"My dear Sister, you have only heard one side of the story. Let me tell you the other. What would you think of a man who would deliberately plot to break up the happiness of a family by urging a wife and the mother of three children to elope with him? Then, when she would not listen to his entreaties, the villain attempted to take her life. Should I have mercy on such a scoundrel?"

Sister Madeleine was so shocked at this dark side of the story that her only reply was, that she could not consistently plead for mercy.

The next day Francesco, with seven other companions in misery, handcuffed two and two, took the sad journey up to Sing Sing.

Through the intercession of Sister Madeleine, who felt injustice had been done him, even against an array of facts, and moreover as this was his first term, lighter work was given him.

Being naturally fond of study, Francesco attended an afternoon school, which had been organized by the warden for the benefit of prisoners whose early education had been neg-

lected. He devoted himself to learning English, and as he was a good linguist, he soon spoke and wrote it well. He was a model prisoner, and quickly won the respect and esteem of both his companions and officials.

After awhile he was selected for a position in the prison library, which was very congenial to him. Sister Madeleine always saw him on her visits.

One day he asked if she would give a longer interview than usual, as he wished to tell her something. Having always taken a deep interest in the poor fellow she readily consented.

He informed the sister that a friend who knew the circumstances of his case had written him in Italian. He handed the sister an extract from the letter, which had been translated by him into very good English. It was as follows:

NEW YORK, February 14, 1898.

FRIEND FRANCESCO BRUNO: Now, dear friend, I let you know that a few days ago I saw Marie Pantanelli, and I asked her about your trial and her false witness that she made against you; and she, weeping, answered me: "If you want to know the secret of my heart I will tell you; but you must promise not to speak of it to anybody." And here she began:

"I pass all my nights weeping, in dreadful agitation, and my dreams are very frightful. I know that Francesco is innocent of the crime for which he was sentenced to four years. He did not shoot me; he would only shoot himself for his misfortune, and I was wounded only by catching his pistol from his hand. But, alas! I was obliged to tell the judge that he would shoot me, for my husband and brother constrained me to do so, after they had taken his money. Francesco was sentenced innocently, and God will punish me for my false witness. The business of my husband goes very badly; my brother, after two weeks that Frank was sent to Sing Sing, was arrested and sentenced to fifteen years. *My conscience is overcast.* Three years now for Francesco will soon be past, but my soul will be for ever in sin for my false witness against the poor man. Well, one day God and Francesco will have mercy on me, and forget and forgive my dreadful sin."

And now, Friend Francesco, you will know that the remorse comes over, and that "God don't pay the Sabbath," as we say, and everybody knows you are an innocent man and a very

unfortunate one. Forgive and forget, my dear friend, and God will bless you.

PAOLI.

Tears filled the sister's eyes as she read. "Why did you not let me know about this before?" she asked. A sorrowful smile was Francesco's only answer.

"But justice to yourself requires that this bad woman should retract her lies, and your good name be restored," she resumed warmly. Francesco drew from the breast pocket of his striped prison coat a little silver crucifix.

"Do you remember, my sister, this memento of our Lord, and my telling you it was given me as a parting gift by a sweet angelic girl on my departure from my native land. Rosina died three months ago of a broken heart. Grief for the misdeeds of her brother and sister killed her. Continual weeping over my disgrace has destroyed my mother's sight. May I not add something to the sacrifice? My continual prayer night and day has been for the conversion of the misguided men and the woman who wrought my ruin. My sufferings have made me compassionate to every form of human misery. In another month I shall have finished my term. As my mother's relative, the cardinal, has recently died, and bequeathed her a large sum of money, I have no fear for her future.

"I shall return to my native land and devote myself to the service of poor prisoners who are the victims of circumstantial evidence. As the iron has entered my own soul so deeply, I can more deeply sympathize with those who are accused.

"Pray for this grace, dear sister, that each time I gaze on my crucifix I may repeat with my whole heart the sublime prayer of our agonizing Lord: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"



THERE ARE OTHER CARES THAN EARTHLY ONES HERE.

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE.



IN the centre of a horizon enclosed by the hills of the Perche, close by Mortagne, in the Orne, rich and fertile plains spread out in vast area, with variegated cultivation. The lowing of the herds and the sound of the bells are the only voices heard there; man ceaselessly tills the soil, but seldom speaks. It is the kingdom of the monks of the Grande Trappe, and nowhere else in the world is so little noise made.

From the outside, the place has the appearance of a large agricultural or industrial establishment, but when the eyes rest upon the light spire which rises above the architectural mass of the Grande Trappe it is easy to understand that the guests of this place have other cares than earthly ones.

The monastery where prayers are said is quite close to the shops where work is performed. This monastery makes some pretension of similarity to the convents of ancient times; the refectory, with its stone columns, has the elegance and haughty appearance of a gothic nave, while its cloisters and chapel have the august simplicity of buildings erected in olden times. All around this monastery stand new buildings, supplied with a stock of modern tools and arranged for the industrial comfort of the miller, the chocolate-maker, and the printer.

A circle of plains where the flocks abound, stables, and farms surround this group of buildings. La Trappe supports itself. Close to it, and all around, there is sufficient to supply the modest needs of its inhabitants.

Five ponds, like a string of beads, complete the landscape. According to some authors, it is to these ponds that the Trappe owes its name, from the traps set for the capture of fish of which the Trappists are not allowed to taste, and which are sold to dealers, some of whom come specially from Paris. Each year the sales of carp, pike, and eels amount to from five to six thousand francs.

In the twelfth century a religious order, quite famous at that time, radiated over the whole of France, and even beyond; it was called the order of Cîteaux. Its rules were of the strictest austerity, and, continuously strengthened and held by these rules, the members of this order, called the *Cistercians*, devoted themselves to agriculture, science, and charity. They had such a prestige that a small colony of Norman friars, established at the Grande Trappe, applied for admission into the order of Cîteaux, and the *Cistercians* accepted the newcomers.



RECITING THE OFFICE IN THE CHOIR.

Five centuries had elapsed; the *Cistercians* had forgotten, here and there, the austerity of their obligations, and from the Grande Trappe a reform was inaugurated. A very elegant nobleman, M. de Rancé, had for a long time led in the salons

of Paris a dissipated life; he was the man of the day, *à la mode*, and the amusements of the court and the whirl of pleasures and passions absorbed the young man. He was in receipt of the income of a large number of monasteries, and,



THE MONASTERY WHERE PRAYERS ARE SAID.

among these, the Grande Trappe, which thus supported the distant recreations of this worldling. One day Rancé felt a craving for meditation, and he came to the Trappe as regular abbot, applying to the monks the stern course he had adopted for himself. In the course of time he restored the austerity of the original rule of the *Cistercians*.

Then the Grande Trappe became, in turn, a mother house. The reformed *Cistercians* is the exact term which was given to the new monastic branch of which the Grande Trappe was the trunk. For the sake of simplicity, all these monks were called Trappists, and all the convents which adopted the rule of M. de Rancé were designated by the name of Trappes.

At the present day, besides the Grande Trappe, there are twenty other monasteries in France also called Trappes; five exist in Belgium. Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Great Britain have each three Trappes; Spain numbers two, and fourteen other Trappes are scattered over various parts of the world. The Norman monastery of the Grande Trappe was like the hive from which all these workers have swarmed. This

hive owes its fecundity to the fact that, in the seventeenth century, it awoke from its sleepiness and returned to the religious vitality of the original hive, Cîteaux. The beginning of the twentieth century affords to the Trappists a last triumph; they have bought back the ancient monastery of Cîteaux, and these reformed *Cistercians* will re-establish in the very buildings of Cîteaux the old *Cistercian* rule.

There are to-day, throughout the entire world, over 3,400 Trappists, grouped in seventy-five houses, or rather seventy-five small cities, for the Trappes recall, by their organization and the activity of their lives, those small cities of the Middle Ages separated from all contact with other cities, and finding in themselves everything to meet their requirements. Under our modern economical *régime* the various cities and countries communicate with each other readily; exchange and travel are easy; between all these agglomerations of men there exists a bond of union, and we live partly through the products which other members of the human family send us. The Middle Ages, on the contrary, on account of slow and precarious means of communication, had compelled the small human groups to provide for themselves, and to get along without the other groups, from whom they were separated by unsafe roads, and they



THE DORMITORY.



THE REFECTORY.

were therefore obliged to lead an economical, independent, and autonomous existence. The Grande Trappe remains as a relic of the days of yore; it has its own life, and

depends upon itself alone to sustain life.

It relies upon each one of its members, and upon them only. The Trappist is not a recluse, confined to himself, satisfied with the gifts he receives, and multiplying penances in a pious inac-



ASKING PERMISSION TO SPEAK.

tivity; he is an active worker, the auxiliary of a common enterprise. A Trappe is a great co-operation of production, and each Trappist contributes his arms, his activity, and his prayers for the success of the general labor. It is, at the same time, a co-operation of consumption, and, as the Trappists consume much less than they produce, the surplus of products is applied to the decrease of the agricultural or industrial capital, and chiefly to beneficent deeds. The Trappists render charity with the product of their work; all they give, as well as all they eat, is the result of their toil, and work is the basis of their life.

At two o'clock in the morning the Trappists get up, and through the long halls make their way to the chapel, where Matins and Lauds are either said or sung with solemn slowness; then, at about half-past three in the morning, in the shadow of the sacred place, the silence grows heavy, and the silhouettes of the Trappists fold themselves in deep devotion, each monk meditating in his inner self. Through the high windows of the chapel daylight does not filter as yet; small candles, here and there, light up the penumbra, where arise, in the background of the stalls, monks, either all brown or all white. Nothing can be understood by the stranger of the mysterious language whispered in the darkness by these good souls, but one feels that, under the appearance of death, there is life.

At four o'clock the Masses are said, and then through the day the other parts of the office are distributed. Through the march of ages these daily psalmodies unite the Trappists with their fathers of the twelfth century. There is identity between these various generations of monks, which the analogy of the practices of devotion and of the religious services, always the same through centuries, manifests and ratifies.

At the hour when the cocks crow, the Trappists who have finished the service read in silence; it is their way of resting. They keep a rigorous silence, for the rule on this point is very strict. But it is now six o'clock, and for a few minutes the Trappists may speak.

They all assemble in the chapter-hall and the abbot questions them. To his questions the brethren reply in a loud voice, confessing their violations of the rules, and the abbot prescribes their penance publicly.

To recite their sins to the confessor in the secrecy of the confessional, and to relate to the abbot at the general meeting of all the monks their infractions of the rules, often very insignificant,—these are the two principal occasions on which the tongue



PRAYING IN THE CEMETERY.

of the Trappist can have its freedom, so that, as a rule, a Trappist only speaks to say, "I have done wrong," using speech only to humble himself.

At seven o'clock work begins, and the hive swarms, buzzing but always silent, through the buildings of the monastery. Some go to wash the clothes, and others to rake the lawns; some go to the mill to make bread, which will, later on, be given out to the poor, and others wend their way to the chocolate factory to operate the powerful machinery which turns out over one thousand kilos of chocolate every day.

There are some groups going towards the fields, or the



WORK IS A PART OF THEIR LIFE.

woods; they are called thither by the harvest, or to cut wood. Between themselves, unless something happens which requires an explanation, not a word is exchanged, but they work together. By means of signs they inform themselves and help one another, and through a wonderful versatility they practise the discipline of silence and of work in common. Prayers and manual labor alternate until noon, and a bell marks the changes. At the first signal, the Trappist who is loading up stones leaves his work; the Trappist raking the walks puts down his hood and raises his head to heaven; the wood-cutters and the reapers give up their attractive and rough work in the open air, and all together return to the chapel.

Noon has come, and the refectory is opened. On either side are long rows of tables, and each monk sitting at his little table. A piece of bread, a jug of cider, a plate of soup, vegetables and fruit constitute the Trappist's fare. He tastes meat only in case of sickness. From the 14th of September until Easter he fasts every day; from Whit-Sunday until the 14th of September

he fasts twice a week, unless the heat or an increase of work prevents it. "Fasting and work," once said Napoleon III. to the abbot of the Algerian Trappe of Staouéli, "are the best cooks of the Trappists." These words were true; fasting and work bring hunger, and no hungry Trappist ever complains of his fare, or finds that the fresh and green vegetables which his brother gardeners grow are monotonous.

Often, in the middle of a meal, some Trappist, whose public



SOME ARE GUARDING THE FLOCKS.

confession at the daily meeting has revealed a grave error, is seen going around kissing the feet of each of the brethren, who all esteem this voluntary humiliation.

All this is accomplished without affectation, with simplicity, almost with good-humor; there is nothing pompous in these mortifications, nothing solemn in these humiliations. As a rule, a Trappist assimilates himself so well to the rule that he needs no effort to apply it.

In the afternoon, as in the morning, prayers, choir, work in the fields or in the shops, reading or meditating, follow with regularity. Very often the same Trappist is not found at the same work he was performing in the morning. The reason for this is that work, in the Trappists' eyes, is not only a means whereby they support the monastery and earn their own food; it is also, as it were, an instrument of discipline, a training of the will and a continual trial of self-denial. The Trappist


must be ready for whatever work may be assigned to him by the abbot or by the cellarer, by which name the steward is known. He may have to tear himself away from the library, where he is copying beautiful hymn books, and go to sprinkle a clump of trees or whittle shavings. He must never refuse a task, but always perform his work with eagerness by virtue of the eternal law which demands that we toil, but, by virtue of the law of obedience, he has not the right to select his work.

A light repast, even poorer than the morning meal, ends the day's work. Then the Trappist, towards half-past five, reads and meditates; finally, at seven o'clock, this long file of silent shadows wends its way to the dormitory, which is common to all. It is an immense room, entirely bare; small partitions not high enough to reach the ceiling indicate the enclosure of the cells. There are no doors in front of these cells, a curtain of gray serge being the only protection. A camp bed is the entire furniture, and on the bed a straw mattress, a straw pillow and some blankets. Even when ill the Trappist is compelled to sleep with his clothes on. He spends seven hours on this hard bed, and when, in the middle of the night, the bell rings for the service, the Trappist, up at once, begins a new day rigorously similar to the preceding one.



FATHER HOGAN AND THE INTELLECTUAL
APOSTOLATE.*

BY REV. WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN, C.S.P.

HE translation into French of Father Hogan's *Clerical Studies* is a happy and significant event. These remarkable essays by the best right belong to France, for it was on her soil, as Archbishop Mignot remarks in his Introduction, that they were remotely prepared, during the thirty years that their venerable author taught at St. Sulpice. To only comparatively few priests in the United States *Clerical Studies* brought with it a personal reminiscence of the great Sulpician: his splendid intellectual honesty in the class-room; the spacious wisdom of his counsels in conferences; or the kindness of his heart-to-heart talks in spiritual direction. For most of Father Hogan's stay in America was taken up with the presidency of a diocesan seminary, where, naturally, the number of students is not large, nor the territory which they represent, extensive. It will be different with the *Études du Clergé* in France. There, priests by thousands, *curés* in their parishes, professors in universities, and some whom Providence has raised to the episcopate, will turn the pages of the book, and see again "le Maître," at whose feet in days long past they sat as pupils, and learned both the science and the virtue that befit a priest. To them truly is it just that this precious offering, the *Summa* of his teachings, should return.

And France is more ready than we were for this work. We needed it, to be sure, and still need it badly in America. Beyond question, it has helped us; and to some among us, let us hope, earnest and gifted souls, it has been, with its revelation of new duties in this present time, an inspiration to fit themselves to discharge them. Still, we were not prepared for this book when first it appeared among us. We have been and are now a missionary priesthood. We have been obliged by the necessities

* *Les Études du Clergé*. Traduit de l'Anglais par l'Abbé A. Boudinhon, Professeur à l'Institut Catholique de Paris. Introduction par Monseigneur l'Archevêque d'Albi. F. Pustet, Rome; P. Lethielleux, Paris.

of souls to send out our best and brightest priests, who could have won eminence in study, to the needy dioceses of our boundless country, there to live and labor and die in self-annihilating labors. It is not then to be wondered at, nor imputed to us as a fault, if we have not held a place of primacy in the exacting field of present-day apologetics, or in any other department of that apostolate of science wherein the church in this century is to fight the fiercest of her battles and gain, we trust, some of the most illustrious of her conquests. And as Father Hogan's book is written from the stand-point of one familiar with the most advanced conditions of modern learning, its full significance would naturally escape many among us; its description of the necessities of a modern apologetic for Catholicity would appear unreal, and its suggestions for reform in our methods of study and interpretation possibly extreme. To be sure, every day is making plainer to us the preciousness of these scholarly views and far-sighted counsels. According as our parochial and missionary work is relieved of excessive pressure, and time may be employed in study; and in proportion as our seminaries, and above all our university, will become populous centres of students eager in research; we shall grow into a full realization of that intellectual vocation, its nourishment, its obstacles, and its responsibilities, to which leaders like Father Hogan, abreast of the age, if not ahead of it, are summoning us.

But in France, the significance of *Clerical Studies* will be by a much more numerous circle instantly appreciated aright. There the crying need for mission-priests is not so clamorous as ours; and though we read complaints over the insufficient number of seminarists, there is probably no diocese in that country that is not represented by one or more brilliant clerics in advanced courses of study. Then France's glorious traditions of Catholic scholarship; her numerous *Grands Seminaires* and universities; her astonishingly large number of solid and progressive Catholic reviews; and, more than all else, the acute hostility from without, and the divergent schools within the church,—all these have created a stimulating atmosphere of intellectual endeavor which has pervaded thousands of minds, and admirably fitted them properly to estimate this version of Father Hogan, and in the case of many, to derive timely encouragement and consolation from it.

It will be worth while to examine such a book as this, especially as bearing on the church's position relatively to scientific research. We shall thereby not only learn something of the chief excellence of the work itself, but may also be brought to look upon a movement within the church which it is important for our sacredest interests that we understand.

The condition which Father Hogan confronts throughout these essays can best be described in his own words:

"[The modern mind] has been trained to consider nature as subject to constant, universal laws, scarce ever, if at all, interfered with. Much of what was looked upon as supernatural in past times has now come to be accounted for by natural causes, and much more is universally discredited. . . . No wonder if the process unceasingly applied, and made familiar to all, begets a wide-spread disposition to explain everything, in the present and in the past, by natural agencies known or unknown, to distrust whatever claims to be outside or beyond them, and to suspect that as modern science has thus far set aside so much of the supernatural, further progress will ultimately dispose of what still remains of it" (p. 107 of the English edition).

Now, at these attempted devastations by the armed hosts of science of religious belief, and of what has been long considered inseparable from religious belief, there are, among Catholics, two prevalent ways of looking. However, before giving the divergencies, let us establish the common underlying unity, which is the indisputable truth, that between real science and real religion no conflict is possible. "The same God," says the Vatican Council, "who bestows faith, has given the light of reason to the human soul, and God cannot deny Himself, nor can truth be in contradiction with truth." No fact of science, therefore, can ever damage a doctrine revealed by God. How, then, has come about the unfortunate turn of events set before us in our extract from Father Hogan? The answer to this question brings us to the two attitudes toward science which we have just said divide the minds of Catholics.

Some among us put the matter thus, in one or two comprehensive propositions: "The science of the century is opposed to Christianity. Therefore the science is diabolical and the century accursed; and we condemn both to the perdition whither they are hastening." It is quite the same whether the science in point be in the field of physics, philosophy, history, or exegesis;

the hostility and distrust are genuine, stubborn, and, after awhile, instinctive. Those who adopt this view make it a matter of rule to obstruct and ridicule scientific hypotheses; and should an hypothesis be raised to the province of certain truth, they yield it often only a sullen and sour assent.

The other method is quite opposite to this. Its followers are those who believe speculatively, and follow practically, the Vatican declarations as to the harmony existing in all orders of truth. They feel sure, consequently, that the lamentable state of conflict between science and religion is principally due to misunderstandings, prejudices, and recriminations. They know what the church teaches, and to this they are chivalrously loyal. They know the facts and the hopes of legitimate science, and to both they give glad recognition and hearty encouragement. Finally, they have an ambition, which it is more proper to call by the holier name of vocation, to assure science of the beneficent friendship of religion; and to assure religion that it can never be harmed by science.

These are the methods. It will be useful to see how they work in practice, and which is more likely to serve and safeguard religious truth. Those attached to the first seem to consider that certain pious traditions, remote deductions, and points of view, which theological speculation has made to cluster about a truth of faith, are identified with that truth essentially; when in reality they may be mere opinions, whose foundations are as purely human as the foundations of the truth they environ are purely divine. That truth itself, let us say again lest we be misunderstood, no real science can ever harm, and any attempt upon it, in the name of science, we are bound instantly to oppose. But those extraneous growths which come by accretion from without, and are not the result of genuine development from within, may be uprooted by science, as some have been already, and some others possibly will be in the future.* Now, the partisans of the first school, men whose good intentions we must admire, but whose method we must consider as a piteously lame support for the church in these days, and in the days that are to come, arouse the city with alarums if one of these traditions, nowise pertaining to the Catholic *credenda*, is trampled on in the advance of science. Suppose, for example, that pro-

* We refer our readers to the bold and searching essay, *Church History, and the Spirit of Criticism*, by one of the most erudite of living historians, Father Herman Grisar, S.J.

gressive exegesis has proved a certain text to be of doubtful value as confirmatory of a doctrine for which generations of theologians had adduced it. Or suppose—to take something that is no longer matter for supposition at all—that the irrefutable conclusions of physical science have modified, not to say completely rehabilitated the ancient notion of creation. Mark well, the doctrine, in the first case, is quite untouched, though a text usually brought forward for it is set aside. Likewise in the second instance, the truth of the creation of the world by God is absolutely unharmed, though an immemorial point of view towards that truth is perforce abandoned. Well, we say, in such a case as either of these, the ultra-conservative apologists shout a warning that the faith is in peril from godless science. They give the world, outside and inside the church, to understand that the extrinsic matter—the traditional meaning of the text, or the ancient conception of the process of creation, to keep to our examples, is an integral part of the revelation of God. Now, if science goes on, and shows these human opinions to be untenable, and science inevitably will do this if they are untenable, shall we be astonished, if the world interprets this as a defeat of revelation? And if a similar process takes place not once only, but several times, must we not think it a natural inference for scientific men to draw, that every advance of science implies a corresponding retrogression of faith? To take a crude example, how many infidel lecturers have found a resourceful theme, how many tracts and pamphlets have been written on the conflict between Genesis and geology, how many souls have felt shaken with doubt, because theologians have gone on repeating Dom Calmet's opinion, that one who would hold the "days" of creation to be more than twenty-four hours each, would make the Holy Ghost a liar; and because even now classic treatises, rather than yield to science, declare that the fossil remains of organic life found in strata, ages old, were created thus by God!

Would it not be better, would it not gloriously serve religion, to say: "We welcome every established conclusion, and wish well to every legitimate hypothesis of science? If our understanding of a divine truth has been in greater or less degree imperfect all along, and science gives us a new illumination, this will not in any way affect the truth in itself, but only our way of looking at it, and we are thankful for the clearer vision."

Let religion, in the person of many of its representatives, accept more gracefully the truth of science, and science will be brought far toward accepting the truth of religion. The method, still too prevalent, of yielding assent, or even respect, to scientific conclusions only when we are beaten and throttled into it, has done harm beyond calculation. Our wisest leaders call us to a better method. Let us, with the memory of the past, and the knowledge of the present and the future, not hesitate to follow them.

Says Father Hogan: "The conservative disposition of theologians is undoubtedly praiseworthy; but to be guided by it regardless of all besides, would be far more injurious than serviceable to the cause of religion. First of all, it would justify in some measure the reproach so often addressed to its followers, of clinging blindly to the past in all things, and of discountenancing and impeding all progress capable of disturbing their quietude. Next, it would inevitably lead to humiliation. For although many seeming advances of human knowledge ultimately came to nothing, there are many others which, from weak beginnings, advance steadily, and ultimately win universal favor. To oppose these persistently in the name of religion is simply to commit ourselves to a losing battle, and to expose ourselves to be driven back from one position to another and finally be compelled to surrender at discretion, simply because we have undertaken to defend our religion with weak weapons" (p. 118).

Still stronger are the words of the Archbishop of Albi in his Introduction to the *Études du Clergé*. Speaking of the followers of the ultra-conservative apologetic, he says: "Without wishing it, or possibly suspecting it, these men, whose good intentions no one questions, may put up shutters against the light; may cast discredit on humble Catholic investigators whose loyalty will not permit them to look at the faith as they would; and may finally, by their noisy pretension to speak in the name of the church, which has given them no commission that I can discover, drive many souls away from us. But they will not prevent the triumph of the truth of God."

The sole difficulty in the way of this progressive apologetic lies in the danger of accepting an hypothesis of science which conflicts with a genuine doctrine of the church; or of falling into error in discerning between a truth of faith, and the traditions and deductions which surround it. In the face of this danger, what will be the safeguard of the truly Catholic apolo-

gist? The answer is simple. The safeguard will be the church's voice, especially as coming to us from the Sovereign Pontiff. In this important connection, let us hear a loyal Catholic scholar, whose essay on *The Progress of Apologetics*, should be almost known by heart by every student-priest:

"Under the protection of this paternal authority, the science of apologetics has regained its freedom. Daring questions that once seemed settled with a *non licet*; questions on the origin of species, on the universality of the deluge, on the meaning of the first chapter of Genesis, are openly studied. These discussions are not hidden from our chief Pastor; nor is he, the sentinel on the walls of Jerusalem, asleep. Indeed he could not well be unmindful of these controversies, for there are doctors in plenty, of the traditional school, to denounce the advocates of progress and to style them innovators. If authority does not intervene, it is for good reasons. It is because it understands the necessity of progress in apologetics; and knows that in the face of new difficulties, we must have new arguments, and stronger and wider principles. It is, finally, because it knows that we have now to deal not with fantastic hypotheses, the fruit of vanity and pride, but with genuine intellectual difficulties.

"Not that the silence of authority, let us be sure, is to be taken for approval, nor for a declaration that an opinion not publicly condemned merits no reproach. . . . But the silence of the supreme authority, joined to a sincere determination on our part of obeying it, when it speaks, permits those who are courageously and prudently breaking a way forward, to go on with more assurance, and to devise their hypotheses with greater freedom. They are enabled more readily to emerge from the opinions of old-time teachers, who had no conception of our present difficulties; and to maintain their personal convictions in despite of the modern organs of an excessive traditionalism. They know that there is a Pope in the church, and that the sole voice with authority to condemn them is that of the chief Pontiff, and of the episcopate united to him in sameness of doctrine. Of themselves too, and of their faith, they are sure; and so they can go fearlessly forward, since they are ready to stop the instant he who speaks in the name of God admonishes them." *

Yes, Catholic apologists will be loyal to Christ's vicegerent,

* *Les Progrès de l'Apologétique*, par M. l'Abbé de Broglie, pp. 29-31.

as he has been beneficent to them. Despite protests and denunciations whose vehemence and persistence we little imagine, Leo XIII. has given to the progressive school of apologetics the assurance of his paternal protection. When history in a future time asks what Leo did for the church and for his age, it is doubtful if there can be found in all his apostolic undertakings, or in that series of great encyclicals which have come less from his pen than from his heart, so splendid an answer as in these words of his to Monseigneur d'Hulst in 1892. "There are," he said, "disturbed and fretful spirits who are urging the Roman congregations to give decision on questions that are still open. I am opposed to that, and I am checking them; for *savants* must do their work unhampered. They must be given plenty of time for doubtful conjectures, and even for making mistakes. Religious truth can only gain by it. The church is always on hand in time to replace them in the right way."*

With an assurance like that to rely on; and with such a consolation for a resource, when unkindly suspicions are given public voice, and the air is filled with murmurs of "Protestant infiltrations," whenever one puts himself in touch with the learning of his age; Catholic scholars will find their ranks augmented speedily, their science respected, and the day of reconciling natural with supernatural truth, incalculably hastened.

From all that has been said, may we infer that some deficiencies of method exist in our usual theological curriculum? We do not propose to answer this question, though there are not wanting remarkable indications as to what the answer ought to be. For example, Monseigneur Le Camus, Bishop of La Rochelle, says in a recent letter:

"For a long time it has been a cause of sadness to true friends of the church, to see the young Levites in our seminaries wasting their young energy in following programmes of study that no longer answer to the needs of our modern society. New conditions have changed the field of controversy; and every one admits that it is vitally necessary for us to confront these new conditions, if we are to show that, whatever be said, true science does not wage war on faith, but on the contrary supports it. Still, it does not appear that up to the present any serious attempt has been made to bring about that indispensable

* Quoted by Père Baudrillart, in his discourse at the unveiling of the bust of Monseigneur d'Hulst in the Catholic Institute, Paris. See *La Quinzaine*, December 1, 1901.

transformation which will stimulate the work of the clergy, and give to the church the surest means of taking, in the domain of modern science, the place of honor merited by her glorious past." *

And a short time before, in addressing his clergy, Monseigneur Dubillard, Bishop of Quimper, had written :

"The word now is: New methods for new times; new means for new needs. We heartily agree with this, and are of opinion that our young clerics ought to be made familiar, from their seminary course, with branches of learning which it was formerly the custom to neglect; and with lines of work of which twenty or thirty years ago we felt no need." †

Whether we need a rehabilitation of clerical training or not, at the very least it will do us all good to keep in mind that our higher Catholic education, whether in seminary, college, or university, should aim at fostering intellectual honesty; that it should so cultivate minds as to make them sensitive to all truth; that philosophy should be so taught as to give its students sober, patient, solid habits of reflection, and not merely to drill them into dexterity in the cheap art of manufacturing syllogisms, or to lead them to imagine that a system of thought can be exposed in ten lines of a text-book, and demolished in three; that history should be studied to find out what history teaches, not to prove a thesis; that physical science, to as large an extent as possible, should be sympathetically learned, and its legitimate hypotheses profoundly respected, not made fun of in smart essays on exhibition-day. It will serve us to remember that we who have the heritage of God's highest truth, should be the first in fervor among those devoted to the *candida veritas*, which shines forth from created nature and from the minds of men, as the reflection that falls upon our earth, of the splendors of His countenance in heaven.

To this briefly delineated apostolate of progressive intelligence Father Hogan has urged us, and now he repeats his summons to our brothers in the priesthood of France. His plea is for broad scholarship, and for honest scholarship, joined to an uncompromising Catholicity. Give us a number of apologists thus equipped, and a work for religion will be achieved that is now calling pressingly for every best gift of mind and heart

* *Revue du Clergé Français*, 1er Janvier, 1902.

† *Ibid.*, 15 Décembre, 1901.

that we possess. It is worth praying for, that the way may be smoothed to this end, and that our solemn responsibilities for the souls of our age may make us forget personal opinions, domestic traditions, and partisan attachments, and lead us to give our most earnest assistance toward attaining it.

As we conclude, the sorrowful reflection comes to us that the publication of the *Études* was almost simultaneous with their venerable author's decease. To France he providentially returned, that his thirty years of self-sacrifice for her priesthood might be crowned with the fruit of his genius, and the benediction of his death. Would we could give expression to what we feel for him!—a priest to the depths of his soul; a great teacher; the rarest of men. His humility gave him the language and the demeanor of simplicity; yet in his wisdom he rises now before us as one who has a message for many thousands; a *magister* who will speak high counsels to generations beyond his own.



OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE CONVENT GRADUATE.

BY LILIAN J. BARRY.



SHORT time ago the friends and graduates of the Convent of Grey Nuns in Ottawa joined with the under-graduates in a celebration of three-fold significance. An excellent musical entertainment was arranged for the occasion. Those taking part acquitted themselves in a creditable manner. The concert and reception marked the inauguration of the Alumnæ Library Association and the d'Youville Reading Circle. The occasion was also made a commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Madame d'Youville, foundress of the order of Grey Nuns.

Addresses were delivered by Rev. Father Lejeune in French, and Dr. MacCabe, principal of the Normal School, in English. Both congratulated the teachers, graduates, and under-graduates on the completion of the new library and the formation of the alumnæ association and the reading circle. Emphasis was laid on the value of good books. Dr. MacCabe referred to the fact that two of the graduates of the institution, members of the recently formed association, have gained enviable positions in the literary world—Miss Barry, of Montreal, and Miss Bladgett, of Ogdensburg. Archbishop Duhamel blessed the new wing containing the library. This addition was completed at a cost of \$15,000. The library has been artistically fitted up. Many of the books and articles of furniture were donated by graduates now enrolled on the membership lists of the alumnæ association.

On behalf of the graduates Miss Lilian J. Barry delivered the following address, indicating the broad scope of the new movement:

The formal opening of the Alumnæ Library Association is

NOTE.—We have given space to the address of Lilian J. Barry on account of its suggestiveness. One of the pleasing signs of progress in educational methods is the persistent effort made by the various teaching orders to retain their influence over their graduates in such wise as to stimulate their intellectual and spiritual life, and so to direct whatever influence they may have for good in the world. A great deal more of this sort of work, however, can be done. It is a fatal error for any group of teachers to think that educational work finishes on "Commencement Day."—EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.

attended by many gratifying circumstances. Not only may we all feel well repaid for the efforts so far expended in promoting its interests, but we must also be filled with a sanguine hope for its future prosperity, and feel stimulated afresh to exert ourselves towards perpetuating the work thus happily inaugurated.

We have the honor and the pleasure of welcoming here some patrons of literature and the arts whose presence is eagerly looked for in circles of greater dignity and importance than ours; to have engaged the sympathy and approval of such distinguished guests at the outset of our endeavors, means that we have disarmed possible criticism from less important sources and gained a comfortable degree of confidence in the desirability and stability of our undertaking.

There may be some among those present who have not yet formed a clear conception of the object of our association. I beg the favor of a few minutes' attention from the assembly while I endeavor to explain, as briefly as possible, the nature and scope of the work we propose to do, and the results which we hope to secure by sympathetic and concerted action.

Our object is primarily to stimulate an interest in the study of literature and the fine arts by collecting the necessary materials within the walls of the spacious and beautiful building now placed at our disposal. Our desire is founded on the belief that the shortest road to the highest human development is through mental culture. Given this condition, all the rest must follow in due order.

Culture, in the wider sense, implies, as we know, not alone the study of any special art or branch of art; but of the highest excellence which is to be found in all the arts, and which is expressed in the works of the greatest poets, painters, philosophers, and musicians.

Obviously study cannot be a mere pastime, good to fill an idle hour or gratify a transient curiosity; it is serious, beneficent work, worthy of thought and effort, productive of purest pleasure for bruised or world-worn hearts, rich in healing efficacy for sin-worn souls. It is the gate of knowledge, and every fragment of knowledge which we pick up and make our own helps, in a measure, to simplify the complex problems of life, and to lighten its inevitable responsibilities. It is a distinct gain to the soul; a forward step in the direction of God—of the Infinite and Everlasting.

It is of the utmost importance to us as students that we approach our task in the proper spirit. We must realize that we are entering upon sacred ground, that we are about to be admitted within a charmed circle, into what Carlyle describes as the aristocracy of talent—the real, the true aristocracy. For men of genius are not of the rank and file of common humanity, though we have seen some of them gauging beer for a livelihood, singing street ballads for a night's lodging, or, alas! starving to death in a garret, the while idiots and felons lay comfortably housed and fed at the expense of the state. But for all this they are none of them common men. They are the prophets and teachers of the race. A degree of vision dwells in them which is denied to all the rest. Their eyes have pierced through the false appearances behind which men seek to mask themselves from one another—nay, from their very selves—and have discerned something of a real human nature beyond, and of its potential capacity and beauty. It is never by the mere stringing of fine phrases together, nor by the cunning presentment of nature on a yard of canvas, nor by any other mechanical process whatsoever that a man proves his divine attribute of genius. It is rather by showing forth in speech and act his royal nature, the divine spark in his soul; by lifting men out of the mire of mammonism and self-seeking to the clean, pure atmosphere of brotherly love and heavenly aspiration; it is by saving the world from the stigma of irredeemable vileness and falseness; by proving the actuality of heroism, and by propagating a gospel of mutual trust and helpfulness as the only true cohesive principle in this world of strange incoherences. It is by such means as these that Homer, Cervantes, Raphael, Shakspeare, Dante, Beethoven, Goethe, the Brownings, Newman, Tennyson, and hosts of lesser lights, have established their right to shine for ever in the bright firmament of renown which overarches the history of humanity. To arrive at the point of being able to share the motive and imitate the methods of such as these great ones is, or ought to be, the reasonable ambition of every sincere student.

Keeping ever before our eyes the distinct desire of discovering the right uses of life and its manifold opportunities, so as to place ourselves in a harmonious relationship with both the world we live in and the Creator who placed us here, we shall not fail to draw from our labor of love such fruits of wisdom,

courage, steadfastness, heroism, in short, as shall triply repay us for the time and energy spent in their pursuit.

There are a few rocks of which, as we proceed in our course, we must be very careful to steer clear. We must have nothing to do with the foolish ambition of appearing more wise or learned or important than the rest of our kind. We must emphatically disclaim all connection or sympathy with Mrs. Jellyby, or those equally extraordinary ladies who flourished in the time of M. Molière. We are devout believers in the value of well-cooked food, and we have a genuine, deep-rooted horror of unmended hose. We are not—save for a pardonable exception or two—over-addicted to the use of a pen, and there is hardly one among us who does not render cheerful—nay, slavish, allegiance to his Royal Highness, the Baby. In short, we are, first of all and last of all, women; but there are unclaimed intervals in all our lives when sex becomes a *quantité négligeable*, and in those “hours of ease” surely no one will grudge us a moderate indulgence in pleasures purely intellectual.

We intend to guard ourselves vigilantly against that other fatal error of mistaking ordinary conscious development for the manifestation of an extraordinary talent. The Alumnæ Association does not pretend to possess a recipe for the evolution of poets or artists out of sweet girl graduates. It even thinks it highly improbable that among so small a number as ours there should be found even one endowed with more than the average intelligence of cultivated womanhood. So *there* is a thought to keep us humble, and, as we proceed in our study, we shall see that humility is not the virtue of weak or inferior natures, but that it reaches its highest perfection in the greatest of men.

We shall take it for granted, therefore, that our motive in studying is the pure intention of perfecting our nature, of beautifying our lives, of obeying the universal law of nature, which is one of progress and development, and thus of corresponding with the designs of our Creator. It may seem to some as though we trespassed here on the domain of religion, but it takes very little thought to show that true religion and true knowledge are one and the same thing, and that it is only the false semblances of both which ever clash or hinder one another's workings. Between perfection and knowledge there is necessarily a close correspondence, for knowledge is not a mere superficial

adjunct tacked on to the memory or the understanding; it becomes incorporated into our very nature, and can never after be taken from us. It converts itself naturally, almost unconsciously, into practical working formulas applicable to the ever-varying conditions of daily life, and is of didactic efficacy to a vacillating heart.

But though it is a fine thing and an easy thing to talk about knowledge and perfection, we shall see, when we set to work, that, just at first, it is neither a fine nor an easy thing to make them our own. Here is the whole process in epitome. Work is the alphabet of success, of honor, of heroism. They all come in at the end of the race, poets, priests, warriors, statesmen, with the dust on their feet and the sweat on their brow, but in their hearts the ineffable joy and glory of honest, hard-won triumph. They have set it down in their books, they have written it with their heart's blood that we may not lose sight of it, but rather, taking heart under our own small difficulties, emulate their courageous perseverance. They have looked back on their difficult life of labor when it was well-nigh spent, and they have blessed and apostrophized and canonized work. They have told us that in work we shall find our highest profit and pleasure, our happiness and our salvation. We are bound to believe them, too—they, the wisest, the bravest, the best of the earth, the heroes, the messengers of God. They have not spoken falsely as the vain, self-seeking, mammon-worshipping crowd speak to us daily. They have pointed out what we must do to save ourselves from mere animalism and empty semblance. Let us think of this, we who perhaps hitherto have been idlers in the Master's vineyard. We must work to save ourselves, we must work to be happy. By no other means whatsoever but by this one shall we gain either profit or pleasure. And are not these what we most ardently long and keenly strive for? Profit and Pleasure—it is the cry of the human; what men work and women weep for during long days and nights of endless toil and sleepless dispiritment. Nay, looking into our own hearts, is it not what we ourselves toil and scheme and pray for all our lives long? Whether the fact is to our credit or not depends on the meaning we attach to the words. What do we reckon a profit? In what do we find pleasure? The answer to these questions would be our spiritual biography—our life and character in epitome. Perhaps our own unaided judgment does not

try to answer them yet, but the study upon which we are entering will gradually help us to a safe conclusion.

One thing we can be sure of, namely, that profit and pleasure, far from being vain chimeras or mere hollow sounding names, are quite as real and as accessible as pain and loss. More than this: it is quite certain that the kind of profit and the kind of pleasure best suited to our individual needs and capacities are within our reach, if we will but take the trouble to find out the way which leads to them. There is no appeal from the decisions of the All-Wise. Eternal right and justice are in all His mandates. It is we who spoil his fair work by setting ourselves perpetually at variance with his designs, and then murmuring at the complex disorders which arise from our own blindness and incompetence.

So it is well that we should leave off puzzling over the strange problems of existence for which we are in no way answerable, and that we shall look more closely to our personal activity and usefulness, for which we must one day render a strict account. Let us not be of those who feel that the profits of their life are already spent, and that nothing remains but a bitter sense of loss and deprivation. It is scarcely credible that any one here should have drifted into such a forlorn condition; but if any one feels that her life is tending towards that despairing conviction, let her take heart with us from this very moment, and shaking off that spiritual lethargy which idleness or pleasure has cast on her like a deep sleep, or, it may be, with which sorrow has frozen up the currents of her life,—let her set to work, not in a languid, half-hearted, *dilettante* fashion, but with a dauntless resolve to accomplish something which shall bear the stamp of honest effort and proclaim that love as well as right-hand cunning entered into its production. For we must love our work before we can do it well. No masterpiece ever left the hand of a great man without bringing with it the very heart of him. So this is another lesson we shall learn from our study—to love our work whatever it may be, and to take pride and pleasure in its conscientious performance.

“What shall I do?” some one asks; “I cannot work; I know not how to work”; or some other makes complaint and says: “I am tired of work. I have been working all my life; I long now for rest.” Both wrong, as we shall see presently. There is not a living creature but has an appointed work to do,

and a capacity for doing it which is not to be found in any of his fellow-workers. Providence has not wasted an act of creation by sending you into the world an idle, purposeless creature. Your place was vacant when you came. From all time it was ordained that you, and only you, should fill it. Wherefore question yourself and see if you are a faithful instrument, or only a stumbling-block and hindrance to others. If the first, rejoice that you have found favor with an Infinite Creator; if the second, look to it that he does not regard you as a worthless tool, fit only to be thrown into the fire.

Nothing will help us so well to form an estimate of our own capacities and limitations as the history of other men's experiences, and this we find in the study of literature. Human nature and its wide range of possibilities are nowhere laid so bare to us as in the lives and works of men of genius. Its heights of nobleness, its depths of vileness; its capacity for triumphing over the most insuperable obstacles, its liability to succumb to the lightest as well as to the severest temptations; its pure aspirations, its base grovelling; its blameless raptures, its hopeless degeneracy—all these are vividly brought before us in their ideal beauty or repulsive ugliness, showing us the sweet or bitter fruit they have brought forth, bidding us learn of them how to order our lives and to do it quickly. For between the eternity from which we have sprung and the eternity into which we must shortly vanish there is but a brief and fast-fleeting interval in which to work out our eternal destiny.

In our selection of subjects of study we have not judged it necessary to confine ourselves to the works of genius alone. Indeed, it becomes us better, as students, to begin with what is less difficult, most comprehensible to us, and gradually to ascend in the scale, than to "rush in where angels fear to tread" and be ultimately forced to acknowledge our incapacity and defeat. Excellence of every degree is worth studying, and if we begin patiently by examining it, now in one shape, now in another, we shall gradually acquire some readiness in recognizing its numberless forms, and thus prepare ourselves for the contemplation of its most perfect aspects. The best of many real men goes to the making of one ideal man. The great German poet, Goethe, has written something on this very subject which I cannot forbear quoting. He says:

"Mankind is composed of all men, and all powers taken

together make up the world. These are often at strife and seek to destroy each other, but nature preserves and reproduces them. From the merest animal attempt at labor up to the highest exertion of mental talent; from the faint cries and exclamations of the child to the most finished periods of the orator and poet; from the first disputes of boys to the vast preparations by which countries are conquered and possessed; from the smallest favor and most fleeting affection to the warmest passion and most earnest pledges of truth; from the simplest feeling of a sensible presence to the faintest perceptions and hopes of a spiritual future; all these things and far more lie in the organization of man and require to be cultivated, not however in one individual but in many. Every gift is important and must be developed. When one person cultivates the beautiful alone, and another follows the useful, both together form but a single man. The useful encourages itself, for the crowd produce it, and none can dispense with it; the beautiful needs encouragement, for few can represent it and it is required by many."

Here we have a sufficient apology, if any be necessary, for choosing as subjects of study authors or artists in whom we have discovered only a part of the greatness which goes to the making of a perfect human type. We hope that by analyzing the nature and observing the effects of all such greatness, it shall react upon our own souls with sensible efficacy, stimulating our desire to resemble, however faintly, those in whom we have recognized its fair lineaments. Perseverance in study of this kind shall inevitably lead us to a higher plane of thought and morals, many precious truths shall be revealed to us, and the earth and all it holds shall be invested with new beauty to our unveiled eyes. We shall cease to believe that sin and sorrow predominate in the world, and that God hides his face from us deliberately, or shuts out the daylight. We shall know that he is over all once and for ever, that we need not fear for the fate of the world while it is in his good keeping, but that we must look more to our own individual fate, which, alas! lies in weaker hands; we shall know, too, that He is the beginning and the end of all knowledge, of all beauty, of all justice, and that the clouds which hang over us here are but the temporary manifestations of his wrath, which shall presently fall in a rain, like pitying tears, and with refreshing baptism wash our souls free from "sin's woful stains."



1. — *The Catholic Church from Within*; 2. — *A Casket of Jewels*; 3. **Carter**: *Missions of Nueva California*; 4. **Henry-Ruffin**: *John Gildart*; 5. **Guiraud**: *L'Église et les Origines de la Renaissance*; 6. **Jatsch**: *Kurze Frühlehren von Priestern der Kongregation des hl. Paulus*; 7. **Spellman**: *Lucius Flavius*; 8. **Joly**: *Les Grands Philosophes*; 9. **Mannix**: *A Life's Labyrinth*; 10. **Tesniere**: *The Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament*; 11. **Nichols**: *The Epistles of Erasmus*; 12. **Giraud**: *Saint Dominic*; 13. **Rendall**: *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to Himself*; 14. **Browning**: *Saul*; 15. — *Explication Ascétique et Historique de la Règle de Saint Benoit*; 16. **Lloyd**: *Warwick of the Knobs*; 17. **Hinkson**: *Her Father's Daughter*; 18. **Vacaudard**: *Vie de St. Ouen*; 19. **Scudder**: *James Russell Lowell*; 20. **Fleming**: *Life of St. George, Martyr, Patron of England*; 21. **Ullathorne**: *The Holy Mountain of La Salette*; 22. **Putnam**: *A Text-Book of Psychology*; 23. **Jackson**: *Deafness and Cheerfulness*; 24. **Boulay**: *Principes d'Anthropologie Générale*; 25. **Field**: *A Little Book of Tribune Verse*; 26. **M'Swiney**: *Translation of the Psalms and Canticles with Commentary*; 27. **Fiege**: *The Princess of Poverty*; 28. — *Juvenile Round Table*; 29. **Davis**: *God Wills It*; 30. — *Catholic Youth*; 31. **Lasance**: *Short Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*. 32. **Brown**: *The Lonesomest Doll*. 33. **Vivian**: *The Romance of Religion*. 34. — *The World Almanac and Encyclopædia*, 1902.

1.—There is a special need of men and women of the highest education among the Catholic laity. The present volume * is an evidence of what valuable work such educated ones may do in the cause of religion. The book has an interest all its own. It was written by a lay hand, and yet treats of subjects which are generally left to the professional theologian. Yet are not such subjects just as interesting and as vital to the laity themselves, and may not the exposition of them from such a point of view be valuable and instructive both to those within and without the church? The present work gives a decided answer in the affirmative. But this is not the sole cause of its exceptional worth. It also gives the most emphatic denial to a charge made time and again, that Catholics know little of their faith and that the treasures of its dogmatic and moral teachings are kept securely locked from the members of the laity. We

* *The Catholic Church from Within*. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

welcome the volume as gladly as does the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, who wrote its preface.

The author, whether man or woman we know not, has treated of subjects common to every Catholic. Beginning with a chapter on the "Catholic Church from Without and from Within," the work embraces essays on "Grace," "Prayer," "Confession," "Holy Communion," the "Liturgy of the Church," "Marriage," "Education of Children," and "Vocations." The writer brings to the work a very extensive and pertinent reading from such recognized authors as Newman, Guéranger, Faber, Moehler, St. Teresa, and Hedley. The subjects are treated with a knowledge of the latest instruction which the church has given; particularly may this be said of the chapters on marriage and the bringing up of children.

It will be seen, then, at once how every Catholic should be interested in the treatment of such subjects. Careful study and continued meditation has given the author exceptional appreciation of the glories and the blessings of the Catholic faith, and we would that all Catholics had something of this knowledge, that they also could give such worthy reasons for the faith that is in them.

For the matter of devotion we take pleasure in calling attention to the chapter on the liturgy of the church. That liturgy represents her life. It is not merely a formal show. And the more her members understand it and follow it carefully, the more will they appreciate their faith, the deeper will be their knowledge of the life of Christ, and the more earnestly will they follow his example. The less also will be the need of those special devotions which are at times calculated to degenerate into mechanical exercises and become hindrances rather than helps in the way of perfection. As the author writes: "It is, therefore, by returning to the primitive ordinances of the church, especially to a faithful and constant attendance at Mass, to the practice of liturgical prayer—a prayer more acceptable to God than any private devotions could possibly be, inasmuch as by means of it we join with the whole church in union with Christ our Head, that we may hope to obtain the grace of the return of our countrymen to the Fold of Christ."

It is hardly necessary to add that the book is a most suitable one for non-Catholics. For their reading we would notice particularly the opening chapter. To newly made converts we

would recommend that "On Giving and Taking Scandal." The volume shows the Catholic Church as she is. May those who do not know it read it well! "Reason will conduct them to the entrance of the Gate Beautiful, but faith, divine faith, the gift of God, which infinitely transcends all of which the intellect of man is capable, alone can take him within."

2.—This* is a manual of prayer and maxims from those saints who have had a particular care for works of mercy, or who have said the best things concerning such topics as charity, hope, confidence, peace in the spiritual life. St. Vincent of Paul, St. Camillus, St. Francis Xavier, St. Ignatius, St. Chrysostom, St. Angela, are representative names of those from whose works contributions have been selected.

The second half of the manual contains St. Leonard's admirable method of hearing Holy Mass, together with many beautiful prayers suitable for the time of attendance upon the Adorable Sacrifice. It is a new sort of prayer-book and a good one.

3.—The author of the interesting little historical work entitled *Missions of Nueva California*† has succeeded admirably in accomplishing the task which he set for himself, namely, to produce a compendious history of the Franciscan Missions in that State. The work deals with a period of California's history too little known. It might well be called the first chapter in the State's history, for every historical event of that most picturesque and almost romantic period radiates from the Missions.

The greater part of the work is devoted to an account of the Spanish occupation, and the spiritual conquests and mission development which resulted from the missionary's zeal for the conversion of the Indian. The author traces from their inception the stupendous labors of those indomitable, self-denying men of God who, without force or violence, but not, however, without trials and enemies, transformed thousands of savages into peaceful Christians. By reading this account one gets some idea of the admirable policy of the Padres towards the savage, which was to win, pacify, and discipline him by kind-

* *A Casket of Jewels*: Collected from the writings and sayings of the patron Saints of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy, etc. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Missions of Nueva California*. By Charles Franklin Carter. San Francisco: J. B. O'Connor.

ness and charity. This part is followed by a description of the Indians—their habits and mode of life, their wonderful improvement, mental and moral, under the strong but kindly rule of the Padres.

The concluding chapter, which deals with the decline of the Missions and their condition at the present time, is tinged with a romantic sadness hardly equalled by any other part of our country's history.

The easy, simple style of the author is well adapted to his subject, with which he is wholly in sympathy.

4.—The demand of the public for something more poetic than doggerel is evident in the printing of a second edition of *John Gildart*,* by M. E. Henry-Ruffin.

John Gildart is a Southern farmer in his homely work-a-day clothes; now sowing the seed, now reaping the harvest; now attending to his ordinary indoor and outdoor duties; represented with a home-like naturalness, but also with great dignity. He is forgetful of the toil and heat of the day in the conflict which arises between his duties to home and to country. His heart, willing to sacrifice itself in defence of his troubled land, burns with patriotism; yet home has his first claim. Finally, the peril of his country demands his service; again duty to home beckons him thither, but at the cost of a traitor's grave.

For rapidity and smoothness the work is especially praiseworthy. Its vivid portrayal of sturdy manhood, and all that that implies, is only surpassed by its suggestiveness of what lies beneath the ordinary routine of every-day life. One rises from its reading, however, with disappointment at its unexpected and abrupt close, and with the desire that he might linger still under its sympathetic spell.

5.—The latest volume† in the historical series published by Lecoffre contains both a glorious and a disheartening chapter in the history of the church. How well the Pontiffs aided learning; how lavishly they gave patronage to artists, architects, and men of letters, is pleasant reading to us who have so often to defend the church against the stupid calumny that she has not fostered intelligence. But when the new learning of that

* *John Gildart: An Heroic Poem.* By M. E. Henry-Ruffin. Illustrated. New York: William H. Young & Co.

† *L'Église et les Origines de la Renaissance.* Par Jean Guiraud. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

momentous Renaissance became ever more confirmed in paganism; and when many of the humanists who lived on the bounty of the Papal court spread immorality and infidelity, clothed in classic elegance, through all orders and ranks of society, poisoning; alas! many whose station called for exalted holiness, then the history of the great *Aufklärung* becomes indeed a chronicle of disaster, and an omen of the awful catastrophe of the Lutheran revolt.

M. Guiraud presents this epoch with admirable "objectiveness," as the new phrase is; and for every statement made, and every view-point selected, he establishes abundant and unimpeachable authority. In its compression into small compass of innumerable facts, the author's method is strikingly German. To be sure, it is a method that gives the reader the confidence that all he reads is solid fact; but we must express some regret that the French grace characteristic of his last chapter, "Christianity and Paganism in the Sixteenth Century," could not have cast its spell over the book as a whole.

6.—Dr. Jatsch is to be congratulated for his endeavors to offer to German priests and people what he is pleased to call the fruit of sound Americanism. The five-minute sermons have achieved a name that is world-wide. Already many of them have been translated into the Flemish, and we trust that this German translation* will extend the field of efficacy of these short talks that have for years done such great good at St. Paul the Apostle's in New York City. It was easy for Dr. Jatsch to see the practical utility of such sermons. It would be equally difficult for him to justify his unwarranted statement in the preface that many of Father Hecker's labors have been condemned.

7.—Another welcome volume in the line of historical novel-writing is *Lucius Flavius*,† by Father Spellman. The tale has for its setting the tragic yet sad events that centred about the destruction of Jerusalem. Lucius Flavius, a Roman tribune, saves the life of Rabbi Sadoc and his daughter, Thamar, who are intercepted on their way to Jerusalem by a band of robbers. Shelter is found in a near-by house of a Christian family.

* *Kurze Frühlehren von Priestern der Kongregation des hl. Paulus.* Nach dem Englischen von Dr. Joseph Jatsch. Regensburg, Rome, New York, and Cincinnati: F. Pustet.

† *Lucius Flavius.* By Rev. Joseph Spellman, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Under their influence Thamar becomes a Catholic. Her influence in turn brings the grace of faith to Flavus, but not before a series of strange coincidences make him the companion of St. Paul in his prison-dungeon. Returning to the army, Flavus, because of his conversion, is deprived of his military rank, but it is again restored to him when he saves the life of the commander, Titus. In the last act of bravery of the heroic tribune he wins fame and a wife by rescuing the fair Thamar from the burning Temple. In due time the marriage of Christian love takes place.

The tale throughout is vivid and real, though it is twice the length of the ordinary novel. We think it might have been profitably shortened in parts, but the reader's attention is held throughout, and his admiration and sympathy excited by the devotedness and heroism of the principal characters.

8.—In a single volume M. Joly has given us a clear presentation of the entire doctrine of Malebranche.* He has not attempted to criticise the theories of the great Oratorian, but merely to let his readers see them in their true light, and as one harmonious whole.

The first chapter shows us the man and his environment—the meditative youth, disgusted with seventeenth century scholasticism, retiring into the seclusion of the Oratory; the speculative Oratorian, suddenly enamoured of the philosophy of Descartes, attempting to unite the current of Augustinian theology with the tide of modern thought. Here, too, we see the philosopher and contemplative who looked upon the study of mathematics and metaphysical speculation as the two highest activities of the human soul. And thus, in theory as well as in practice, Malebranche endeavored to harmonize and unite philosophy and theology.

In the four succeeding chapters M. Joly outlines the great Oratorian's metaphysics, philosophical theology, psychology, and ethics.

The most noteworthy feature of this exposition is the stand which M. Joly takes in defending Malebranche from the charges of determinism and pantheism, which writers of all classes have so often brought against him. He sums up the Oratorian's view of liberty in the three following propositions:

* *Les Grands Philosophes : Malebranche.* Par Henri Joly. Paris : Felix Alcan.

1. "Although God performs in us all our natural actions of the physical order . . . he does not make our consent, which remains free.

2. "This consent given or refused, passes over into the desires and volitions which God has obliged himself once for all to realize in accordance with the laws he has established. If, then, it is God who executes the acts, which we seem to perform, he only does so because we will it—yes, because we command it.

3. "By the observance of this command the action of our will, although immanent, is nevertheless a force which remains in our own hands and for which we are responsible" (p. 139).

That Malebranche did not intend to be pantheistic is evident from the explanations he gives of the divine immensity, spiritual extension and material extension. "The immensity of God is his very substance diffused everywhere and everywhere entire, filling all places without local extension" (p. 76). Spiritual extension is God's essence as capable of realization in bodies. Material extension is the world we know. Things may be said to be in God ideally, provided that this word means that they are in him as in their cause and archetype (p. 128).

M. Joly's reviewer in the *Neo-Scolastique*, November, 1901, professes his dissatisfaction with this defence of Malebranche. He still clings to the old view that Malebranche is both deterministic and pantheistic. His reasons for this conclusion may be thus enumerated:

I. The philosophy of Malebranche leads to pantheism:

1. Because in nature he admits no causality.
2. Because the soul can produce no idea of its own.
3. Because the soul is not united immediately to the body or the material world, but to God and the intelligible world.
4. If our actions are produced by God their underlying substratum is not the soul but the being of God.

"Is not this," writes the reviewer, "to venture upon the steep decline which leads to pantheism?"

II. It is not a sufficient safeguard of liberty to affirm that the action of the soul is immanent, and that God determines its acts in accordance with our desires.

Philosophical roads are not as simple as this writer seems to think. They fork and cross in a most perplexing manner. And it is only fair to say that venturing upon the road which this

reviewer points out, one could find several ways of turning aside before being landed in the mires of pantheism and determinism.

M. Joly has opened the way to a fairer and more complete understanding of the philosophy of Malebranche, and his work is an important contribution to a most valuable and useful series.

9.—*A Life's Labyrinth*,* which appeared a few years ago in the pages of the *Ave Maria*, should be popular in all Catholic circles. The reader is introduced to the heroine in a famous bandit's cave, in the mountain fastnesses between Athens and Corinth, whither she resorted to save three young Englishmen from mutilation. The robber chief, Spiridion, liberated his captives in accordance with a solemn promise he had made to grant her anything she might ask of him. One of the three young men, Lord Alfred Kingscourt, being ill as the result of his long stay in the robbers' cave, took up his abode at the villa of Edward Strange, who proved to be the father of his deliverer.

During his convalescence they naturally fell in love, but Mr. Strange refused his consent to an alliance, saying that he and his daughter were doomed to an isolated and lonely career. The young lord went away, not without declaring, however, that he would return again to claim her as his bride.

After his departure Mr. Strange revealed to his daughter the secret of his life; whereupon she bravely determined to set out for England, the home of her ancestors, to clear her father's name from the stain of a crime of which he was innocent, and to unite him with his wife, who was forced by a despotic father to desert him. The story of her career there, and the many events incident to the accomplishment of her purpose, are the most delightful parts of the story. The account of her success occupies the closing pages of the book. Constance is finally united in marriage to Lord Kingscourt, who plays a very prominent part in the development of the plot. Of the many vivid scenes in the book there is none more realistic or better drawn than the entrance of Constance into the robbers' cave just in time to save the three young captives. The Catholic spirit of dependence on God in difficulties and in times of great need is illustrated throughout the novel. We commend the story to all as highly interesting and something more than the ordinary romance of the present day.

* *A Life's Labyrinth*. By Mary E. Mannix. Notre Dame, Indiana: The Ave Maria.

10.—Mrs. Anne R. Bennett-Gladstone deserves much praise for translating this instructive work* of Father Tesnière. There is a celebrated sermon of an English cardinal entitled “The Blessed Sacrament: The Centre of Immutable Truth,” and this present work might be termed a detailed development of that thesis. Yet it is not too deep nor too speculative for the average reader. The volume opens with a consideration of the reasons why the Blessed Eucharist should have been instituted, and why to-day it is the bond of unity among Christians. The surpassing wonders of the Eucharist are then treated in a practical way: first, as it is Jesus Christ, very God; secondly, Jesus Christ, true man. Naturally an exposition follows of the motives why the Holy Eucharist should meet with the constant adoration of the faithful. The book closes with some very instructive chapters on the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

Under every heading there are three considerations—of adoration, of thanksgiving, of reparation—followed by a short prayer and a word in the way of a spiritual bouquet. The English translation reads very well. It is an excellent book for the laity, particularly for members of the League of the Sacred Heart. It is excellent also for the clergy. They will find there much food for private meditation, for conferences and sermons on the Blessed Sacrament.

11.—Mr. Nichols has given us a careful and interesting work† on the epistles of the celebrated humanist. They include his letters from his earliest to his fifty-first year. The translations done by Mr. Nichols are excellent. The date of writing, the authenticity, the different editions, are all discussed with evidence of much research. At the beginning of the work is the “*Compendium Vitæ*,” generally believed to have been written by Erasmus himself. Through the work there runs an outline of the life of Erasmus which supplies what is wanting in his letters to understand the different references and to know of his travels. These letters, perhaps, give us the best idea of Erasmus’ power as a writer. It was in the epistolary style that he excelled. They tell us also much of the character of the man. There is not a great deal of historical value in them

* *The Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.* By Rev. A. Tesnière. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Epistles of Erasmus.* Translated and arranged by Francis Morgan Nichols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

except, now and again, a reference to the condition of the schools, or of the Papacy, or of social customs in England, or of that admirable hero, Blessed Thomas More.

Depth of thought, serious endeavor to reform or better the surroundings of his fellow-men—such labors were not characteristic of Erasmus.

The epistles tell us rather forcibly that Erasmus was given to excessive love of self. He claimed ever to love peace and a tranquil life, but he left the monastery where he had gained the better part of his store of learning, and became a wanderer over Europe. In a very unchristian way he hated his enemies, and does not scruple to say so. A surpassing linguist, an elegant writer, a tireless reader, he was still superficial, and would never read over for thoughtful correction what he had once written. He lived at a critical time for the church of which he was a priest and a religious. He was a master-mind of his time and might well have done much in her defence. What he did was done too late and in but a half-hearted way. Moreover, he himself had treated lightly the church's teaching, and did much to inaugurate the work of destruction in the way of biblical criticism and questioning of dogmatic truth, which has gone on for four hundred years.

We must dissent from Mr. Nichols' opinion that "in replies Erasmus was always courteous, and that he was habitually honest in the expression of his opinions upon subjects in which the interests of humanity or religion were concerned." It was not honest in Erasmus to write that sentence to Paludianus: "This vice (flattery) has been so repugnant to me that I should neither be able to flatter any one if I would, nor wish to do so if I could."

12.—The author of this recent volume* of "The Saints" series of biographies follows his predecessors in the matter of divesting his subjects of all accretions based upon mere piety and doubtful tradition. He records no miracle that is not sustained by sufficient proof and restricts himself wholly to scientific certainties. Owing to the doubt cast upon it by the Bollandists, the story of the origin of the Rosary has been omitted. Nevertheless the best authenticated miracles are included in the work.

In St. Dominic M. Giraud finds one of those rare saints who

* *Saint Dominic*. By Jean Giraud. Translated by Katherine de Mattos. New York: Benziger Brothers.

harmoniously united mysticism and action, "pushing both to the verge of the sublime"; and his life is still a school of patience and courage. The methods so successfully employed by this saint are still needed to-day, declares our author. "Preachers are more than ever wanted; scientific training is more than ever required in the church, and its defenders, while stimulating the divine life within them by prayer and spiritual aid, must draw from the university and the study a knowledge of things human and divine."

For materials the writer has relied chiefly on the writings of the Bollandists. In a bibliography he gives a list and a brief estimate of the various accounts of St. Dominic. The *Life of St. Dominic* by Lacordaire is described as "more valuable in form than in substance." The translator's work, for the most part, has been well done.

13.—A recent number* of "The Golden Treasury Series" is a new popular revision of Rendall's beautiful translation of the Twelve Books of the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. The text needs little comment other than that it is here presented by a scholarly and exact translator and put into delightful English. The Introduction affords a good example of what an introduction should be—a thorough and reliable means of becoming familiar enough with the author to look upon his pages as the work of an acquaintance and appreciate them the more on that account. In fact, we know of no other edition which presents this immortal work in more desirable form. No educated person is unfamiliar with the book, but many may learn to value it more highly when they find it attractively presented.

In truth, there is much that some twentieth century Christians have yet to learn from this ancient pagan sage—lessons of patience, generosity, truth, fidelity, self-restraint, and many another virtue. We recommend this book to the meditative perusal of all earnest souls. Its painful defect, its fatal limitation to the confining bounds of merely human wisdom, is not to be lost sight of, but it teaches great truths even if it does not teach them all. The preface to Pierron's French translation of the Meditations records that Cardinal Francis Barberini, nephew to Pope Urban VIII., spent the last years of his life in

* *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to Himself*. In English by Gerald H. Rendall. London and New York: The Macmillan Company.

rendering the *Meditations* into Italian; and this is the dedication the cardinal made: "To my soul, to make it redder than my purple, at the sight of the virtues of this Gentile." And is it not too true that many of us will have to blush as we recall the virtues of that remarkable man upon whom some breath of the spirit of wisdom surely must have rested as he lay writing in his tent "among the Quadi, by the Gran"?

14.—We have received a new edition of *Saul*,* abundantly illustrated and prefaced with a study of the place this poem holds in Browning's work. It is a convenient book for those who love to make a favorite poem the inspiration of a meditative hour. That it presents the author's text well printed and agreeably bound is the chief merit of the new publication.

15.—Those acquainted, or desirous of becoming acquainted with the spirit and the details of the glorious Benedictine Rule will rejoice—if they read French—at the publication of a new work† which leaves scarcely anything to be desired in the way of instruction upon that question. The fruit of long years devoted to the study and practice of this same rule, the volume possesses an additional advantage in being the work of a man accustomed to give instruction upon the subject here handled. The author's aim is eminently practical. While very solicitous to reproduce the exact text of Saint Benedict, he does not engage in a work of mere scholarship, but endeavors above all else to convey to the reader a thorough understanding of the character and moral significance of the great patriarch's spiritual teaching. Big broad views are presented; dominant ideas, not words and letters, are the object of the author's care; therefore his work is a store-house of precious truth.

There is a special reason why we should be glad to see the present work widely circulated, for our people ought to be far more familiar with the history and spirit of that ancient congregation, which was at once the embodiment and the nurse of a type of spirituality too little appreciated in these days. If we must—and surely we must—go back to the past to learn, let us go back not merely a century or two, but to the very first

* *Saul*. By Robert Browning. With an Introduction by John Angus MacVannel, Ph.D. Illustrated by Frank O. Small. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

† *Explication Ascétique et Historique de la Règle de Saint Benoît*. Par un Bénédictin. 2 vols. Paris: V. Retaux.

manifestations of Catholic life, and let us learn not alone from communities that are three or four hundred years old, but also from those whose undying virility has been tested by upwards of a dozen centuries. It is not that the past is the measure of the present and of the future, but that the farther back we go in the history of the religious life the more likely we are to be made aware of the difference between essentials and accidentals, to be taught that religious types are not cast in steel and bronze, and to appreciate that only those things which endure are necessary. And if we be justified in stopping anywhere short of the very days of the New Testament itself, it can be only in order to sit down and learn of the Fathers of the Desert, of the first cenobites, of the earliest of religious orders. Back to them, then, let us go.

Let us hope that the present volume will make many familiar with the institutions out of which sprang the whole fair growth of Western Monachism. What a fragrance is there, what a vision of peace, of the contemplative's rest, of the liberty of the children of God! And if, for our sins, we must at present bear with altered conditions while they prevail, at least let the knowledge and the memory of the primitive ideals both encourage us and stimulate us to the winning back of better things by faithful service and constant prayer.

16.—*Warwick of the Knobs** is a strange story of a strange people, living in Kentucky during the War of the Rebellion. The central figure is "Preacher Warwick," a Bible Baptist and Predestinarian. True to his religious creed, he meets the many trials which come upon him, and which would ordinarily drive one to agnosticism, without being shaken in his faith or fervor. That one of his sons should die a prisoner of war, and another be shot by his own sister, were for Preacher Warwick events to be accepted as the outcome of God's will, and were to be. Owing to his close attention to Bible-reading and his indifference to domestic affairs, his only daughter eloped with a young man who had been for some months an inmate of the Warwick household as a boarder, "having been guided there by God," according to the Preacher. Joshua, the youngest of Warwick's children, a most interesting character, and very much out of sympathy with his father's "ice-cold theology,"

* *Warwick of the Knobs*. By John Uri Lloyd. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

vows that he will kill the betrayer, but, failing to carry out his threat, he is turned out of house and home, and branded as a coward, unworthy of the name of Warwick.

The book is written in an attractive style and presents many wonderfully dramatic scenes, but there is a certain incoherence and some inconsistencies in the plot, which detract from its perfection from a literary point of view. We would advise no one who is subject to the "blues" to read this book, for it is a gloomy tale of a ruined home, and its effect is rather depressing.

17.—*Her Father's Daughter** is a winning Irish love-tale. Sweetness and frankness mark the leading characters as lovable and desirable acquaintances, even if in their girlish inexperience and altruism we read mistakes of real human nature.

The story opens in Castle O'Kelly, the centre of social attraction, where we are introduced to Columbe O'Kelly, whose marital adventures win from us sympathy due to an inexperienced young woman called on to face the cold philosophy of widowhood. Her two daughters, "Columbe" and "Phil," bring to their home peace and contentment, tinged, however, with sufficient friction, arising from their dissimilar dispositions, to make it life-like and natural. The lady-like sedateness, reserve, and dignity of "Phil" are contrasted with the unconcern, the frankness, and the girlish frivolity of Columbe. The annual visit to their aunt's at the sea-shore results in their acquaintance with Mr. Ross Lismore, who, as a survivor of a shipwreck, wins first their sympathies, and later their love, to their mutual discomfort. However, all ends happily; Phil clings to Mr. Lismore, while Columbe eagerly returns to her old lover, Piers Vanhomligh.

The whole story is charmingly written, and interests to the end. The characters are strong and life-like; and being self-interpretative, they call for no unnecessary interposition or introduction on the part of the author.

18—The latest work† of that distinguished *savant*, the Abbé Vacaudard, is a masterpiece of historical writing. It is at once the charming biography of a great bishop and a fascinating re-

* *Her Father's Daughter*. A novel. By Katherine Tynan Hinkson. With illustrations. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Vie de St. Ouen*. Par E. Vacaudard. Étude l'Histoire Mérovingienne. Paris: V. Lecoffre.

view of the history of an epoch. The monastic state under the Merovingians, the condition of learning, the customs of the court, and all those potent influences at work in the seventh century for the creation of France out of the old Gallo-Roman civilization—all this is the subject handled in a master's manner by Abbé Vaccaudard. We consider the work indispensable for any student of French origins. It is of a class of scholarly productions which have revolutionized the writing and profoundly modified our understanding of history; rigidly adhering to document and fact, but throwing over them the spell of a master of style, and of one highly gifted with the historic imagination.

19.—Mr. Scudder's life of Lowell* has certainly one quality usually rated high in biographical writing; and that is, it delineates its subject and conceals its author. Lowell, the many-sided man, abolitionist, humorist, poet, professor, and ambassador, stands out in a reasonably life-like attitude on every page. True, a little more study of Lowell's mind and soul, of his moods and temperament and beliefs, would lend a glow of flesh and blood to what some may think is a slightly statuesque portrayal. Still, when a biography achieves so much as this one, we are inclined to let go the rule and letter of absolute perfection, and say "Well done!" We might wish, too, that Mr. Scudder—for he could perform the task eminently well—had added a chapter appreciating Lowell's value as an author, and estimating the place in American literature to which posterity will assign him. And perhaps, while we are indulging wishes, we may express another, in the form of a regret that our biographer has paid so little attention to the brilliant circle in which Lowell passed his days. Certainly Longfellow, Holmes, Felton, and others celebrated in letters and polite studies, had much to do in one or another way with Lowell; and really it is too bad that Mr. Scudder has not thrown light on this attractive aspect of his subject's life.

For a man of letters Lowell had an unusually eventful career. He was appointed minister to Spain, and before his term expired was transferred to the ambassadorship at the court of St. James. His trying position there is still a vivid memory to Americans. In consequence of his action in regard to several

* *James Russell Lowell: A Biography.* By Horace Elisha Scudder. 2 vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Irishmen who had become citizens of the United States, and later returned to Ireland and were arrested for seditious acts or speeches, Lowell was savagely censured in many a newspaper and mass-meeting on this side the water for a degrading, Anglo-philistic servility. Certainly he loved England, and the sentiment was cordially returned by the Englishmen who knew him. But his biographer makes him out as a patriotic man, earnestly striving in a delicate situation to do his full duty to his country and her citizens. Secretary of State Blaine seemed to take a similar view of Lowell's procedure, and this estimate has probably as good a chance as the less favorable one of becoming the settled verdict of history.

Lowell had a soul that clung to the idea of religion, but was none too sumptuously furnished with reverence. He speaks of having "bagged a spectacle" in Santa Maria Maggiore; meaning he had attended a solemn service there. St. Peter's affected him but little, and he characterizes Byron's noble lines on that glorious temple as "muddy stuff." Still, he leaned toward faith, having, in his own words, a "lurch towards Calvinism"; and near the end of his life he wrote of the obscurities of religion:

"And I am happy in my right
To love God's darkness as His light."

He was a Puritan, and with his full share of that fatal narrowness which is the flaw in the granite of the old New-Englander. The wonder is how he could ever write "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Mr. Scudder has given us a good working biography. Some day, the future will bring out a complete life—more critical and philosophical—if the future deems Lowell worthy of it.

20.—It is to correct the popular belief that the existence of St. George is mythical that the present booklet* has been written. It consists of extracts from the Fathers, historians, and from other sources which tend to prove the real and terrene existence of this patron of England. According to Dean Fleming's sketch St. George was born in Cappadocia in 269, of noble and Christian parents. He was a tribune in the Roman army, and by surpassing valor rose high in favor at the court. He was martyred in the persecution of Diocletian.

* *Life of St. George, Martyr, Patron of England.* By Rev. Dean Fleming, M.R. New York: Benziger Brothers.

21.—In the year 1846, near a little mountain village in France, the Blessed Virgin appeared in the form of a beautiful woman to two shepherd children, and, after conversing with them, bade them make her teaching known to all her people. As is usual with such occurrences, the genuineness of the apparition was by many called into question; but it was finally officially recognized.

In 1854 the venerable Bishop Ullathorne, during a visit to La Salette, was able to examine the evidence very carefully, and the result of his examination, which was favorable to the apparition, he embodied in a little work in order to make the miracle known in England and to spread devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The neat little volume* before us is a reprint of that work. Besides giving the evidence for the apparition, it contains some good descriptions, and, coming from such an author, is a very fine piece of literature. Above all, its purpose, namely, to spread devotion to the Mother of God, should merit for it a hearty welcome.

22.—Dr. Putnam has prepared his *Text-Book of Psychology*† for secondary schools. The little volume touches on all the more important questions of the new psychology, while those of the old are not ignored. The introduction points out the scope of the work; and the foundation for the study of physiological psychology is thus laid with a chapter on the nervous systems. After a brief treatment of attention and interest he considers in several chapters the cognitive processes of the mind. He then considers the feelings, which he subdivides into sensations, emotions, and sentiments. Will and the moral law are next considered, and the book is concluded with a brief discussion of instinct, habit, sleep, and abnormal states.

Dr. Putnam's style is generally very clear. Sometimes, however, exactness is lost in an attempt to maintain a conversational ease of diction. No attempt is made to give even a meagre bibliography of the subject; and all references to the authors quoted are carefully suppressed. The book is sufficiently elementary to serve as a text-book at an early stage of a pupil's career. But it would probably be better to defer the study of

* *The Holy Mountain of La Salette.* By Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne. Hartford, Conn.: The Fathers of La Salette.

† *A Text-Book of Psychology.* By Daniel Putnam, LL.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company.

psychology to a period when the pupil is capable of appreciating a more thorough course than Dr. Putnam attempts to offer in his present text-book.

23.—There comes now a word to the deaf from a fellow-sufferer.* It contains between the lines everywhere, and even here and there in the lines, a hint to the unafflicted to give a thought to the rights, feelings, comfort, and consolation of their afflicted brother.

The first one hundred pages relate some of the personal experiences, social afflictions, and business embarrassments of the deaf man. The second half is devoted to pointing out and commending the common helps and consolations, as also the higher consolations of the deaf.

A manly spirit asserts itself throughout: a spirit full of hope, purpose, sympathy. This spirit would act upon the principle that though it is indeed a heavy burden which is laid upon them, nevertheless the deaf greatly lighten the burden for themselves when they stand firm in their manhood and hold fast to God.

The author has given us a sermon—artistic alike in conception and execution in the force, sweetness, and inspiration with which it preaches the gospel of self-help and usefulness for those whose affliction narrows considerably their sphere of activity. Yet he succeeds in teaching without forcing the preaching. And as to practising himself what he preaches, Mr. Jackson could scarcely give a better example of self-help and usefulness to others than he does in this neat little book. In tone and teaching it is sure to prove equally cheerful to the sound, and cheering to the faulty in hearing.

24.—The Abbé Boulay has addressed his *Principles of General Anthropology* † to scientists but little versed in psychology and theologians unacquainted with science. Scientists, no doubt, will feel some interest in a reliable statement of the Catholic position on those questions about which theology, as well as the natural sciences, claims the right to speak. Though the barest outlines of the scientific theories on these points are given, still there are few ecclesiastics who have covered the ground of science so completely that they will find nothing new and interesting in this

* *Deafness and Cheerfulness.* By A. W. Jackson, A.M. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† *Principes d'Anthropologie Générale.* Par l'Abbé N. Boulay. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

work. While its comprehensiveness is not without merit, the vast compass of the little volume is its greatest fault.

The first part deals with the great problem of human knowledge: do ideas represent real objects?

The second part takes up the study of the individual man, and first in his relation to the inorganic world. In this chapter such questions as the nature of matter, the unity of the living being, the origin of life, etc., are treated. The second chapter is headed *L'homme et la plante*. It outlines the cellular theories of organic life, points out the insufficiency of the materialistic hypothesis in biology, and discusses the question of heredity. The third chapter considers the sensible life of man. The fourth chapter treats of the higher faculties of the soul—the differences between man and the animal, the origin of language and the substantiality of the soul.

The third part treats of the origin and end of the human race and the social relations of men.

The Abbé Boulay apologizes in his preface for the artificial divisions of the work. But the excuse he gives—the complication of his subject—does not pardon several violations of the rules of logical division which a little care could have avoided.

25.—Admirers of the versatile Eugene Field will be disappointed with *A Little Book of Tribune Verse*.* The volume is a collection of "grave and gay" efforts written at various times and the product of the various moods of a clever journalist. The epithet "smart" might be attributed appropriately to most of them, although there are a few which represent Field at his best. There is apparently neither an attempt at anything like smoothness of rhythm, nor an exact conformity with the laws of rhyme, and utility seems to have been the only reason of their production.

26.—That Catholics should have so meagre a knowledge of the most commonly used parts of Holy Scripture is a regrettable fact, and one about which some criticism, though far from enough, has been made. The Psalms and Canticles certainly deserve to be better known than they are, both because of the frequent use of them in the liturgy of the church and

* *A Little Book of Tribune Verse*. A number of hitherto uncollected poems, grave and gay. By Eugene Field. Collected and edited by Joseph G. Brown. Denver, Col.: Tandy Wheeler & Co.

because of the intrinsic merits they possess. We all delight in good poetry, yet there is no poetry deeper than that of the *Magnificat* and *Benedictus*, or than that of the Royal Psalmist. Grand themes, sublime conceptions, simple and rugged language are present in abundance; when we remember that all this is the work of a Divine Author, we should have little difficulty in feeling its greatness. Being the word of God, it possesses a power to sooth, to console, and to teach which can come only from such a source. Whatever work, then, will help us to know and appreciate this sublimest of poetry must be welcome, and Father M'Swiney's is such a work. Intended primarily for priests and religious constantly engaged in reading the Psalter, it will be of service, nevertheless, to the more intelligent of the laity as well.

The volume* consists of a bi-columnar translation of the Hebrew-Masoretic text and the Vulgate version of the Bible. Each psalm is followed by a commentary, and the whole is preceded by an introduction treating of the names, formation and division, authorship, texts, etc., of the Psalter. It may be that all will not agree with all Father M'Swiney's conclusions, which are very conservative; but the work is of a devotional import and not intended for critics.

27.—From the monastery of the Poor Clares comes the present account of St. Clare and the order of Poor Ladies, under the pleasing title *The Princess of Poverty*.† The volume is made up of three parts, two of which are devoted to a translation of the mediæval Life of St. Clare, and the third to a brief historical sketch of the Poor Clares and their foundations, especially in America.

The translation of the ancient Life being a faithful one, we cannot expect to find in it the connected narrative and all the perfections of a modern biography. Mediæval writers disregarded facts that would be of interest to us, and matters of parentage, natural disposition, and character, etc., were left unheeded, attention being given only to such events as would tend to establish the sanctity of their subjects. Naturally enough the Life of St. Clare did not avoid the prevalent short-

* *Translation of the Psalms and Canticles, with Commentary.* By James M'Swiney, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Princess of Poverty: St. Clare of Assisi and the Order of Poor Ladies.* By Father Marianus Fiege, O.M.Cap. The Poor Clares of the Monastery of St. Clare, Evansville, Ind.

comings. Nevertheless, we have reason to welcome the presentation of a work which savors so much of *The Little Flowers of St. Francis* and is pervaded with the simplicity and charm which has won for the latter work so many admirers.

The account of the foundations of the Poor Clares in this country, and the trials and disappointments the early sisters encountered in effecting them, is but another chapter in the history of what, in the providence of God, all religious communities have endured. Fortunately the Poor Clares met with good friends, notably Mr. John Creighton, whose assistance was providential and generous. Father Hecker, too, evinced a deep interest in their noble undertaking, as is shown by his letters to the first sisters, published in this volume. He evidently was not of the opinion of many who believed the Poor Clares unsuited to our time and country, for he could not conceive of a "nobler design, a greater work, and one fraught with more precious fruits" than the making "the beautiful flower of divine contemplation take root in the virginal soil of the church in our young Republic."

28.—A book that should be welcomed by our young people is the *Juvenile Round Table*,* made up of twenty stories by such authors as Father Finn, Maurice Francis Egan, Mary T. Waggaman, Ella Loraine Dorsey, and others whose names are familiar at many a Catholic fireside. The plots are carefully laid and the characters are real living beings, and the stories possess those qualities which are well calculated to awaken noble sentiments in young minds.

29.—Mr. Davis has chosen for the setting of his story† the first great Crusade. He carries the reader back some nine hundred years, when feudalism was the order of the day, when modern civilization and modern government had yet to mould themselves. Scott first made that romantic time attractive to English readers. But Mr. Davis has not encroached on any of Scott's domains. He treats solely of that first Crusade preached by Peter the Hermit, sanctioned by Pope Urban II., and led to victory by Godfrey of Bouillon. A prologue to the novel pictures the death-bed of the great and pious Hildebrand. The

* *Juvenile Round Table*. Stories by the foremost Catholic writers. With twenty full-page illustrations. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *God Wills It*. By William Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company.

author states in his preface that he has at times "taken trifling liberties." In the prologue he has taken a few serious ones, rather led away by his dramatic fancy than guided by exact historical truth. However, in its broad outlines the story is true to history; if it were truer it probably would not be so entertaining a novel. Sir Richard Longsword falls in love with Mary Kurkaus, a beautiful Greek of Constantinople. His suit for her hand begets him enemies in De Valmont, a famous knight, and Iftikhar, a Moslem, and a life-long friend in Musa, a Spanish Moslem.

Longsword defeats De Valmont in public tourney and wins the hand of Mary. Afterwards in his fury he kills, on the very altar steps, the youngest of the house of his foe—a helpless, fair-haired lad of tender years. God punishes him severely. Richard realizes his sin, and as a penance goes forth to do battle for Jerusalem. Mary, his wife, goes with him. During the famous fight at Dorylæum she is captured and taken to the harem of Iftikhar, who strives to win her love. Musa is ever the friend of Richard, and an enemy, at least in personal matters, against his brother in the Moslem faith. Richard, thus again chastised by Heaven, gives way almost to despair and recklessly exposes himself in battle to every danger. Mary, in spite of Eastern charms, festivals, and jewels, remains faithful to him. The army of the Crusaders is encamped at Antioch. Richard hears of his wife's imprisonment at Aleppo. With the aid of Musa and Godfrey of Bouillon, he rescues her; but finding it impossible to bring her back to camp, entrusts her to the care of Musa, who takes her to Egypt. Then comes the fearful, bloody battle of Antioch, wherein the Christians slew the hosts of the infidel Kerbogha. In a short while the Crusaders stand before Jerusalem. Against them fight the Moslems headed by Iftikhar, with Musa second in command. Musa has brought Mary with him. In a personal quarrel Iftikhar is slain by Musa, who dons the armor of his chief and holds the walls the next day. Richard thinks him to be Iftikhar, and, yearning for vengeance, kills him. Jerusalem is taken. Mary and Richard are united in peace at last.

The novel is a long one, and the author shows a knowledge of detail, of the customs and habits of long ago, that bespeaks care and research. Many of the scenes of battle, of rescue, of festival are graphically described. We think the work might

be profitably shortened by omitting some of the fighting. Though not history, one may gain from a reading of it much of value concerning the Crusades, and of the power of Christian faith that united feudal barons who had been bitter enemies, that made all Europe one in a common effort to redeem the tomb of Christ.

We might well ask from the author a more intelligent and fairer knowledge of things Catholic. Mass is never said at night. Nor were "fat" priests or drink-loving bishops the normal type of religious in those days. Sebastian is a truer representative of the priests of the church.

The book is very interesting. The artistic skill with which the author has portrayed the character of Musa and sustained interest in him until the end, and made him the real hero of the tale, is very admirable.

30.—This is a small manual* of instruction and prayers for the young. Besides the usual devotions at morning, evening, and the Holy Sacrifice, there are prayers for the consecration of every day to God, and instructions for cultivating the love and imitation of those saints particularly suited to guide and inspire the young.

31.—This volume† is put forth as a hand-book for the use of members of the People's Eucharistic League. It contains the different acts of adoration, thanksgiving, etc., with some hymns generally well known to Catholics. The author gives a manner of hearing Mass which does not recommend itself to us. The most profitable way to assist at that sacrifice is to follow inasmuch as is possible the prayers of the church. This can always be done at least in the common of the Mass. No prayer can or should be substituted for the "Gloria" or the "Credo" or the "Pater Noster," which God Himself has given us.

32.—The little maiden not quite wholly taken up with her newest doll will be delighted with Abbie Farwell Brown's new book.‡ It relates how a princess' doll, too splendid for everyday use, was locked up in the treasure-room of the castle, where it was discovered by the porter's daughter, who then became very friendly with the princess. One day the princess

* *Catholic Youth*. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Short Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*. Compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *The Lonesomest Doll*. By Abbie Farwell Brown. With illustrations. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

was captured by robbers, but the doll cried just in time to reveal to the pursuers where the princess was. The book is beautifully bound and illustrated.

33.—The new volume* just brought out by Olive and Herbert Vivian is in many respects a very entertaining work. It treats of various traditional religious practices observed in different parts of Europe, and, for the most part, of those in vogue among Catholic peoples. While it is quite evident that the authors do not write from a Catholic stand-point, still the descriptions are given without prejudice and with reverent sympathy;—although their chapter on the Jesuits might be more satisfactory.

The subjects treated hardly admit the presence of strict unity, yet on that very account the reader is afforded a greater variety of entertainment. The fact that Mr. Vivian and his sister witnessed the different scenes depicted, is no doubt the reason for the remarkable clearness and vividness of these pages.

While speaking of this work, we should not neglect to mention the excellent illustrations, many of which are very appropriate and well executed, and, of course, aid considerably in making the scenes quite realistic.

34.—Nothing is so indicative of the world's activities as a study of the great mass of figures and information that is found between the covers of the *World Almanac*.† There is scarcely any subject that one can think of or on which information may be desired that has not its proper place in these pages. However, we think that sufficient care is not taken to keep up with the progress of affairs, especially in matters of religious information. The figures are revised from year to year, but information about new things is not secured. This latter is absolutely necessary to keep the Almanac up to date. An instance of this is found in the list of membership of Fraternal Organizations. The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America has 84,411 members. It is not so much as mentioned. The Knights of Columbus has 60,000 membership, and it has no place in the list. Absolute accuracy is demanded in a volume that provides information for the public.

* *The Romance of Religion*. By Olive Vivian and Herbert Vivian, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *The World Almanac and Encyclopædia*, 1902. Press Publishing Co., Pulitzer Building, New York.

I.—JESUS LIVING IN THE PRIEST.*

Bishop Byrne has merited well of English-speaking priests by his translation of Father Millet; for the work he presents to us is a valuable addition to a department of spiritual literature that is by no means too well supplied. It is even worthy of a respectable place alongside those classical compositions on the sacerdotal state left us by St. Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen, Cyprian, Ambrose, Gregory the Great, and Cardinal Manning, whose *Eternal Priesthood* will be thought by many the masterpiece of its kind, never equalled and probably never to be surpassed. Father Millet's book has not the deep insight of Cardinal Manning's; it appeals to one very forcefully, but more in the style of a fervorino than from a calm stand on ultimate spiritual principles; and what an almost Gospel-power this latter quality gives to the pages of the great priest of Westminster! Father Millet exhorts, rebukes, stimulates. He is nervous, earnest, moving, powerful, and therefore incalculably useful; for the need of stimulation to fresh starts and new beginnings is, for a majority of souls, the most urgent of needs, spiritually speaking. Let a priest read the *Eternal Priesthood*, and be led by it to Manning's luminous view of the supernatural, his austere estimation of life, and his apostolic judgment of priestly responsibilities and rewards; then let him read *Jesus Living in the Priest* to be brought face to face with his own conscience, and to see how far he is living according to these ideals; and he will have a pretty complete *Summa de Sacerdotio*. The two works go well together. One could be a book for meditation, the other a Particular Examen. In the sacred interest of priestly perfection we hope for this translation as wide a diffusion as it deserves: that means that every priest should possess it.

2.—LÉPICIER ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.†

In the Treatise on the Blessed Virgin, as in his other writings, Father Lépicier adheres strictly to the scholastic method, of which he is to-day one of the ablest defenders and exponents.

* *Jesus Living in the Priest*. By Rev. P. Millet, S.J. Translated by Right Rev. Thomas S. Byrne, Bishop of Nashville. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Tractatus de Beatissima Virgine Maria, Matre Dei*. Auctore Alexio Maria Lépicier, O.S.M. P. Lethielleux, Parisiis.

The book has three parts, in which Mary is considered, first, in her relation to God; secondly, in herself; and thirdly, in her relation to mankind. Each part is sub-divided into chapters, questions, and articles, each with its *raison d'être* wherever necessary, its definite meaning, difficulties, and errors clearly set forth, its propositions firmly established by Scripture, tradition, and reason, and finally confirmed by the solution of objections and the refutation of errors bearing directly on the point under discussion.

The first part establishes Mary's exalted place in the divine plan of man's redemption. God, foreseeing the fall of man, decreed from all eternity the Redemption through the Incarnation of His Divine Son, and predestined Mary to be the Mother of the Word made flesh by the overshadowing of the Holy Spirit.

The Divine Maternity is the foundation of all that Mary is, of all that she possesses. Hence, having shown the congruity of Mary's position in the divine plan, the author treats successively of Mary's predestination, of Mary in type and prophecy, and finally of the Annunciation, which leads naturally to the study of the Divine Maternity itself, and of Mary's consequent relations to Christ and to the three Divine Persons.

From the Divine Maternity he passes logically to the gifts and privileges bestowed on Mary in virtue of her sublime dignity. She is the mother of God, and hence on her he has so exhausted his gifts of nature and grace that St. Mechtilde aptly styles her a microcosm on which God has labored with more care than in the creation of the entire universe.

There is in the second part an admirable example of the author's analytical power and scientific method, especially in the first chapter, which treats of the perfections of Mary's soul.

But Mary is not only *His* Mother. She is also *our* Mother, our Mediatrix, our co-Redemptrix, our Intercessor, and as such has a right to our filial subjection and to the expression of our profound gratitude and tender devotion.

All this is worked out in that same admirable order which is the special merit of this treatise, and which makes it remarkably complete, concise, and clear.

While thoroughly scientific in method, the work is embellished withal by the choicest literary gems, and breathes throughout a spiritual unction which betokens unusual penetration into divine things and fills the heart with tenderest affection for our

Queen and Mother. We notice with particular pleasure the many beautiful passages culled from the Scriptures, the Liturgy, and the Fathers, and also Petrarca's "Vergine bella," Dante's superb invocation "Vergine Madre," and our own Longfellow's tribute to Mary's influence on society. We would like to see Wordsworth's sublime sonnet added to the number.

The work is opportune and most useful in a country like ours, where there is so much misconception among non-Catholics concerning the position of Mary in the Catholic Church, and where not a few of her own children have but a superficial knowledge of her gifts and prerogatives.

The promised publication, at an early date, of the author's complete Dogmatic Theology, to which the present little Summa is a worthy introduction, gives real pleasure to those who have had the happy privilege of making their studies under the gentle, refined, saintly, and brilliant young professor in the Urban College de Propaganda Fide.

The book has an excellent synopsis and alphabetical index.

For solid doctrine drawn from the purest theological sources, for model scholastic exposition, for logical order and lucid thought set in clear, concise diction, for chaste style and profound erudition, the present treatise on Mary, the Mother of God, is probably unsurpassed, and its learned author, Father Alexius M. Lépicier, professor of Dogma in the Urban College at Rome, consultor of the Propaganda, and rector of the Servite College of S. Alessio Falconieri, acquires an enviable reputation among living theologians.

LIBRARY TABLE

The Month (Feb.): Fr. Smith discusses the suppression of the Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773, and the motives causing it. Fr. Thurston treats of the cipher code invented by Lord Bacon, and really "identical in system with the dot and dash system of the Morse code." Fr. Rickaby shows that the way to interpret the Fathers is to analyze their teaching in the light of what is to-day fixed dogma. Gerald Cator defends the evidential value of religious experience.

Church Quarterly Review (Jan.): Insists on the necessity of Churchmen writing and agitating for a sound system of education, "believing that a sound Nonconformist or Roman Catholic education is infinitely better than one purely secular, and that real religious equality in the eyes of the law can be the only wise basis for national education." Sketches the late Canon Carter of Clewer, who "presented sanctity under the aspect of beauty." Considers the teaching of the Real Presence in the Eastern Church during the Middle Ages. Treats the question, In what sense does Christianity imply mortification? Describes John Wesley's Journal, like which there exists no other book. Pleads for financial support of archaeological investigations in Greece. Summarizes the causes which led to the formation of the mediæval Frankish monarchy. Insists that the lowest standard possible in the recognition of "lay franchise" is the reception of baptism and confirmation. Describes historically the ceremonies of an English coronation service.

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses (Jan.-Feb.): P. Boudinhon comments on M. Koch's researches as to the belief that in primitive days penitents were excluded from attendance at Mass; the conclusion is that this is another instance where the customary teaching must be modified.

Revue Biblique (1 Jan.): P. Lagrange, commenting on P. Loisy's "Mythes babyloniens," says: "Studies like this are the best answers to our adversaries and the best way to show our colleagues that not all novelties are dangerous."

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Dec.): P. Leclère presents

with his own modifications the two arguments which he considers the only ones able to prove God's existence, viz., the proof from the contingency of the world, and the metaphysico-moral proof. P. Ermoni summarizes, without any criticism of his own, the conclusions of P. Loisy in "Mythes babyloniens." These conclusions are in the main: "1, that impartial Biblical scholars are ranging themselves with the upholders of advanced views; 2, that we must extend, rather than contract, the sphere of the Hexateuch's dependence on the mythology of Babylonia and Chaldea; 3, that the account of creation in Genesis narrates nothing objective, but is a liturgical and symbolic view of the works of God; 4, that the Hexateuch is not the product of one redaction at the hands of Moses, but a compilation that grew slowly to its present shape. (Jan.): J. Charbonnel declares that the philosophy of Victor Hugo deserves to be given a careful and impartial study, as representing in a marvellous manner the conflicting tendencies, spiritual, intellectual, and political, of the nineteenth century. P. Denis concludes a series of articles on the lessons of the present hour. He lays it down as a fact beyond question that the church in Latin Europe, and especially in France, is in a deplorable and perilous condition; the causes of this are the abstention of Catholics from national politics, and the intellectual blight that has fallen upon Catholics through their unwise hostility to modern science, and their adherence to the very letter of a philosophy that must be modified if it is ever to gain the attention of modern minds. P. Giraud treats of M. Ollé-Laprune, a great original thinker, "of whom M. Maurice Blondel is a true disciple."

Revue Thomiste (Jan.): P. M. de Munnyuck, by considering the phenomena of reproduction and heredity, establishes that the higher animals are individual beings. P. Mandonnet continues his attack on the theses maintained by P. Brücker, S.J., as to the Papal decree against the teaching of Probabilism by the Jesuits. M. l'Abbé Blane attacks and M. C. de Kirwan defends the position assumed by the latter in admitting the possibility of Transformism.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Jan.): Sketching the work done by Petavius, P. Turmel comments upon the original-

ity and daring frankness of this great pioneer of the historical method in theology. (1 Feb.): P. Godet, eulogizing Petavius, commends his loyalty "which would blush to solicit texts—ever so slightly—and to sacrifice truth to a childish need of agreement." P. Besse concludes his sketch of the Thomistic revival with a view of Louvain and Mgr. Mercier's scientific reaction against rigid and anti-scientific formalism. P. Delfour praises with some reserves the new book on Bourdaloue by P. Griselle, S.J., noting that the author shows Bourdaloue's sermons were greatly altered by their official editor, the excessively timid and puristical P. Britonneau.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 Jan.): M. Bourguine sympathetically discusses Mr. Booker Washington, "the Black Moses."

(15 Jan.): M. Bonnet comments on "the audacity of King Edward VII. in naming himself Lord of the Transvaal, and says the war of conquest was farther advanced at the date of the King's accession than at present."

Le Correspondant (10 Jan.): Another instalment of Mgr. Dupanloup's *Journal Intime*, containing little that is striking except its desultory character. Mgr. Kannengieser relates, in a serio-comic style, the futile storm raised by Professor Mommsen and a numerous following of German university professors against the Emperor's appointment of Professor Spahn to a Catholic chair of history in Strasburg University. In a discussion of the causes which have led to the great diminution of marriages in France M. Henri Joly maintains that the increased facilities for divorce have helped to diminish, not to increase the marriage rate. A sketch by M. de Lanzac de Laborie contains a résumé of the diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See and the Italian monarchy from 1848 till 1872.

(Jan. 25): Reviewing the expulsion of religious orders from France, between 1793 and 1802, and in less than fifty years their reinstatement with legal right of religious association, M. Victor Pierre draws a lesson of encouragement under the present evils, and a hope that the future will again see justice vindicated. Discussing the recent two-volume *Life of Cardinal Dubois* by R. P. Bliard, S.J., M. de Lanzac de Laborie sees in it, notwithstanding the author's disclaimer, a veiled attempt to rehabilitate the

cardinal; yet, he thinks, P. Bliard's chief purpose is less to vindicate Dubois than, under the influence of the "respectable sentiment of religious solidarity," to take vengeance on Saint-Simon, the enemy of P. Le Tellier, S.J., the famous confessor of Louis XIV.

Bulletin de Littérature Ecclésiastique (Dec.): L. Valentin writes: To-day piety is more courageous. We no longer invent but we investigate historical occurrences, and speak out openly lest the enemy might injure us by doing so. "Thus it happens that the new edition of St. Teresa's letters by P. Gregory, O.D.C., has been favorably received. It contains hitherto unedited material which P. Bouix, S.J., thought best to suppress."

L'Ami du Clergé (26 Dec.): Discussing the methods proposed for "the education of purity," says that the two extremes of too great openness and too great secrecy must be avoided with equal care.

Science Catholique (Dec.): P. Michel adopts Mgr. Duchesne's opinion as to the gradual development of the Christian hierarchy.

Bulletin de Saint-Martin et de Saint-Benoît (Dec.): Suggests the propriety of each diocese having a competent committee who would pronounce upon the architectural fitness of all new churches, and also would be a pitiless Index to condemn the painted and sculptured horrors that now abound on the walls of churches and sacristies.

L'Univers Israélite (27 Dec.): M. R. T. represents that Christianity and Mohammedism are nothing but Judaism adapted to the mental conditions of their adherents; and of all three Judaism best resists the encroachments of unbelief.

Le Journal (31 Dec.): J. de Bonnefon declares "A national church is not a schismatical church. The question is not shall we separate from Rome, but shall we return to the liberty which for ten centuries made the honor of France. The moment is opportune for the French government with its bishops to remake the national church of the days of Gregory of Tours and Hilary of Poitiers. This would mean not making, but avoiding a schism. A church united to Rome should not be a church enslaved to Roman bureaus."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

JUBILEE congratulations to Leo, the greatest of men and the wisest of Popes! He is sage, and seer, and prophet. A king without a kingdom. He is more powerful than any territorial sovereign. He is the uncrowned king of the hearts of men. The years of Peter are his. May he still linger with us till his great work is brought to full perfection!

The Biblical Commission that has been recently appointed by the Holy Father to consider the questions of Biblical Science is assuming greater importance as the time goes on and the scope of its work is more thoroughly understood. The appointment of this Commission is one more evidence of the breadth of the Holy Father's mind, and the enlightened ways he has of safeguarding the deposit of the faith. When Higher Criticism was a new science, and with all the vigor of a young athlete was smashing the old landmarks about which the memories of centuries were gathered, the Holy Father called a halt. He restrained its youthful energies. Now, when matters are more matured and many statements that were given out as settled facts are either proven to be false or are still more solidified in the truth, it is an opportune time for conservative scientific investigation. Rome possesses a wonderfully sagacious spirit. It is not given to taking sides. It does not allow the passions or the enthusiasms of the moment to warp its judgment. It is not tied to the tombstones in a graveyard. Its face is to the East, to the rising sun of deeper knowledge and wider research, and it welcomes the fulness of light. It does so with all the more confidence because its feet are planted on the broad and solid basis of the truth.

Protestantism has received a mortal blow from the Higher Critics and it is still reeling from the shock. Catholicism calmly takes the newcomer among the sciences into the household, and while it curbs its rashness and exuberance it cultivates its wisdom and utilizes its energies. This is the meaning of the new move of Leo XIII. in establishing the Biblical Commission.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE study of Buddhism has attracted considerable attention. The Rev. Charles F. Aiken, S.T.D., in his learned book on the subject has shown that in recent times the attempt has been made by a few writers—none of them profound scholars of Buddhism—to discredit the teaching of Christ by making out the Gospels to be largely of Buddhist origin. Their argument is as follows: The resemblances between Buddhism and Christianity are too numerous and too striking to be explained otherwise than by a borrowing on the part of the one from the other. Now, Buddhism being five hundred years older than Christianity, must have been the source from which the Christian resemblances were drawn. There are documents to show that in the third century B. C. Buddhism had taken root in Egypt and Greece. Again, the Buddhist origin of the Essenes is betrayed by the resemblances between their mode of life and that instituted by Buddha. Jesus probably became acquainted with Buddhist traditions through contact with the Essenes and incorporated them in his teaching.

This argument, when closely inspected, resolves itself into a tissue of worthless assumptions and illogical deductions. In their zeal to prove the indebtedness of Christianity to Buddhism, from the points of resemblance between the two religions, the advocates of the theory are so unfair as to fancy analogies that have no existence; grossly exaggerate those that are remote and imperfect, and draw others from Buddhist sources of later date than the Gospels. Eliminate these, and the vast array of pretended borrowings dwindles to a few resemblances which, for the greater part, are easily explained on the ground of independent origin.

Again, the evidence at hand to prove the presence of Buddhism in the Greek-speaking world in the last three centuries before Christ is pitifully weak. The strongest testimony is that afforded by the rock-inscriptions of Asoka. But the most that can be made of the second and fifth Girvar Edicts is that Antiochus allowed the practice of Buddhist ministrations of benevolence in that remote part of his empire which bordered on the dominion of Asoka—that is, in Bactria and Parthia, which had long been centres of Buddhist activity.

Other considerations add to the likelihood of this view. Had Asoka's missionaries succeeded in establishing Buddhism in the Greek-speaking world, so striking a phenomenon would not have failed to arouse universal interest. Stupas and monasteries would have arisen, and sacred books would have been translated into Greek to satisfy the piety of Greek converts. And yet what do we find? Not a single ruin of a Buddhist stupa or monastery in Egypt or Syria or Greece; not a single Greek translation of a sacred Buddhist book; not a single reference in all Greek literature to the existence of a Buddhist community in the Greek world. Nay, the very name of Buddha occurs for the first time only in the writings of Clement of Alexandria.

If the Essenes are like the Buddhists in some points of doctrine and disci-

pline, they differ too radically from them in many others to be deemed of Buddhist origin. In the absence, then, of positive evidence that Buddhist lore was current in Palestine in the time of Christ, it is the height of presumption to talk of the indebtedness of the Gospels to Buddhist traditions because of a few resemblances that can be explained on the ground of independent origin.

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The handy volumes known as "The Beacon Biographies," published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, are well adapted for the use of Reading Circles. Recently two valuable additions have been prepared—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, by Professor Carpenter, and Alexander Hamilton, by Professor Schouler; price of each seventy-five cents. A previous volume was devoted to a study of Father Hecker as a type of American character. The chief aim is to furnish not only biography but also critical appreciation in condensed form.

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Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J., has given up to date answers to many important questions in his two volumes entitled *The Faith of the Millions*, published by Longmans, Green & Co. In the *Catholic News* the erudite writer of book notices, who signs the pen-name of Camillus, has given a number of quotations showing the broad range of thought covered in Father Tyrrell's valuable work, together with a keen appreciation of its literary excellence. Assuming that the drift of the age is toward unbelief and indifference, what is the best method of presenting and defending Catholic truth? To be successful the method should be adjusted to meet the needs of individuals, with due consideration of national characteristics and hereditary tendencies. Some passages from Father Tyrrell will show his remarkable skill in exposition of truth and refutation of error. He declares that in English-speaking countries the environment of the Catholic Church "is, to a great extent, that of a cultured paganism; and to such an environment she must now adapt her conduct"; "she must return once more to her old task of evangelizing the Gentiles—that is, those who are altogether outside the pale of Christianity. Above all, it is important that the Catholic faith should be interpreted and brought home to the intellect of our times. As a whole, as an articulated body of truth, it is as little known to the man of education as the British Constitution is to a New-Zealander."

"Catholicism repudiates the divorce between nature and grace, reason and faith; and as soon as the church had established her title as light of the world and teacher of nations she at once proceeded to her task of marshalling all truth, natural and revealed, into a harmonious whole. It was in the hands of the Schoolmen, and notably of Aquinas, that this work advanced most rapidly. No discovery of physical science, such as it then was; no fact of history, no speculation of the human intellect, whether of Greek or Jew or Arabian, was despised or neglected. All were carefully considered in their bearings on the whole field of known truth, natural and revealed; each was fitted into its proper place in the mosaic, leaving us in the *Summa* of Aquinas a monument of that comprehensive sympathy which hails every truth from whatever source as the gift of God. It is to this labor and method that His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. bids us devote ourselves, rather than to perpetuate, in an uncongenial age, the controversies which appealed to what may be called the polemical centuries."

“We need interpreters or go-betweens—men, that is, who know and sympathize with both sides, who have at once a comprehensive grasp of the idea of Catholicism and are possessed with its spirit, and who are no less in touch with the spirit of their own country and age, its strength and its weakness; and who can understand and speak both languages; and, recognizing unity of thought under diversity of expression, can translate from one into the other, interpreting the age to the church and the church to the age.”

“It is not enough to teach our children their catechism or drill them in religious observances, unless we try to connect their religion with the fibres of their incipient life, to make them really interested about it, and spontaneously attached to it. . . . The exposition of what religion ought to do for the individual and society is of little effect unless reinforced by experimental proof of what it actually does. Nothing stimulates the wish to believe so much as the visible fruits and advantages of belief shown in the lives of the faithful. . . . If believers are, in the gross, notoriously more just, truthful, charitable, beneficent, and temperate than unbelievers; if invisible supernatural virtue is thus proved to include, presuppose, strengthen, and refine that which is natural and visible, to be a light shining before men and not merely before God, then the apologist may enter hopefully and fruitfully on his labors; he has only to raise the sluice and free the gathered waters.”

“Without for a moment denying one of the legitimate claims of scientific apologetic, we may at once dismiss the idea that it pretends to represent a process through which the mind of the convert to Christianity does or ought necessarily to pass. Its sole purport is to show that if it is not always possible to synthesize Christianity with the current philosophy, science, and history of the day, at least no want of harmony can be positively demonstrated. As secular beliefs and opinions are continually shifting, so, too, apologetic needs continual adjustment; and as that of a century back is useless to us now, so will ours be, in many ways, inadequate a century hence. It is fitting for the church at large that she should in each age and country have a suitable apologetic taking cognizance of the latest developments in profane knowledge. It is needful for her public honor, in the eyes of the world, that she should not seem to be in contradiction with truth, but that either the apparent truth should be proved questionable, or else that her own teaching should be shown to be compatible with it.” . . . “To suppose that there is no road to faith but through what is peculiar to scholasticism, or that my first step in converting a man to Christ must be to conduct him to Aristotle, is about as intelligent as to suppose that because the church has adopted Latin as her official language she means to discredit every other.”

NEW BOOKS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit. By Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. Pp. 413. *The Failure of Success.* By Lady Mabel Howard. Pp. 320. *Newman: An Appreciation.* With the choicest Passages of His Writings. Selected and arranged by Alexander Whyte. Pp. 252. Price \$1.10 net. *Homeric Society.* A Sociological Study of the Iliad and Odyssey. By Albert Galloway Keller, Ph.D. Pp. 332. Price \$1.20. *Typical Modern Conceptions of God.* By Joseph Alexander Leighton. Pp. 190. Price \$1.10.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Speculum Monachorum. Bernardi, Primi Abbatis Casinensis. Edited by P. H. Walter, O.S.B. Pp. 250. Price 85 cts. net. *The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas, and the First Leaves of American Ecclesiastical History.* By Rev. L. A. Dutto. Pp. 592. Price \$1.50 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. By Rev. A. Tesnière, of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament. Translated by Mrs. Anne R. Bennett-Gladstone. Pp. 288. Price \$1.25 net. *A Manual of Ascetical Theology.* By Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. Pp. 608. Price \$2.50. *Corinne's Vow.* By Mary T. Waggaman. Pp. 144. Price \$1.25.

VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:

Vie de Saint Ouen, Evêque de Rouen. Étude d'Histoire Mérovingienne. Par E. Vacandard. Pp. 394.

LIBRAIRIE VEUVE VILLIERS-LE BLANC (Indre):

Si Scitis Donum Dei ou Quelques Reflexions sur Jésus-Hostie. Par M. l'Abbé Sachet. Pp. 27.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York:

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ART AND BOOK COMPANY, London, Eng.:

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

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FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

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TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR COMPANY, New Haven, Conn.:

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A. M. ROBERTSON, San Francisco, Cal.:

In the Footprints of the Padres. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Pp. 335. Price \$1.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Philippine Affair: A Retrospect and Outlook. An address by Jacob Gould Schurman. *The Ancient Catholic Church.* By Robert Rainey. Pp. 521. Price \$2.50.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING-OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Eighteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. By J. W. Powell, Director. 1896-1897. In two parts. Part II.

LETOUZEY ET ANÉ, Paris:

Le Mouvement Théologique en France. Depuis ses Origines jusqu'à nos Jours (IXe au XXe Siècle). Par Ph. Torreilles, professeur au Grand Séminaire de Perpignan.

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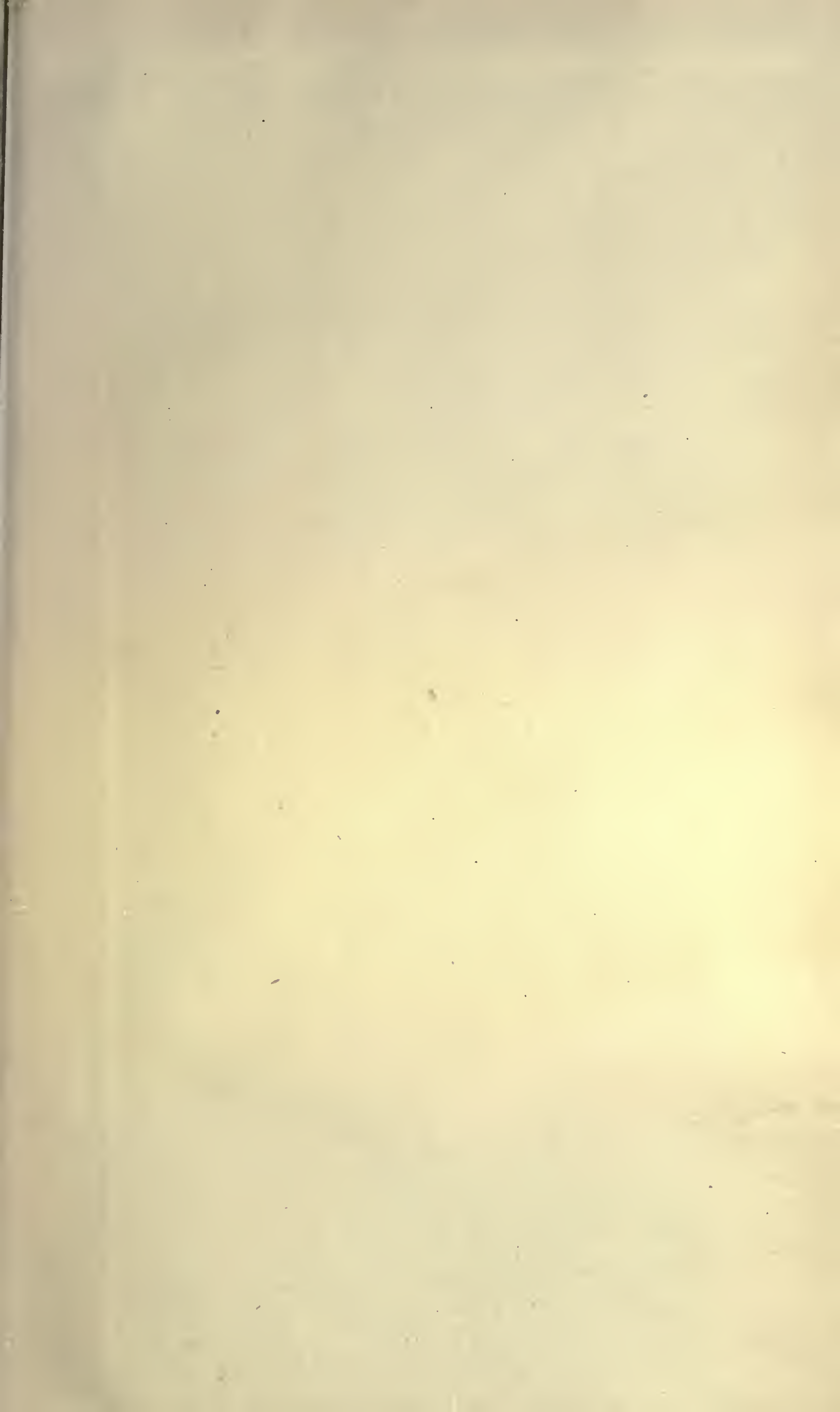
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